

Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

MAY 1988

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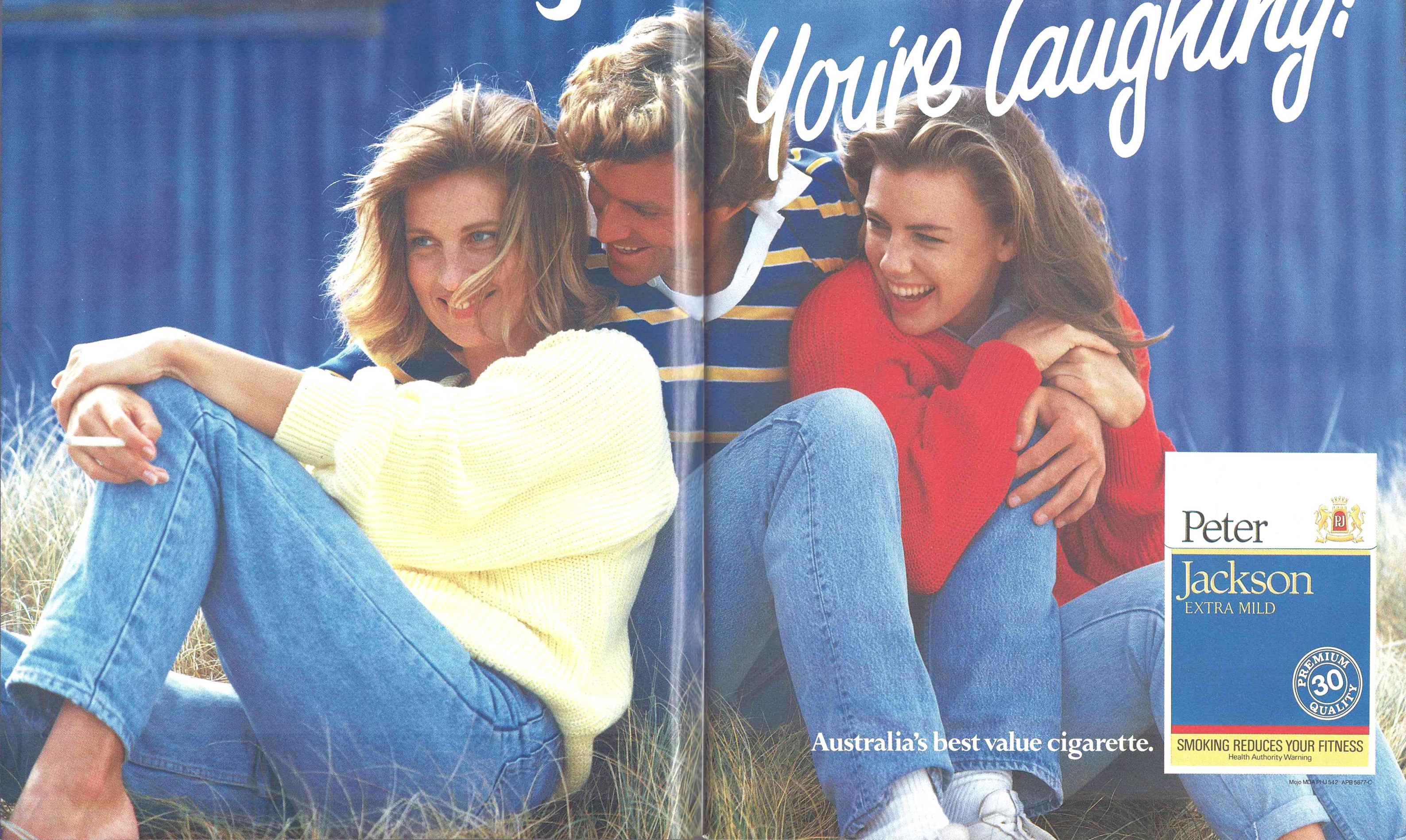


**THE TAO OF
SEX:**
**SECRET CHINESE
SEXUAL TECHNIQUES**

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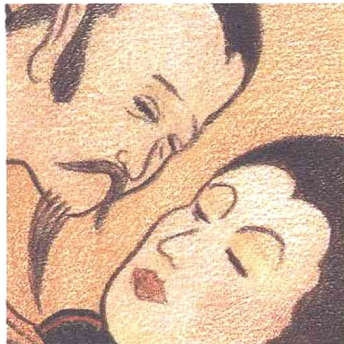
The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 9 No 5/May 1988



The Circus



Pet of the Month



The Tao Of Sex



Rock Myths

REGULARS

Table with 3 columns: Item, Author, Page. Includes CONTENTS, COVER, HOUSECALL, FEEDBACK, FORUM, ANGER, VANITY, AVARICE, ENVY, LUST, GLUTTONY, SLOTH, JOHNNY TOPPER, LOOSE ENDS, SOUNDS, FILM.

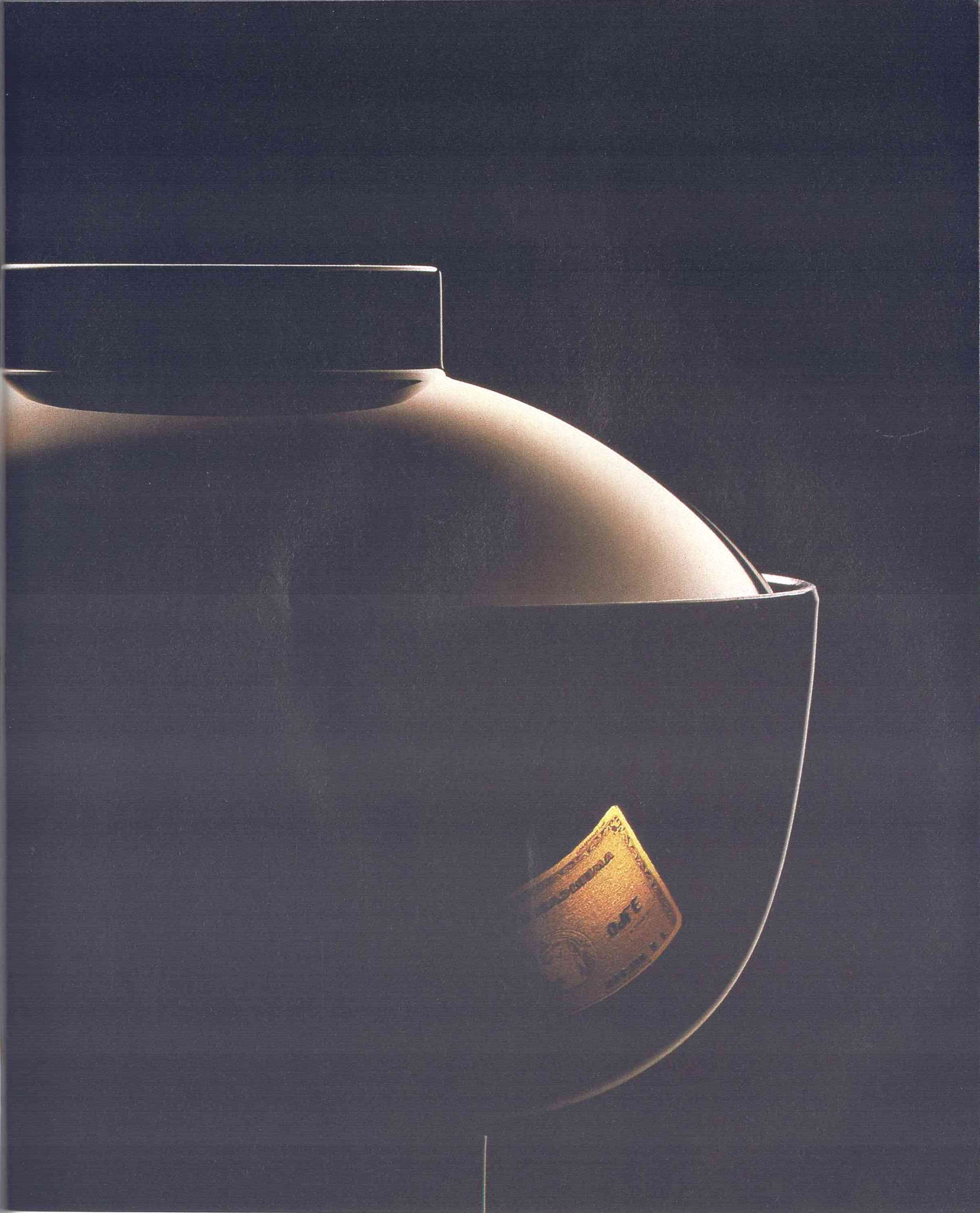
FEATURES

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MAY



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BILL LEAK

HOUSECALL

LEGAL MURDER?

In the past two years a series of horrendous crimes has produced a lynch mob mentality in this country. Newspaper headlines and community group slogans reflect the passions of ghoulish mobs who threaten chaos as they stand outside courts demanding a return to capital punishment. Eminent criminologist Dr Paul Wilson comprehensively refutes the arguments put forward by the proponents of legal murder in an absorbing story beginning on page 32 with an illustration by Frants Kantor.

ROCK MYTHS

Did you know that Alice Cooper bit the heads off live chickens in concert and that the Monkees didn't play the instruments on their recordings? Of course. If you want to know what other lies you've believed all your life, turn to Glenn A. Baker's compendium of the bullshit that has fertilised the garden of rock 'n' roll since Elvis cut his first record for his mother's birthday... or did he? Baker's story starts on page 50.

SMOKESCREEN

Speaking of lies, what about the one that says smoking shortens your lifespan? If that's not true — and it isn't — why have we all believed it for so long? The answer to this intriguing question is provided by Michael Jones, who deftly removes the cancer smokescreen on page 54. The illustration was contributed by Michael Farrell.

THE HOUSEWIFE

Stephanie Mildew-Ames, North Shore housewife and lady of leisure, found sexual

satisfaction by letting her fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages. First the pool cleaner, then the chimney sweep, then the carpet cleaner, then a case of genital herpes, then... oblivion. Part IV of Robert English's scathing satirical view of The Ugly Australians starts on page 58 with an illustration by Bill Leak.

WAR GAMES

Around this time every year, a man's fancy turns to thoughts of violence and bloodshed. It becomes imperative to watch, or ideally to play, a game of football. What is it that draws us so powerfully to an apparently pointless spectacle? Senior Editor Greg Hunter addresses that question in a potent and insightful piece beginning on page 74. The accompanying photos were shot by Graham Monro.

THE TAO OF SEX

Penthouse introduces a totally different approach to the quest for sexual fulfilment in the first of a fascinating five-part series which examines the ancient Chinese approach to sex and sexual problems. In Part I, acupuncturist John Masters looks at the Chinese understanding of the relationship between sex and health and explains some special techniques you can use now to enhance your sex life. Turn to the illustrations by Gordon Fitchett on page 80.

THE CIRCUS

When the boy was 13 he began to grow breasts, and with that the weight of the whole world fell upon his girlish shoulders. A poignant piece of fiction from Marion Halligan, The Circus begins on page 98 with Frants Kantor's illustration. 

IT ISN'T ALL THINGS TO ALL PEOPLE.



IT'S ALL THINGS TO A SELECT FEW.

The thought of touring appeals to most riders. But in reality, there are very few serious tourers around these days.

You're looking at one now.

The new BMW K100LT is a specialist touring machine that lets you ride further, and faster, in comfort.

And, because of BMW's renowned reliability, it will never

let a tour de force turn into a tour de farce.

It was designed in the world's most advanced wind tunnel. Our own.

Its ergonomic layout gives you the most comfortable riding position on two wheels.

And because it's a specialist tourer, you get practical standard features such as integrated

panniers, automatic suspension levelling and an integrated stereo with handlebar mounted controls.

Of course the new K100LT will be beyond the reach of most. So all this will only be appreciated by a select few.

The select few who ride it.

THE BMW K100LT
THE ULTIMATE RIDING MACHINE.



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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

All cut up

I have always been an avid fan of *Australian Penthouse*. Recently I was fortunate enough to receive a year subscription to your Black Label edition as a birthday present from my wife. What more could a man ask for? I take great pride in keeping my copies in good condition and that is the reason for my letter.

In your December 1987 edition you ran two competitions for your readers. Firstly, the Pet Of The Year Poll for a Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player (great prize) and secondly the Win The Beers Of The World Competition. Official entry forms to enter were printed in the magazine, with one difference.

To enter the Beers Of The World competition, it was permissible to submit a facsimile of the entry coupon. Not so for the Pet Of The Year Poll. The problem with this is that your avid subscribers would under no circumstances cut up their magazine no matter what the prize. Consequently some of your best readers never enter your competitions. Could consideration be given to the suggestion that you incorporate the use of facsimiles for all your competitions?

Finally, I would like to compliment Suze Randall for a most stunning pictorial of Michelle Moore in the October issue. Every friend of mine who perused the photos of Michelle commented on her amazing ice-cool blue eyes, especially the photos on page 90. You have plenty of votes for an early return pictorial of Michelle.

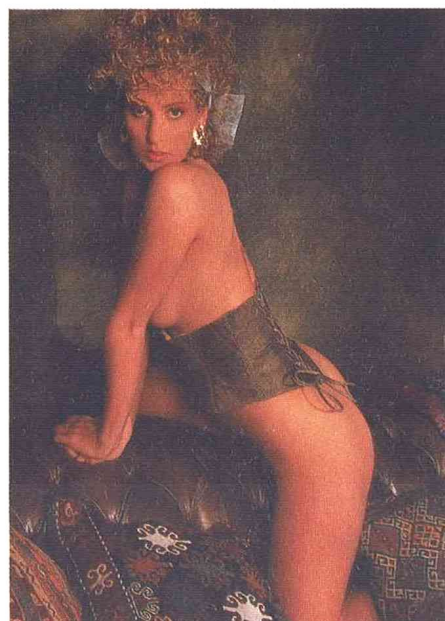
Thanks for a great mag. — *Frank Audas, Bunbury, WA*

Facsimiles of entry forms are acceptable for all *Penthouse* competitions. — *Ed*

Australian flavor

I have been reading *Penthouse* for quite a long time. I used to read the American edition, and thought I had seen the best of the girls. Then I started to read the Australian edition when it first appeared. I was keen to see if Aussie girls could "measure up" to what America had to offer. Over the years you have shown us some really fantastic Australian women.

Then I subscribed to the Black Label edition when that began. Every month the girls were more beautiful than the last. Then when I thought you could do no better you presented us with Trixie Buckingham (January). She would be without a doubt



Julia Beaulieu: utter sophistication

the loveliest, most beautiful, the most... There are not enough words to describe that vision of beauty.

A few years ago the most beautiful girl would rate a "10". I would rate Trixie at least a 20. She is exquisite. Never mind Pet Of The Year; she should be Pet Of The Decade, or better still the Bicentenary Pet.

Thank you once again for giving us the best girls imaginable. I am more than happy to keep subscribing to *Penthouse* Black Label. Keep up the good work. — *R.T., Sydney, NSW*

Best of travel

In the January edition of *Australian Penthouse* there was an excellent travel article entitled *Astounding Athens*. It has been 15 years since I was in Greece and this article inspired me to revisit.

The piece was well-written and covered most points of interest. Could we please hear more from Elisabeth King? Regards. — *John Sagovec, Melbourne, Vic*

Sweet somethings

I can't believe it. I've just received my copy of February Black Label *Penthouse* — and it reminded me that I haven't dialled 11625 for the Petline for at least two weeks (how could it have slipped my mind?). Then when I get the girl on the line, who should be whispering sweet somethings in my ear but the very girl who so caused my jaw to

drop to new depths, the absolutely gorgeous and utterly sophisticated Julia Beaulieu. That sort of combination is a winner, team. Must be the coup of the decade. More. — *J.D.W., Glebe, NSW*

Fear of flying

The article in your January edition, entitled *Fear Of Flying*, was one of the most disturbing things I've read. I have often gone for a flight with a mate of mine who recently got his pilot's licence — but no more. He admitted to me that the main point in that story was true: that if he ever got caught in cloud he'd have no more idea where he was than I would. He agreed that it was really risky and dangerous, but that that was half the fun, for crying out loud!

I'm staying in one piece and keeping both feet firmly on the ground. — *Andrew Saunders, Kogarah, NSW*

Fighting Fenech

No more insightful, thought-provoking and professional article on the sport of boxing — and Jeff Fenech, in particular — have I ever read than Greg Hunter's profile in January. I must admit, I have been a knocker of Fenech, mainly because of the jingoistic circus that seems to follow him everywhere, and because his victories have seemed to come so easily, I guess.

Thanks to Hunter, I can share his insights into this "freak." My respect for Fenech now knows no bounds. I can now see the honesty of this great fighter.

I admit it — I'm eating humble pie. Don't taste half bad, either. Great magazine. — *Anthony Black, Brisbane, Qld*

Women and *Penthouse*

At last some sense in the debate about porn! Marcia Pally's brilliant essay in February *Penthouse* must surely be the final word on this contentious subject.

And at last I got my girlfriend to read a *Penthouse* article. She did so thinking it would be some propaganda that she would delight in taking apart piece by piece. She wound up saying it made perfect sense and was one of the best articulated polemics she had ever read.

Then she got serious and read *The Golden Dildo Awards*. Laugh? Did she what. All up, I'd say a ground-breaking *Penthouse* was February — in my household, anyway. — *Dean Anderson, Sydney, NSW*

No.2 in the series.

How to make a Study of birds.

The bird: the Major Mitchell Cockatoo. A bird that moves around in flocks, inhabiting drier scrub of the inland and nesting in hollow trees.

The wine: raise your glasses to a soft, fresh, light red from the McLaren Vale and Padthaway areas, that is best drunk chilled. Made from shiraz, cabernet and pinot noir grapes, serve this wine at 10–14° with beef, veal, lamb, turkey, cold meats, salads, soft cheeses and spicy fish.





For those who are particular about their tyres...

PIRELLI
Gripping Stuff

PENTHOUSE FORUM

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No-man's-land

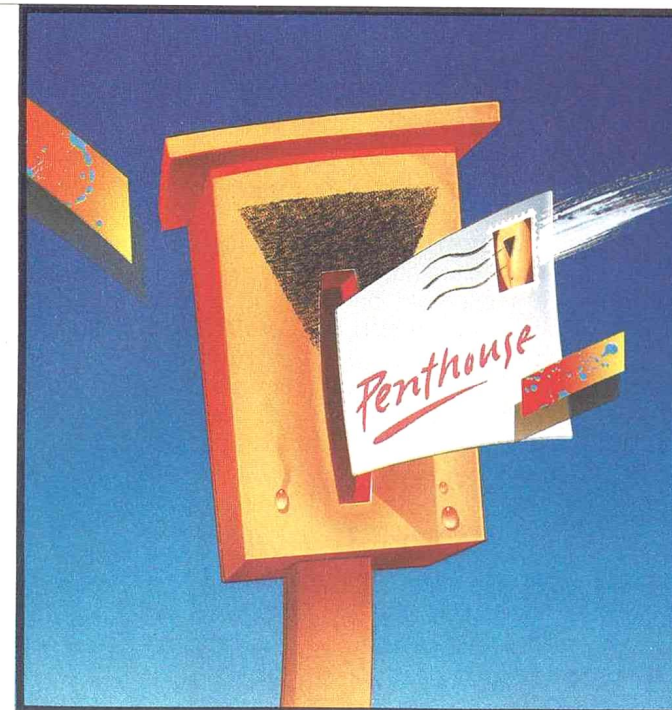
There she sat with her clitoris erect between two fingers. Their tips were tucked inside her wet, slick pussy, and she thought intently about the hardened cock she held in her mind's eye. She saw his heart-beat pulsing in the outward throbbing veins that protruded from the sides of his cock. She imagined the heat that radiated from him and wished she could taste the bead of ooze that had formed on its pink end.

She placed her other hand on her full, firm breast and cupped it as if to milk it. Her nipples were hard and her breasts were swollen with her play. As her breath quickened and her mouth became dry, her mind began to focus on the imagined cock and her hardened clitoris at the same time. The cock

bobbed up and down in front of her and seemed to move in a quasi-fuck action. The hairs on his balls came into focus. She didn't know where she wanted his cock first — her mouth or her cunt.

Her clitoris moved easily between her fingers as it began to retract. She knew this was going to be a good orgasm, as she felt her awareness heighten and her pelvis loosen. Her mind began to buzz, and the cock got closer and closer. If only she could have it. Its hardness beckoned her. She thought how warm it would be. Her vagina swelled and the tension of her body increased. Her hand moved upon her pubis once more, pushing deeper into herself with each urging motion. Her hand was soaked.

She began to lightly pinch her nipple, causing a great sensation, and then she moved her hand to the other nipple to do the same. Her breath became deep and spirited. She looked for the cock so she could fix on it when she came. It too was pulsing in rhythm to the movement of her hand. Its head had become a dark-pink color, almost bloodlike, and she thought she could smell it. It throbbed with anticipation. She looked at it directly, and saw its ooze drip out of the tiny hole. She reached out to catch a drop, but it hit her leg and she began to tremble. She went to grab the pulsing member and a blob of come spurted out at her. Blinded by her orgasm,



most delicate looking skin I have ever seen. Her smile was captivatingly demure and her manner a little coy. But there seemed to flash a hint of something sensual in her eyes as she nodded to me at our introduction. My host explained she was a cousin visiting from one of the outlying provinces and was also staying for a week.

I couldn't help but notice that every time I happened to glance at Sakumi I would find she had been glancing at me and would turn away as soon as our eyes met. I also noticed she was a little ill at ease with the rest of the family. They seemed to include her as a guest rather than part of the family. This seemed a little strange.

After a walk and a few sakis it was time for bed, and we all bade each other a pleasant

night's sleep.

I found my way to my room and noticed to my surprise that all my clothes had been stored away. A small candle was bathing the room in a gently flickering orange glow. The bed had been turned down and a bottle of JD Black Label and a small glass had been left on the table. I poured myself a shot, got into bed and sipped from the glass. The thought of the beautiful Sakumi lying in bed somewhere else in the house produced the biggest and stiffest erection I could ever recall having.

As I placed the glass back upon the table and slid down in the bed, my thoughts ran to Sakumi's naked body being caressed only by the cool silk sheets such as those covering my body. My erection pulsed as though it were about to burst; I moved my hand to it to begin the process of relieving this powerful tension when the door to the room slid silently open. There was Sakumi.

She had her hair down now, and her face in that flickering candlelight looked even more beautiful than I had remembered. This time the faint flicker of a smile didn't disappear nor did her eyes dart away from my stare. For staring I certainly was, as she was wearing only the finest of silk robes that came barely to the tops of her thighs. Her hands were clasped loosely in front of her.

She moved in through the door and

her hand fell back to squeeze her breast as she continued to rock back and forth. Finally, her fingers slowly moved away from her vagina, and her body relaxed.

As she lay back, she thought about how good she felt but also wondered what it would be like to touch and taste a real cock again. Being celibate does have its drawbacks. — *Name and address withheld*

Yen for adventure

I run a small import company which deals mainly with two Japanese firms. We buy most of their production and are therefore regarded highly by both companies. It was time for my bi-annual trip to meet my suppliers.

On arrival I was met at the airport. Instead of being taken to my hotel, the supplier I had come to see invited me to stay at his home in Tokyo. This is regarded in Japan as one of the highest honors, as the home is a very private place to the Japanese. I accepted gracefully.

At the house I was shown a room where I would sleep; then my host came to my room to show me to the dinner table. At the table he introduced me to his wife, a very charming, impeccably dressed middle-aged woman, the two children, aged about 12 and 14 years, and finally a Japanese woman I believed to be the world's most beautiful.

Her name was Sakumi. Her face had the

FORUM

closed it silently and drifted over to the bed. She stood at the bedside and the robe dropped from her shoulders. Absolutely naked. Legs slightly apart at the ankles and tapering up to the most fantastic body I had ever laid eyes upon. Her body was hairless, which reminded me at first of a young girl's. A young girl, though, would never have had such beautiful breasts; they were perfect, well rounded and totally self-supporting globes with erect nipples.

As she slid her cool body down into the bed I realised that breathing control was out of the question. I needed all the oxygen I could get. She pulled the sheet back over our bodies.

She began by gently running her fingernails lightly but firmly across my chest. I reached out to touch her and she explained that "It is Japanese custom for woman to first make happy the man."

The fingers wound their way down to my pounding cock. She placed them around my hot hard erection and ever so slowly moved up and down. The effect was unbelievable. I sensed that Sakumi knew I was not very far from coming.

Her mouth now began to trace the path her fingernails had taken down my chest and across my stomach to where her hand was still making magical movements. I could feel her mouth at my balls, kissing

and ever so lightly nipping the skin with her teeth. She tossed her head up, which had the effect of slipping the top sheet back so that I could look down and see her face and my dick as she slid her cheek past the head of it. The cool skin of her face on the steam-ing tip of my dick drove me into another fit of gasping breaths. She slowly opened her mouth and moved it over the top, pausing only to touch the tip with her tongue for an instant; she moved lower towards her hand and its movements.

All this time she was looking up at me with those incredible eyes. I couldn't believe my dick was disappearing that far into her mouth. I could feel the back of her throat as her lips finally bottomed out at the base of my dick. Her head began to move up and down.

I was coming and began a series of gasps. This made Sakumi work in long slow strokes with her head moving from the tip of my dick to its very base. My come rushed out and I could feel it hot as it burst from me. Sakumi was equal to the task and moved to prolong the effect, which certainly worked. It seemed as though I was never going to stop. Sakumi was swallowing the come in long hungry gulps which heightened the effect she was already achieving with her mouth and hand.

Finally it was over, I was exhausted, and my dick was fast displaying the same feeling as Sakumi laid it to rest on my leg. She

looked up at me and smiled that smile. I knew the night was not over yet.

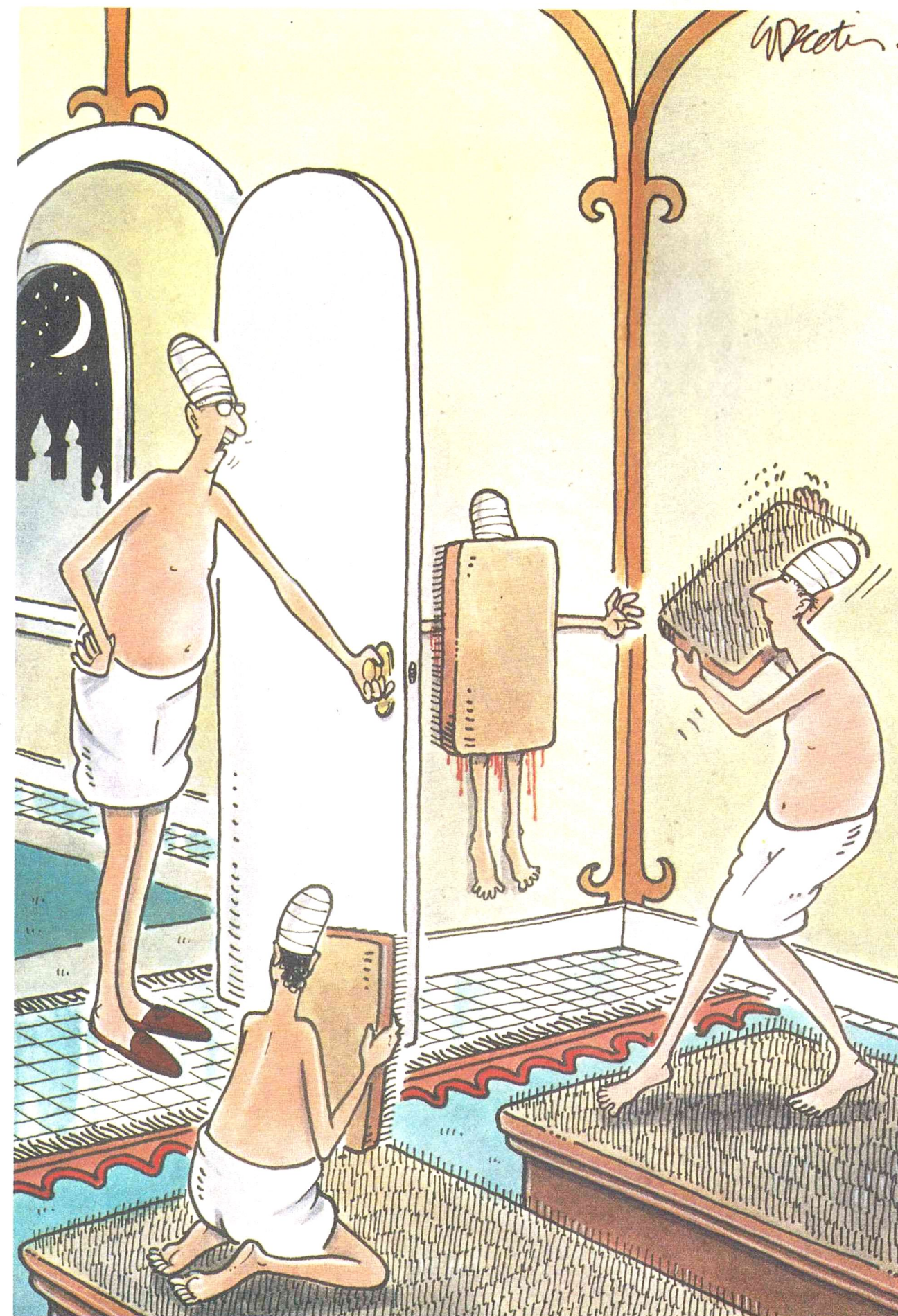
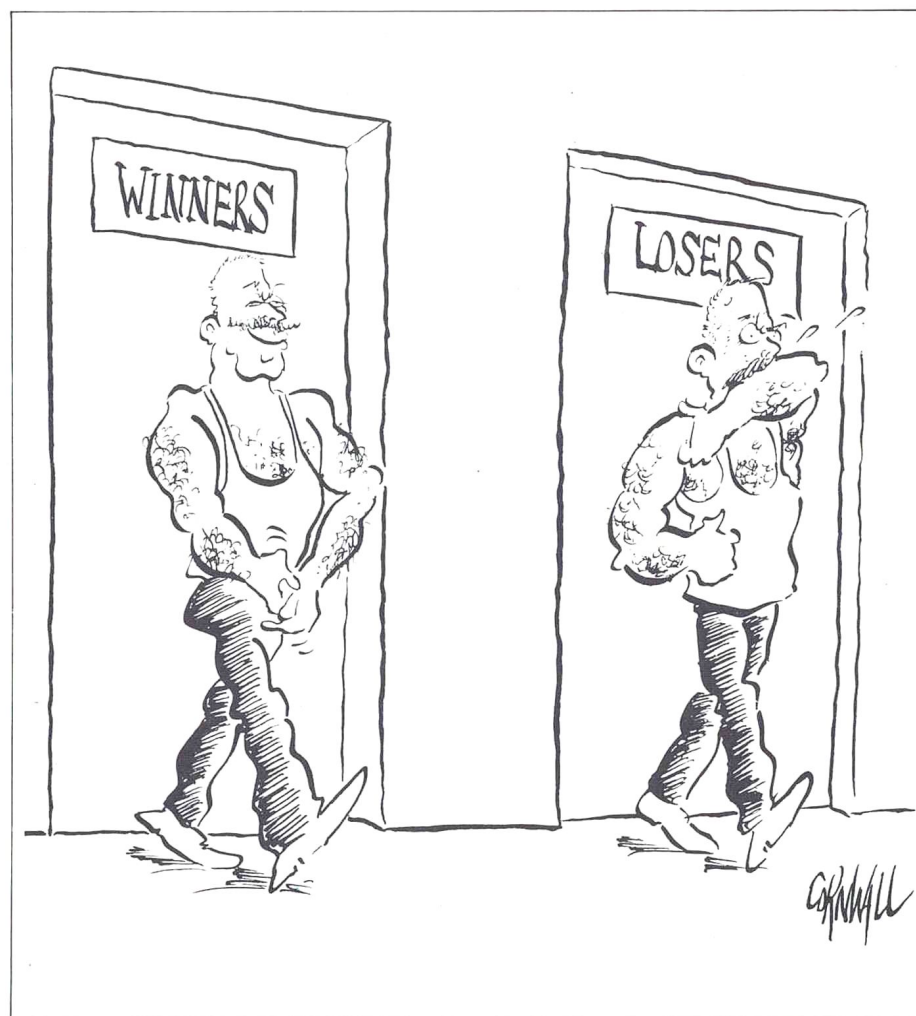
I hadn't noticed earlier that there was a tray under the bedside table. Sakumi took from this a small bottle and tipped an amount into her mouth which she swilled around in those beautiful cheeks and then swallowed. She leaned over and kissed me lightly on the lips. The fragrance of her breath was musky with a cooling effect on my lips. She then took from the tray what appeared to be a short string of beads. She explained that these were hand-carved ivory on a string of plaited silk. The ivory beads, about the size of large peas, were placed about two inches apart; there were about ten beads on the string.

She made me roll over on to my stomach and, using oil from another bottle, began to massage me with her hands. So much for my doubts about managing another erection! I felt sure this would do it in no time. Her hands slowly made their way down my back, across my buttocks and slowly down my legs. As she passed my balls I could feel the occasional scrape of her fingernails on my ball bag which made the skin creep.

Two fingers of one hand began to trace the crack of my bum from the base of my spine. These were well-oiled fingers and I tensed slightly as they proceeded deeper into the crack towards my arsehole. This was not an experience I was accustomed to. I half pressed my cheeks together but Sakumi whispered quietly and I relaxed a little as the slippery fingers slowly worked their way to my arse. I must confess it was more than pleasant. Spreading my cheeks a little, the fingers carried on to my balls. Again the nails dug ever so gently into the skin and again I experienced a crawling skin sensation.

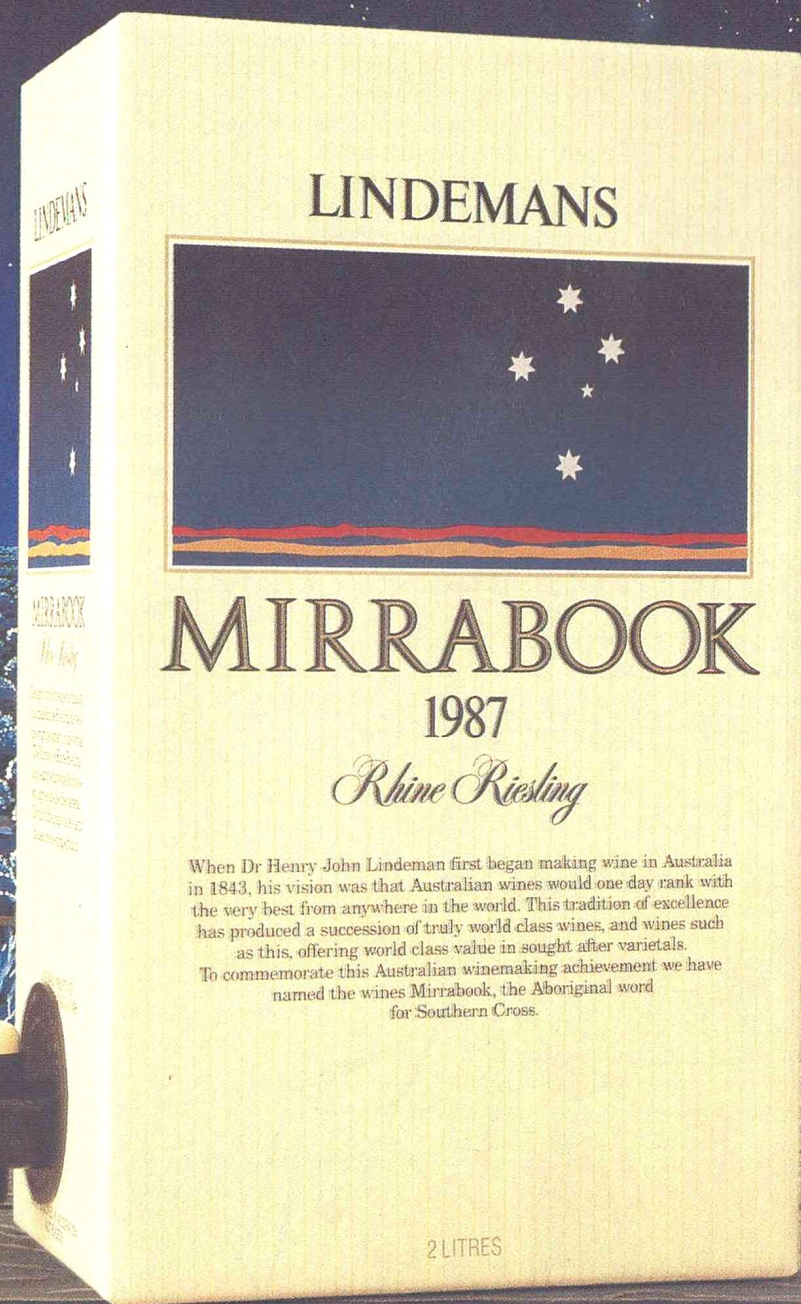
Then she worked her way back to my arse again, pausing and spreading my cheeks, but this time a finger slid in about half an inch. Once again I tightened involuntarily and again Sakumi whispered to me. Things were starting to come to life in the loins department again. Once more the finger attempted to penetrate. I forced myself to try and relax a little; she whispered and tried again. I was definitely relaxing as the finger made it up to what I imagined was the first knuckle this time. Then began what felt like two slippery fingers moving slowly in and out. After two minutes Sakumi's hands began again to move over the rest of my body. I was left with a slightly uncomfortable feeling in my arse.

She made me roll over and again took a mouthful of liquid from the bottle on the tray. She was kneeling beside me at about my hips. She leaned over my now very much alert dick and let some of the fluid trickle from her mouth. She guided it first down the left side of my dick and then down the right side. I felt the two slow moving streams run down my groin, around my balls and meet up in one stream, which then trickled down the crack in my arse. I



"Knock off the pillow fights and get to sleep!"

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LINDEMANS BRING YOU THE NEW MIRRABOOK RANGE OF 2 LITRE VARIETAL WINES. THERE ARE 5 EXCELLENT WINES TO CHOOSE FROM. A CRISP RHINE RIESLING. THREE DRY WHITES, A PARTICULARLY ELEGANT FUME BLANC, A FINELY BALANCED SEMILLON CHARDONNAY* AND A FULL BODIED VERDELHAO*. AND FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY A DRY RED THERE'S OUR FLAVOURSOME SHIRAZ CABERNET. MIRRABOOK. PREMIER 2 LITRE CASKS.

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FORUM

could feel it dripping on to the sheets. The sensation was unbelievable:

I was laying back enjoying all this as fingernails were pressed firmly into my flesh below my chest. They began a slow and almost painful journey down over my stomach, ending at the top of my thighs. The nails, though almost painful, raised my sexual anticipation to great heights. When I least expected it Sakumi lowered her mouth over my erection. I almost cried out with excitement, as her entire mouth was cool against the now pounding heat of my dick. She moved her mouth in the now familiar pattern for a few moments and then withdrew. Sakumi was about to position herself over my standing shaft.

She lowered herself slowly. The warmth and tightness of her body slowly opening up and yielding to the intrusion of my dick sent me gasping for air again. She paused about halfway down and gave the slightest of moans and a barely perceptible shudder as she came. I could feel her muscles tighten for a moment and then relax. She let out a long slow quiet breath and I sensed she had enjoyed that one. She carried on down until our stomachs met. Then she began a slow movement with her internal muscles gripping my dick on the up movements and releasing on the down.

Sakumi then lowered those beautiful tits

down to my chest and began tracing circles with her firm brown nipples. To my surprise I could feel my nipples hardening and the skin pulling around them. This lady was a master. She began to pick up in speed, her muscles perfectly in tune and co-ordination with her movements. She slipped her heels under my thighs to get a better grip of my body and her movements became more frantic. Suddenly she sat up and gasped as she pulled herself down hard with her hands and heels. Her eyes closed and for a long time she didn't breathe, but I could feel her muscles working. Finally she gave that little shudder, groaned quietly and breathed out. She looked at me and grinned that pretty smile. A little breathless. she lay on top of me.

She made me roll over on top of her in the classic position. We were now in familiar territory and I knew what had to be done here. I began by slowly working up and down, using the full length of my available stroke. Then, by surprise, Sakumi wrapped her arms and legs around me and nearly lifted herself from the bed. I paused momentarily and could feel her muscles working — then the shudder and that long slow breath. As she lowered herself back to the bed she gripped my dick with her muscles and slid down it as though she were a fireman.

Back with the conventional action, Sakumi ran her nails up and down and across my back as my movements be-

came faster. She was groaning each time I thrust and I could tell she was getting ready for the fourth and best orgasm of the night.

I was coming. I began a gasping groan as the first spasm shot through me. I could feel the come rushing up my dick, another spasm and it burst forth in one great gush. Sakumi came at the same time and groaned loudly and gasped for air. The next spurt of come was about to gush forth when Sakumi reached around to my arse and began to slowly pull out the string of ivory beads she had placed up my arse earlier on. The effect on my coming was immediate and unbelievable. My body spasm was followed by a gush of come as Sakumi pulled each bead out, which was followed by a body spasm. I couldn't believe the pleasure could go on for so long.

Finally it ended. Sakumi collapsed in a limp heap under my chest and lay there breathing deeply, whilst I tried to regain some semblance of control.

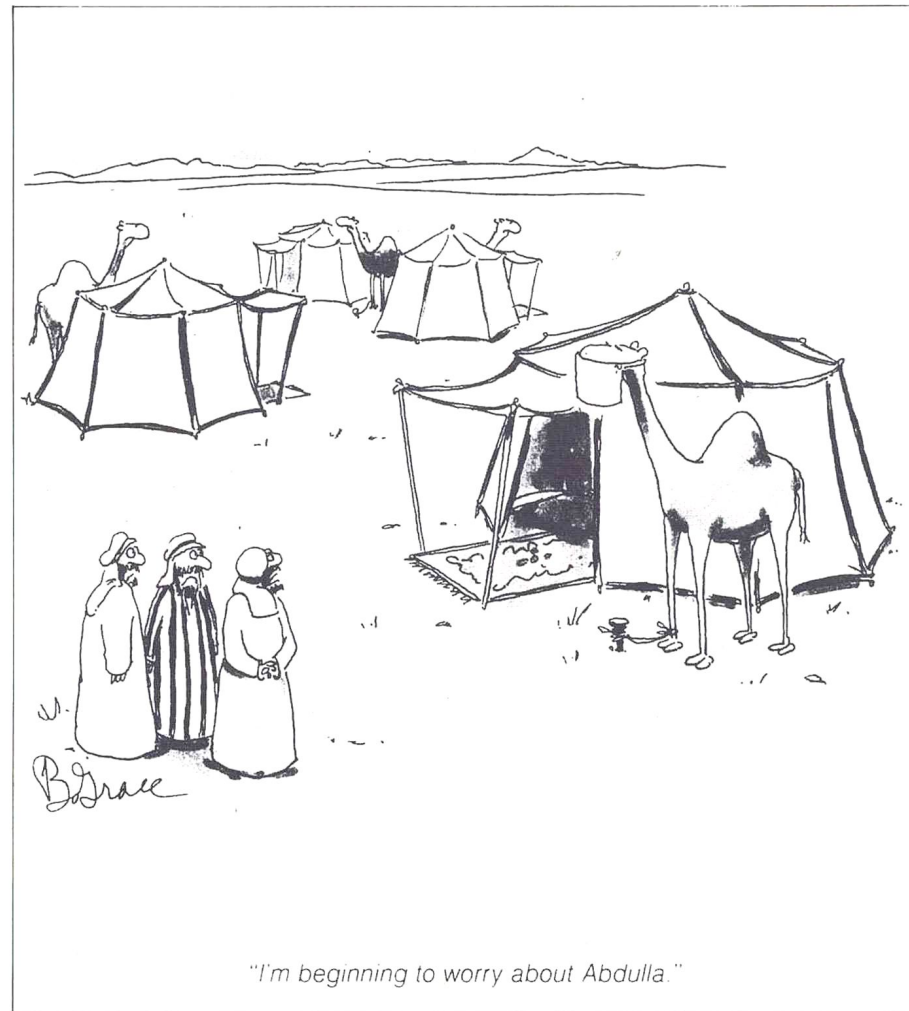
A little while later we slept. I awoke at ten in the morning feeling refreshed but physically weak. I wondered how I would ever see out my one week stay with Yuki. But I also knew I would not be complaining. — P.G.R., Sydney, NSW

Field hands

I had been riding my motorcycle for a few hours when I stopped in front of a bar for a rest. I pulled up a chair and settled down at the only unoccupied table. Just then, two beauties named Elaine and Janice asked if they could sit down with me. How could I refuse? After we had a few drinks, the three of us got up to dance. We were all having a great time and I could tell that I'd probably be able to get one of them into the sack. They kept eyeing my meat as we danced, and with each passing song, I got hornier and hornier. The girls could tell, because there was a very noticeable bulge in my jeans. I wanted to hide it under the table, but the girls would not let me sit down. Instead, they danced closer to me so no-one else could see my anxious member.

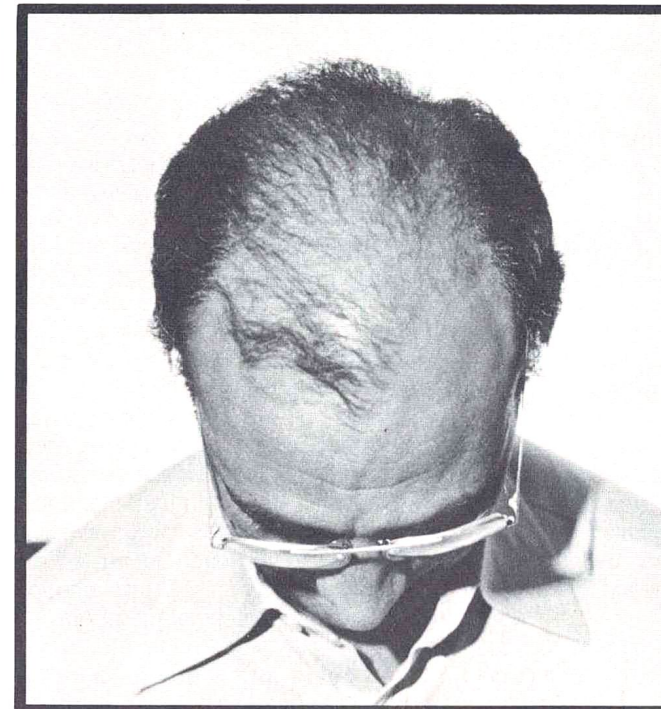
When we finally sat back down, they placed their hands on my inner thighs. All this attention had me wishing I had my car with me instead of my bike. I still had an hour of driving before I reached home, and told Elaine and Joyce that I had to leave. Elaine asked if I could take them home, as they shared an apartment. I could have cried. I told them that I had my bike with me and that I'd have to take them one at a time. To my amazement, they agreed.

I took Elaine first. On the way, she placed her hands on my cock and began to massage it through my jeans. My motorcycle helmets are equipped with an intercom system, and Elaine told me that if I pulled over near the upcoming field, she'd fuck me. We ran into the field and Elaine lay down. She pulled her leather miniskirt up and showed me her bald mound. She reached up, pulled out my manhood, and



"I'm beginning to worry about Abdulla."

9AM JAN 8TH 1988



3PM JAN 8TH 1988



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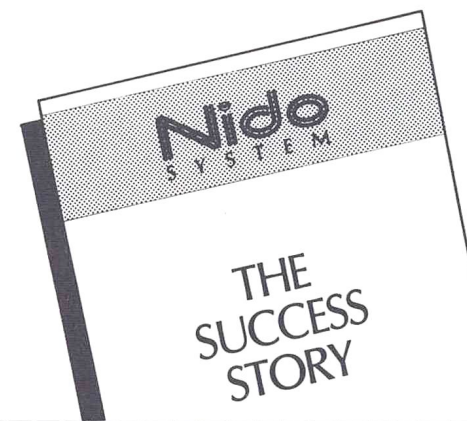
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FORUM

smiled. Then she asked me to stick only the head of my cock into her pussy. She began to rock slowly while I remained still. Suddenly, her hands grabbed hold of my buttocks, and pulled me full force into her snatch. She begged me to come, and boy, did I ever!

Afterward, she suggested that we get moving or Janice may start thinking about other men. I was so concerned with getting my zipper up without catching any skin that I didn't fully realise what Elaine had just said. I took her home and headed back for Janice.

Upon arriving, I apologised for being late. Janice said nothing, and I figured she was mad at me. But just as we approached the same field, Janice said that if I pulled over, she would screw me better than Elaine ever could.

I couldn't believe this was happening to me! Once off the bike, Janice knelt before me and exposed her breasts. She loosened my jeans and my cock sprang to attention. Janice began licking my shaft as if she hadn't seen a man in quite some time. She knew what Elaine and I had done and that just got her hotter.

She stood up and lowered her dress. I was waiting for her to remove her nylons, but instead she got down on all fours. The light from the moon revealed a hole in her

nylons that led right through to her pussy. I got behind her, positioned my cock, and slid into her, feeling her fingers on my balls. Janice asked me to fuck her until I was just about to come. Then, right before the moment of truth, she turned around and engulfed my cock in her mouth. I came hard and heavy. Janice licked me softly until I was clean, then kissed me and thanked me for a wonderful time. I told her she was great and then drove her home.

Both girls asked me out for the next weekend and I accepted. As I started to leave, I heard them both yell for me to leave my bike at home! — *Name and address withheld*

Hair today, gone tomorrow

For the past two or three years, I have been going bald. Originally, I was concerned about this, but my girlfriend Laura didn't seem to mind. She thought of it as a sign of virility.

Last month, while getting my hair cut, I asked the barber what he thought I would look like if he shaved off the rest of my hair à la Kojak. He laughed and, after talking about it for a few minutes, took out his electric clipper and zipped it over my head! Next, he lathered up my head and shaved it clean with a straight razor.

When I arrived home that night, Laura's eyes almost popped out when she saw my bald head. She thought it was great and could not keep her hands off it. That night,

before we went to bed, she told me to shave it again. On the second night, she insisted on doing the honors. On the third night, she asked me what I thought she would look like if she had her head shaved! I told her I thought it would look silly, as I had never seen a bald-headed woman.

That Saturday, while shopping at a local mall, Laura told me that she had an appointment at the beauty salon and for me to meet her there when I had finished shopping. I picked her up, and while driving home, I noticed that her hair was a little darker than usual. However, I thought she had just added some color to it.

Before we went to bed that night, Laura shaved my head. She then took a seat by the dressing mirror and announced that it was now her turn. With that, she reached up and removed a dark wig, revealing a completely bald head! During the afternoon while I was finishing the shopping, she had gone to see her friend Amy, who owns a beauty salon in the mall. Amy had taken Laura into a private booth and shaved her head smooth. Amy then gave her the wig to wear home.

Seeing her totally bald gave me the biggest hard-on I can ever remember having! I immediately picked up the shaving cream and covered her scalp. I shaved her head not once, but twice! We hopped into the sack and practically spent the entire weekend there.

Now when Laura goes to work, she wears one of several wigs. Once in a while when we go out, she just wears a silk scarf. But as soon as she walks in the door at home, she goes *sans tresses*. Words cannot describe how much we enjoy our hairless condition. All I can say is that if any of your readers are going bald, they should seriously consider the "Kojak treatment" and see how quickly it improves their sex life. — *Name and address withheld*

Teacher's pets

Six months ago, if anyone had told me I would be sharing one of my sexual experiences with your readers, I would have called them crazy. However, I feel an overwhelming desire to tell what happened to me last Saturday.

At the risk of sounding conceited, I'll say that I'm a better-than-average-looking 33-year-old divorced woman. I'm also a physical fitness nut. Knowing this is what made my next door neighbor Arty ask me if I would help his friend get in shape for his approaching season of rugby.

Because of our conflicting schedules during the week, I told Arty to have him come over on Saturday. My spacious basement is an excellent place to exercise. Besides, I thought it would be more convenient and private than a public gym.

My alarm was set for eight o'clock, but the persistent ringing of the doorbell woke me before it went off. What made it worse

Continued on page 118

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

CREATIVE RETRIBUTION

What do you reckon is better — an act of vengeance on someone who has screwed you around, or those bileful hours you spend plotting ways to get back at the prick?

On the surface it sounds too easy. Wreak revenge, of course. Mess him over three times worse than he messed you and then when the bludger is cowering and snivelling for mercy, smile and lay the boot in for all you're worth. Right on. Why risk ulcers from stomach acid build-up when for a few lousy bucks you can buy a whole bottle of acid to throw over the double-crossing bastard?

But hang on a sec. No matter how angry he gets, the right-thinking wronged gentleman should never go performing acts he may have cause to regret as he pokes a needle in and out of a mailbag on a three-to-five for aggravated GBH. Yep, it's a sad fact but true: getting even can get you in deep schtuck. Unless, perhaps, you're really sneaky and clever in the manner you elect to hurl the vengeful hammer of Thor. You could hire a largish chap of Slavic extraction, say, whom you could despatch with detailed instructions and a Polaroid of your malefactor's kneecaps. As this service isn't listed in the Yellow Pages (not even under Footwear — Cement) I can't give you a quote. However, I presume we're looking at considerable expenditure, further risk and the added possibility of a protracted vendetta.

Personally, I've always advocated the philosophical approach. Simply entertain the idea that your enemy will get what he deserves in the karmic lottery. That yellow running dog is a cert to spend his next few earthly gigs as a dung beetle, a liver fluke or a haemorrhoidal suppository in Bruce Ruxton's bathroom cabinet.

Passive inaction such as this does spell satisfaction of sorts, but you'd have to be Mother Theresa, Albert Schweitzer or Jesus Christ in a bowtie not to *even think* of nasty ways to get your own back. It's a natural human response and I contend that these malevolent thoughts are a safe, fun, therapeutic and invigorating self-discovery trip. I've tagged this cerebral pursuit Creative Retribution and have sort of defined it as the voyage through the evil id that leads you to *plan* to sticky-tape prawns under your enemy's desk, minus the risks to reputation and welfare inherent in lowering yourself literally and figuratively on to the office Axminster to affix said crustaceans. *Think, don't stink.*

I have had cause to dwell on this subject at some length

lately. My boyfriend has just been screwed over by a pair of experts and during the last fortnight or so that laidback indolence of his that I knew so well has evaporated. Throughout these 14 days this man has been hatching plans so heinous against the duo who crossed him that, if I didn't know and love him better, I might begin to suspect that I was shackled up with Norman Bates. But I do know him better and I have come to see that schemes of revenge such as those he's cooking up top are a delicious catharsis. I have never seen this man more *alive*.

The act that got his hateful hackles up was a silly, petty incident that would not have been out of place at a teenager's Bodega and Blackberry Nip knees-up. Suffice to say that it involved a woman, another man and an unseemly exchange of fisticuffs at a pretentious society get together. My friend was an innocent cast in a trumped-up triangular love drama and the vengeful wrath that has spewed from him ever since has been a treacle of humiliation.

It was a foul morn, that first one after the silly turn of affairs. That was when the evil dripped — no, more spurted like projectile vomit — from his lips. Some of the plots that issued from him that morning were so psychotically menacing that I hesitate to recount them here. Some were so pathetically childish that I am equally loath to do so.

I remember trying then to stem the gush of his anger. "Don't be such a silly goose," I said, or something like it. "Forget all about it and you'll feel better by tomorrow." That was before I came to see that the process of creative retribution gets rid of any stray and festering boils hanging around on the psyche.

He hadn't listened anyway. He just stared off into middle distance

with that look someone once so aptly described as that of a billygoat pissing in a jam tin. "I wish they still sold firecrackers," he said dreamily.

And then with the dark intonation of a man singularly possessed with the desire to get even: "Vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord. Move over Lord, I want to kick ass."

I let him go for it after that. Didn't want to wreck his fun. The plots and plans came fewer now, as time and his mental reigns of terror have healed the scars of embarrassment. It tickles me though to think that since all this stuff came down, our sex life has hit a purple patch. I'll go out on a limb and say it hasn't been this good in years.

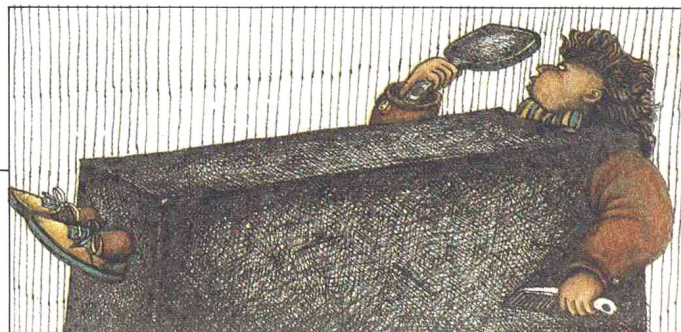
I dare any dude to tell me that hate ain't healthy. — *C.J. Mackay*



Illustration by Mark Tremlett



VANITY



MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL

Vanity is always good for a laugh — a dead giveaway that doesn't belong with the truly sinful. Witty and what-the-shit *Penthouse* columns taken aside, true Deadly Sins taken to the extreme are always self-destructive. Think of the exploding fat man in Monty Python's *Meaning of Life*. You can die of envy; at the least it can turn you green. From a woman's point of view, a lustful "funch" gets your hair all messed up, and you dribble into your \$50 silk knickers all day. Suppressed anger is the shortest freeway to an early grave. There aren't many guffaws in the Deadly Sins — but vanity is easy to poke fun at.

Consider what screenwriter Herman Mankiewicz said about the notoriously vain movie mogul Louis B. Mayer: "There, but for the grace of God, goes God." Liz Taylor's ex, Michael Wilding, said: "You can pick out the actors by the glazed look that comes into their eyes when the conversation wanders away from themselves." Noel Coward acknowledged: "I am an enormously talented man; after all it's no use pretending that I am not and I was bound to succeed." Frank Fay allegedly haunted Lovers' Lane holding his own hand.

Wait, you say, something about self-love and ego-stroking is one of the Big Seven. Pride, dear readers, pride. A bedmate of vanity, pride differs in being self-sufficient — solitary even. Vanity needs applause, or if none is forthcoming, at least a mirror to posture in. Vanity shrivels if ignored. "Better the praise of fools", to steal from Browning, than no comment at all.

Men more than women are afflicted by vanity. It's no accident that the hero of Tom Wolfe's latest novel, *The Bonfire Of The*

Vanities, is a man. This is a universal truth, published for the first time right here, and thank God someone has had the courage to speak out at last. In advanced cases, egos like carbuncles must be lanced with a surgeon's knife.

Narcissus was a man and pined away because he fell in love with his own reflection. Most men since then with even the slightest pretensions to good looks have been mesmerised by the face that stares back at them from the mirror. Witness the Monty Python sketch where Michael Palin tells John Cleese to come away from the mirror, only to be told: "It's not Narcissism, it's the real thing." Or

MacArthur was never photographed from the right — his bad side — and all those noble, upwards-and-onwards head angles were not victory-inspiring poses but pathetic attempts to hide his sagging jowls. Fieldmarshal Montgomery never wore less than his full complement of 38 ribbons. His batman carried a wad of mimeographed sheets to hand out to those unfamiliar with every single one of them.

The Duke of Windsor was another looking-glass victim. He always managed to be photographed from the left — his good side. He even tried to upset a three-centuries-old tradition that succeeding sovereigns present alternate profiles on coins to the predecessor. He should have been right and insisted on left. A Narcissist to the end, he constantly fidgeted with his tie knot until Wallis would scream, "There's nothing wrong with it! For heaven's sake, leave it alone."

Another vanity cultivated by men when success finds them is the manipulation of time. More important men always keep lower-scale operatives waiting. The vanity of unpunctuality states clearly, "My time is worth four times the going rate of yours, so you wait for me."

Its soulmate is the vanity of butting in: "Anything I say is much more important than anything you can think of." The male complaint that they can't get a word in edgewise with women is pure propaganda. According to research,

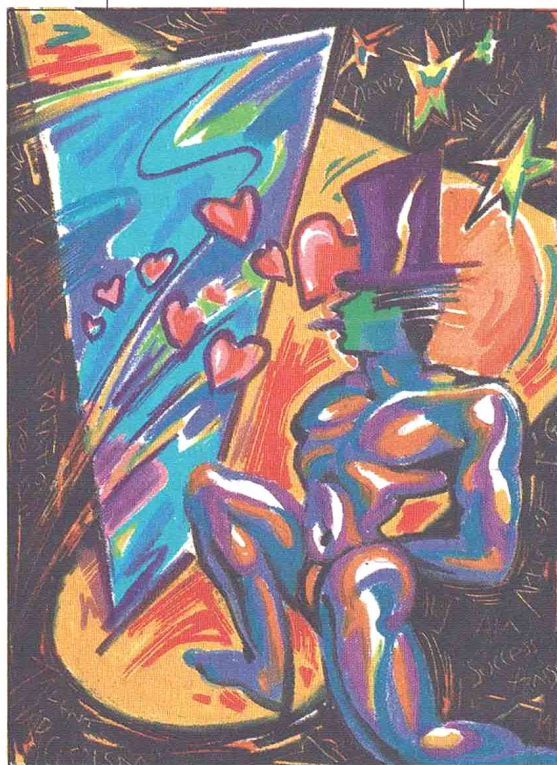
men interrupt women five times more frequently than vice versa.

I have never understood why women are always accused of lying about their age. One well-known Sydney publisher has been 38 for at least six years, prompting an ex-employee to observe that "soon he'll be younger than me." Yes, the times have caught up with men; in the business world whizzkid status must be gained by the early 30s. If you're 40 and in middle management, you have to accept yourself as a steady plodder or lie about your age. There are no laughter lines anymore — there are wrinkles.

There's simply no need to worry about Suzy and the girls cackling over the fact that she mistook your private member for your finger, or that your sperm is so thin she had to book you into a fertility clinic. Mind you, there are occasions. A friend of mine once went to bed with someone we all knew and could hardly wait to tell us that the sight of him nearly prompted the old question: "Can you go to the toilet with that thing?" Yet another girl session produced the wistful memory from Judy that she missed her ex most for his 25cm tool. "I'd gotten used to it. You don't find that too often." Indeed you don't.

If you ever make it, jobwise I mean, another vanity hurdle is your entry in *Who's Who*. In the US edition Samuel Untermyer, a New York lawyer, once supplied 162 lines — an entry that would have exceeded the combined potted bios of Stalin, Churchill, Roosevelt and Mussolini. The editor observed that he included "everything of interest save his fingernails and the number of his watch."

As boxing coach Drew "Bundini" Brown observed: "You don't look in the mirror to see life; you gotta look out the window." But if your mirror is your umbilical cord and you've never passed a reflective shop window you didn't like, remember Lenny Bruce: "You can't get snot off a suede jacket." — Elisabeth King



remember the handsome young beau of Twenties New York who hated to turn out the light at night and have all his good looks go to waste for hours at a stretch.

Career soldiers, like actors, are so notoriously vain that it's almost an occupational hazard. General



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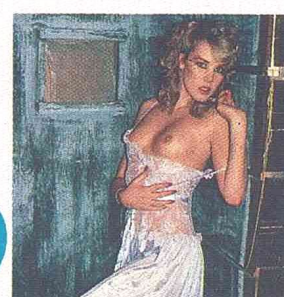
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AVARICE



GOLD FEVER

Neville Palmer only prospects for gold on weekends. Friday evening he leaves his family and resumes mining his claim near Tarnagulla, Victoria's original goldrush city. The drop in gold prices 100 years ago resulted in the town shrinking to a shadow of its former glory. But specks on the map like Tarnagulla are stirring again!

Along with the larger mining companies, weekend prospectors are now poring over old Australian goldfields, armed to the teeth with metal detectors, four-wheel drives, picks, shovels and, in a few cases, the latest in mini-bulldozers. Gold fever has struck again across the country.

Neville Palmer turned up about \$10,000 in 1986 and has doubled his return in 1987, most of that coming from a single nugget.

Ken Sully, from Sydney, drives trucks during the week but spends the weekends up to his knees in "his diggings." It was his wife, Lorraine, who found his most valuable nugget. "We work to a plan which involves locating at least \$1000 a week on average," Ken explains. Last year the Sullys realised \$40,000 from 32 weekends, although they acknowledge a 12-weekend stretch when they found nothing.

Not everyone treats the amateur prospectors with tolerance or idle curiosity. Property owners express some willingness to negotiate with professional prospectors and large mining companies, but clearly have run out of patience with "weekenders" — whom they term "gold rabbits" in reference to the country's biggest agricultural pest. From Charters Towers in Queensland to Temora (NSW) and Bendigo (Victoria), farmers are taking drastic steps to keep gold rabbits off their land. More

than the odd angry shot has been fired.

Gold fever had been developing at quite a pace before Ray and Maria Hall hit the news a few months ago. From the moment they discovered gold on their mining lease at Kurinelli, 200kms south-east of Tennant Creek in the Northern Territory, the pace has quickened considerably. Sales of prospecting equipment are booming. Ray, a wily and experienced prospector, became a little flustered when the excitable media portrayed the find of a few nuggets as if it were the discovery of Lasseater's Lost Reef. The Northern Territory Mines and En-

gold prospectors have been quite successful, but they're careful not to publicise their finds. Ken Sully points to the immense mobility of both professional miners and hobbyists: "Within days the area can be crawling with people determined to mine it." One prospector in the Northern Territory is known to have collected more than 1000 small nuggets (the largest about the size of a golf ball) which he eventually cashed for about \$150,000. Everyone knows about the mini-nuggets, but no-one knows just where he found them.

Some amateur prospectors in the Territory are earning between \$500 and \$1000 a week by wandering around with metal detectors and locating gold on the surface or just centimetres beneath it. Most of these characters, however, haven't found more than a few specks, but they tend to be imbued with incredible optimism.

Gold is the unofficial currency in Tennant Creek. Food, provisions and building materials have all been purchased with a handful of small nuggets. One old-timer recently brought in a nugget worth \$40,000, handed it to the owner of a local car yard, and drove away in a Ford utility worth less than half that sum. And the town's

local massage parlor will accept a few specks of gold in return for services rendered.

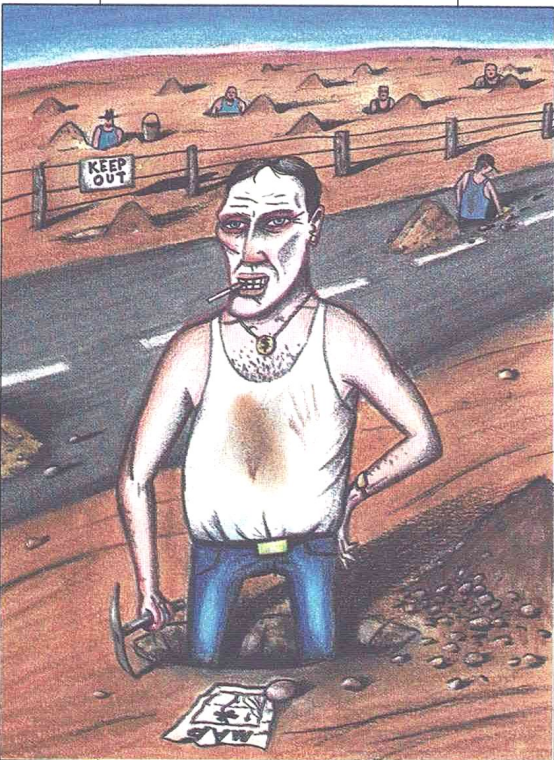
Just as there is a state of war between landowners and miners in some areas, miners are stealing from each other with increasing regularity. The Chamber

of Mines, as it is known in the Northern Territory, has introduced a "Gold Squad" to try and combat the level of theft. The Chamber's appropriately named chief executive, Michael Gamble, claims that recent finds have spawned an organised group of thieves who enter mining tenements with hired graders or scrapers. In 1986 \$60,000 worth of partly processed gold disappeared from a Pine Creek mine, part of an estimated \$10 million stolen across Australia in the past few years.

Mining companies are now using sophisticated equipment to determine likely sources of gold. They use satellites to photograph potentially gold-rich terrain, analysing the results by computer. But one Australian mining company, Zanex Limited, went for broke and hired famed "spoon bender" Uri Geller to perform a "psychic exploration" of mineral deposits in the Solomon Islands. Geller allegedly received \$390,000 and an option to take up 1.25 million 20-cent shares. He ignored the share offer and no big strike has occurred just yet.

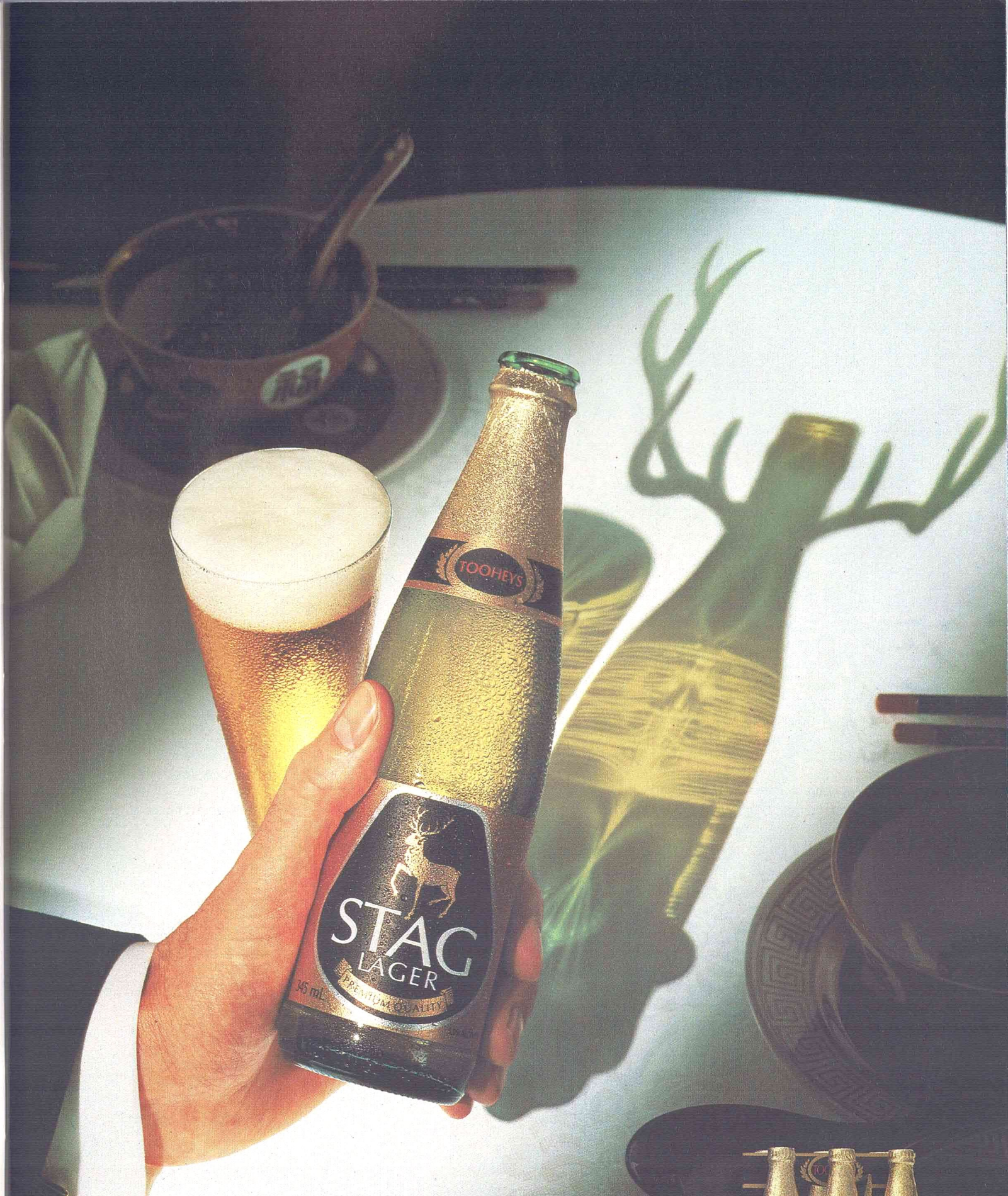
The prospector most talked about by amateurs is Ross Atkins, who left school at 13 to help in the family trucking business but after a few years decided to seek his fortune in gold. Atkins now controls the largest one-man gold empire in Australia and basks in the trappings of his success: penthouse apartment at Surfers Paradise, a mansion on the river in Perth, a farm near the Gold Coast, assorted pieces of real estate and a Rolls Royce. The man even inspects his empire in a gold-painted helicopter.

Australia is climbing up the gold production ladder and by 1990 is expected to be the second-largest producer in the world behind South Africa. If the price of the precious metal holds, the war between landowners and gold rabbits will escalate as more Australians choose to throw in their 9-to-5 existences and go in search of a piece of the action. — Graeme Orr



ergy Department put the kybosh on the more sensational aspects of the story while conceding that the Halls had found a "sizeable" deposit. Ray reckons on being "half a millionaire" when it's all brought to the surface.

A lot of amateur and weekend



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If it didn't have an Australian accent, you'd swear it was imported.



ENVY



TRANSLATING REAL ESTATE ADS

The first problem facing a home buyer — or that vanishing breed, the home renter — is money. The second problem is learning to speak a new language: the language of real estate advertisements.

Real estate ads, of course, never lie. They are a form of poetry and poetry does not lie. However, it doesn't exactly tell the truth either. Rather, poetry uses the language in new and inventive ways to convey an image pleasing to the reader. Similarly, real estate ads:

Neat cottage. Ideal holiday home or for first home owner. Partially renovated. Quiet street. Excellent investment opportunity. Will not last at this price. Forced sale.

Doesn't this cast up images of rustic charm? A little solid brick bungalow surrounded with greenery. However, the translation into real English is this: *Small, old fibro home about to fall down.*

It's all very simple once you understand poetic licence. The following dictionary of real estate terminology will help:

three-bedroom: two bedrooms and a large cupboard with a window

spacious: four bedrooms

neat: two bedrooms

tasteful: carpeted

leafy aspects: trees block out your view

magnificent aspects: on hill

close to public transport: beneath railway line

absolute waterfrontage: gets flooded out every ten years

brand new: one year old

new: three years old

as new: six years old

modern: ten years old

solid: 15 years old

cottage: 25 years old

full of character: 50 years old

developers take note: the house is falling down

handyman's delight: the roof is about to collapse

investment opportunity: needs a

easy walking distance to: two miles away from

executive-style living: has a spa

beautifully presented: the lawn has been mowed

well-presented: is for sale

low maintenance: aluminium windows

short walk to shops: five-minute walk to shops

minutes to shops: ten-minute walk to shops

handy to shops: nowhere near shops

delightful cottage: overgrown garden

will not last at this price: will not sell for this price

enormous potential: enormous amount of work to do

executive home: overpriced

nothing to spend: after buying this you'll have nothing left to spend

lovely brick veneer: built in the Sixties

inner city living at its best: close to muggers

close to school: close to vandals

partially renovated: owner gave up on a hopeless case

retirement special: a good home to die in

parklike rear garden: garden full

of dog shit

situated in rapidly progressing area: in the sticks

potential is immeasurable: present value is minimal

a rare find: rare to find a house made like this still standing

rarely does one find that slightly different home: converted funeral parlor

forced sale: owner committed suicide

sought-after location: frequently broken into

not much to mow: no land

generous built-ins: has cupboards

contemporary split-level home: overpriced

needs some TLC: white ants

land suitable for pole home: on a cliff

suit young family: can allow kids to run riot; nothing worth protecting from damage

fully landscaped grounds: has a garden

ideal holiday home: uncarpeted

unique home: mud brick

prestige surrounds: all the other houses in the street are nicer

loads of character: bizarre

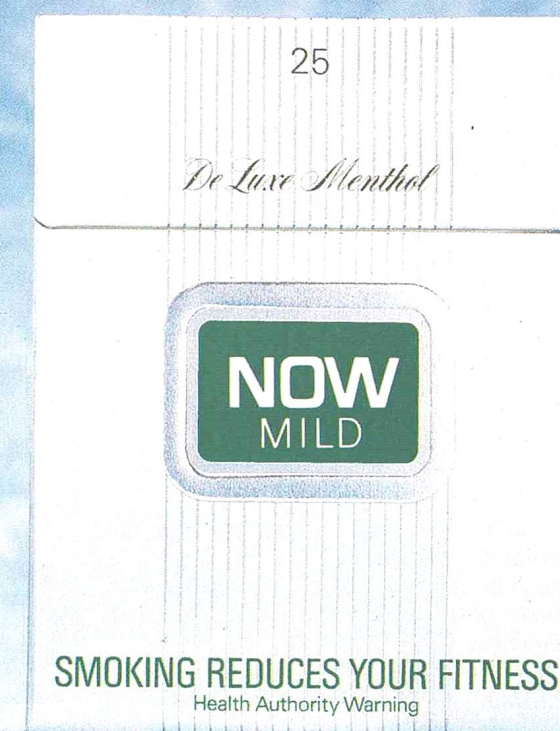
close to amenities: next to public toilets

prime location: next to factory

above-ground pool: piece of leaky plastic filled with water

includes all the things that make a house a home: has an indoor toilet — Garry Sargeant

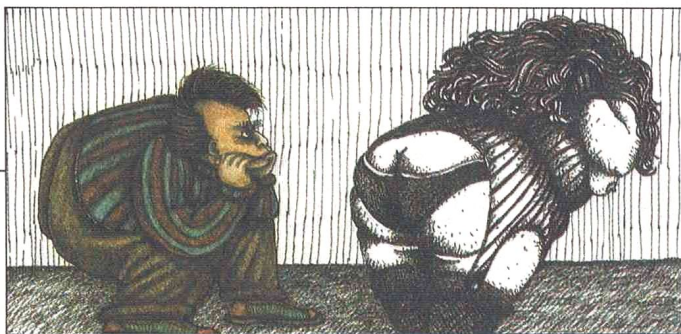
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LUST



FISHING OFF THE COMPANY PIER

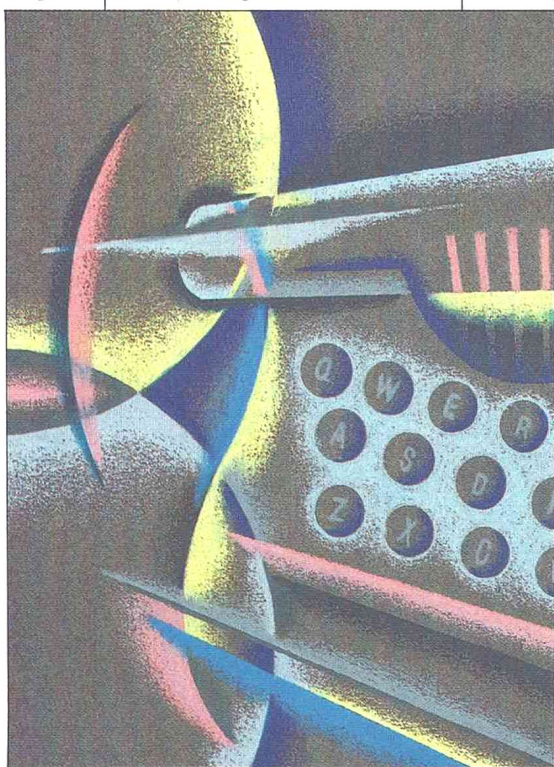
Step, if you please, into the Wayback Machine for a journey into the Seventies, to a time when *Australian Penthouse* was but a babe and editors and staff were feeling their way, as it were. We disembark into an atmosphere charged with excitement and tension. There is serious work afoot here but spirits are high, for the labor intensive months of preparation and production that have gone into this first issue are drawing to a close. As the last rays of sun are winking over the Sydney skyline a cry of triumph goes up. They've put that sucker to bed. And so to the pub, there to indulge in much merriment, much back-slapping and very much drinking.

Accounts vary as to how many bottles of champagne the crew had ploughed their way through when that fateful statement was made. Some have put it as high as

40. Whatever the tally, it was sufficient to push the mood of those assembled beyond the *bonhomie* of colleagues celebrating a job well done and into the realm of concupiscence between co-workers. As tongues and inhibitions loosened, one female sub-editor made the admission that she had become a little hot, and not under the collar, in the course of sub-editing the Forum letters. Never one to miss a chance, a certain senior male executive moved in for the thrill. Later that night, in the darkened offices of *Australian Penthouse* — 40 bottles of champers notwithstanding — he and the sub-editor screwed for all they were worth in the very chair she had sat in to sub those letters!

I came to work at *Penthouse* years later and that story was recounted to me as I sat in that same chair. It was just an ordinary

swivel number covered in black vinyl that told no stainful tales to assure me of the story's verisimilitude. However, after performing some energetic rocking and swivelling motions to simulate what I imagined to be the frenzy of their coupling, I decided that the story was true. Why shouldn't it be? Sex in offices has been going on since Adam was a junior exec. And God knows, in any office the euphoric aftermath of a high pressure team assignment has seen many a male and female colleague skid across that slippery line between friendly kisses of congratulation and relief and more probing embraces.



While the mechanics of the sex act at work can hardly change with the times, save perhaps for the modern necessity of moving the computer before getting down to it on a desk top, the nature of sexual attraction and office romance has undergone

change over the past couple of decades. I little doubt that somewhere out there a few corporate lechers are at this moment wheezily chasing secretaries around desks, and young female acquaintances still report occasional veiled suggestions from senior male executives to the effect of: "Put out and get on." But the tit-ogling, arse-grabbing corporate chauvinist is a dinosaur; new male acceptance of female equality in the workplace, the rise of the female executive and penalties for harassment have combined to make it that way. Thank Christ. But socio-sexual conditioning and the "new awareness" aside, office romance and lingering flirtations across the morning tea trolley spring eternal. In the late Eighties, however, we're talking about lust among equals.

If my hunch is correct, office romance is on the increase. I'm not talking about the after-hours stand-up nooky in the stationery cupboard. I'm referring to the search for sexual relationships within the workplace. Over the past few years advertising campaigns have been hammering home the dangers of looking for love in all the wrong places. Then there are the movies like *Fatal Attraction* and its forerunners *Play Misty*

For Me and *Looking For Mr Goodbar* — latter-day morality plays that warn that one who loves a stranger faces not just the risk of disease and murky emotional situations but actual death by pointy instrument.

So where do you meet sexually

attractive non-strangers — at church fellowship? The office, of course. Men and women spend more time at the office than anywhere else, and here is the ideal environment to strike up friendships, flirt, recognise and respect the talents of colleagues, and ascertain sense of humor and other traits that would reduce the odds of a breadknife between the ribs if things don't work out.

Getting yourself involved in an office romance does come with strings attached. Never get into one if you don't like being the subject of gossip, for no matter how discreet you think you're being, everyone who works with you will know immediately. Within days of striking up a dalliance with a colleague you'll find that whispered conversations cease abruptly the moment you walk into the room. Office affairs can distract your concentration — but then again so can affairs with folks from "the outside world." As in any relationship, the dying embers of an office affair are always the hottest to handle. There's no leaving the phone off the hook or avoiding your ex-lover. There may be tears, and in extreme cases you may find that your sexual inadequacies become common female knowledge after powder-room bitchfests. These are the risks you face when you first decide to get your meat where you get your bread. But there is no shortage of those willing to take those chances. Good luck to 'em. If you and your partner are grown-up about it all, an office romance can be exceptionally, illicitly thrilling.

I never heard the end of the Forum letter incident, so I never knew if the affair lasted weeks or months or ended right there in that chair, with a postscript of embarrassed averted eyes at work the following morning. I do know that the gentleman involved did go on to greater things, becoming something of a multi-media personality. There's even talk of him entering politics. With his track record, he'd be a match for the Labor Cabinet. — C.J. Mackay



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It's part mean machine, part dream machine. An off-road sports car, loaded with ultra high-tech features, that's tough enough to take you just about anywhere.

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The cause of these superlatives is a transmission and transfer system controlled by an on-board computer. Computers also control the electronic fuel injection, the spark advance and the lock-up clutch, to give optimum power and performance on the road or off the road.

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LOOKING FOR THE TOP GUN OFF ROADER?



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TRY THE ONE IN FRONT

There's an ECT button which instantly orders the computer from economy to power mode for fast getaways or difficult terrain. There's a fully adjustable cruise control for easier long distance driving, and the gun grip lever controls look like they were lifted from an F18 fighter.

The 4Runners are designed for comfort. Power steering, independent front suspension, a seven-way adjustable sports bucket driver's seat that has been compared favourably with the most expensive custom jobs, and a four-speaker stereo, electronic touch tune radio/cassette system like you wish you had in your living room.

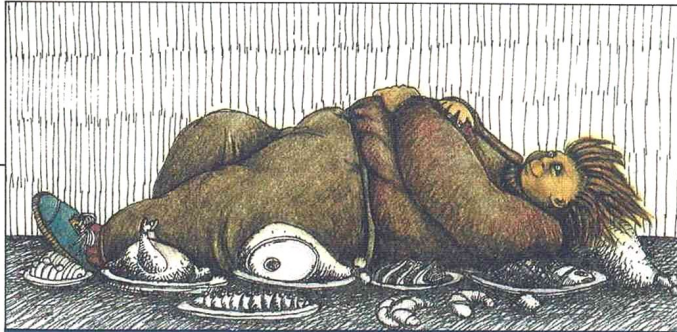
You need to test drive 4Runner. Play with the adjustable height steering wheel, the power operated rear window and the centre console. Feel the luxury of the elegant upholstery, then try it over the tough stuff. You'll agree it's an iron fist in a very velvet glove. It is in fact the ultimate dirty weekend machine.

See your Toyota dealer.

Oh
What
A
Feeling!

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GLUTTONY



CONFESSIONS OF A LAPSED VEGETARIAN

Five years ago, I decided to become a vegetarian. The exact reasons weren't clear then and they aren't now. The same indecisiveness characterised my slipping away from the straight and uncompromising narrow. I think it must have had something to do with perceived morality, with boredom, and most definitely, with living in Sydney's Eastern Suburbs.

All through my childhood I devoured inch-thick slabs of rump steak with ritualistic satisfaction. Out at the Sydney Cricket Ground, watching the West Indies slaughter our lads, who could imagine eating a cottage cheese sandwich on kibble and sprouted wheat? My dad was a boxing fan — I've lost count of the number of prizefighters I've seen wolfing down a bloody steak, steer blood trickling out of the corners of their mouths.

I guess living close to the beach turned me. By 1980, the health bars that had sprouted overnight like alfalfa shoots started to attract as much business as Greasy Con's milk bar. In a deluge of pamphlets and books, enlightened eating was shown not only to be the one and only route to glowing health, but also to more meaningful personal relationships, business success, and that hang-over from the Sixties, "higher consciousness." Several of my friends started to pinpoint the aggression caused by eating meat — the animal's terror at the moment of slaughter, in theory, transferred to your grilled chops.

"I live on fruit and vegetables" became the cry of the new men with clear eyes and gentle hearts, men who could lull you to sleep extolling the poetic virtues of avocados, kiwifruit and papaw. "Grey panthers" of 70, nearly

always vegetarians for 30 years, began to be photographed sky diving and skinny-dipping in the dead of winter... incredible geriatric feats which were fuelled, as they reminded one and all, by wheatgerm and blackstrap molasses.

I recalled the characters who wander through Isaac Bashevis Singer's stories, always promising themselves that one day they'd give up meat. Should or would was not the way for me. I vowed to go to aerobic classes seven days a week, to quit eating anything that had ever walked, swum or passed its days in a battery cage. A complete conversion

sprouts. My best friend joined The Crusade. Earlier in our friendship we had decided to quit giving up dates together to go out with men, and now we had another common cause.

One day the editor of a magazine that specialised in my two new pivots in life — health and fitness — asked me to interview a guru with a plan. Eat nothing but fruits till early afternoon, he promised, and I'd stave off cancer. Who could argue? Bring on the apples and oranges, the mangoes and nectarines. There were charts, there were rules: don't mix proteins and — ugh — carbos; don't drink while eating.

Immortality stared me in the face.

While I tried to avoid converting everyone that passed me in the street (without complete success), I couldn't help but feel morally superior. Smug. With the zeal of having found the one and only religion, I could now flick past the photographs in the Humane Society's handouts, see the ghastly ways in which animals were slaughtered, and feel not the slightest twinge of conscience.

It was my best friend, the other hopper for eternal life, who planted the first seeds of doubt. She finally confessed that she hadn't fully bought the program for a minute. Oh, she'd gone along with what I'd preached about too much sugar and salt, but she'd also been making secret side trips to McDonalds. An atheist from way back, she started pointing out that the Sky-God didn't seem to mind

the slaughter of lambs, and Jesus invited thousands along for a slap-up meal of fish and bread. She brought my attention to a movie called *The Secret Life Of Plants*, which claimed that lettuces scream when they're cut. My smugness was really an illusion.

Still, I held on. Like most born-again anythings, I wanted to believe, I wanted to cling to an answer — a menu for the rest of my life — that would eliminate all options and all doubts. I struggled. Hard.

When several veggie friends started eating fish, the end was in sight. My first bite into a bar-rumundi fillet was pain and pleasure. The unmistakable smell of flesh was at first repulsive, then wonderfully delicious. Yes, I liked it and like good sex, wanted more. Trout and trevally, whiting and flathead — within weeks I was a fish freak. But what about the moral issue? What about my guru with the plan who had stopped me swatting a fly as it buzzed incessantly during our interview? I started eating chicken.

After four turkeyless Christmases, I ravished the hormone-injected bird I cooked last year. Red meat came next and a backlash against the sins of dairy products and frozen dinners set in. My new culinary bag is Primitivism.

Yes, the old ways have a lot to be said for them. The Cherokee Indians thought the man who dined on deer swifter and smarter than the one who fed on the slower-moving bears, cattle and pigs. In central Africa, young men seeking instant courage ate the flesh and hearts of lions, while would-be lovers desiring sexual strength dined on the testicles of goats. The Eskimos eat little but great hunks of meat, yet return home after a day of seal hunting in the numbing cold with enough energy left for a night of partying.

Pass me a plate of venison cutlets, cows' udders and whale blubber, please. — Elisabeth King



Turbo charge your body

In sport today, performance is everything. This means that your body is increasingly called upon to function at high levels for long periods of time. This places demands on your metabolism that are perhaps not met by ordinary dietary means.

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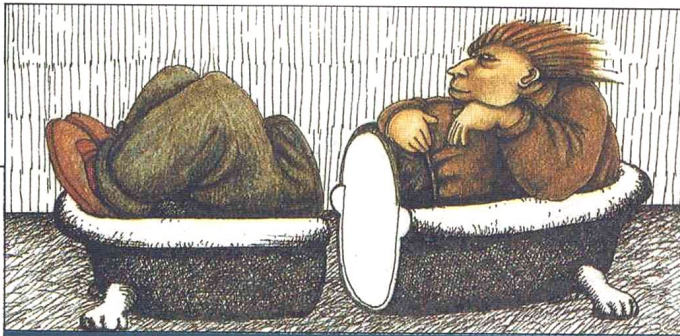
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GC 1367

SLOTH



AUSTRALIA'S SWITZERLAND

Treasure Island exists, but not where you — or Robert Louis Stevenson — may have imagined. Called Central Gippsland and surrounded by land, it shimmers not in the South Pacific but in the Latrobe Valley, the "Ruhr of Victoria", just one and a half hours' drive south of Melbourne. But if you reckon distance by outlook and history, Central Gippsland lies many degrees of Australian-ness removed from the mock-English cool of Bleak City.

Most of the \$180 million that tourists bring to Gippsland each year is channelled into the eastern lakes area and Phillip Island. In an attempt to redivide the cake, Central Gippsland is remoulding its image in a three-pronged promotional push: "Switzerland of Australia", "gourmet deli of Victoria", ski and fishing "pearl of the south." The greatest lure is that anybody with a tent and a tank of petrol is rich enough.

Dairy farming took the area from bush to boom. An estimated 90,000 vehicles whizz down the Princes Highway each year to the snowfields, many of them being waylaid by Dairy Delicacies at Yarragon. This colonial-style restaurant dispenses all the cheeses of the area and one of the best ranges of ice-cream available in Australia.

The Victorian Tourist Commission issues a booklet called *Fancy Frolicking Through The Fruitlands?* The question mark is to their credit, since "frolicking" refers to the onerous task of bending down and picking it. Throughout the year, you can plot a course through Corinella, Nar Nar Goon, Warragul, Drouin and Childers in search of the perfect berry — black berry, blueberry, boysenberry, strawberry or rasp-

berry. "High chill" peaches — white and yellow — are another discovery for the non-agriculturally minded.

Walhalla was founded in 1862 by Edward Stringer, who uninspiringly named it Stringer's Creek. The first settlement in Australia to have bitumen pavements and electricity, this tiny ghost mining town (pop: 10) was once bigger than Melbourne. From the 1880s to the turn of the century, 72 tonnes of gold were extracted from the Long Tunnel Mine and Cohen's Reef — \$600 million worth at today's prices.

Someone firebombed the old pub last year as the final act of a

inhabitants. Standing by the roadside near the store is the old gold vault, once a part of the now-extinct Bank of Victoria.

Erica, a logging town on the way to Mount Baw Baw, is the site of the King of the Mountain log chopping competition, held every year in March. The big boys compete for the Grand Slam in log chopping: the Australian Open, Tasmanian and Erica finals. The local O'Toole family have monopolised the entries over the past four years.

Writhing with brown and rainbow trout, Blue Rock dam is one of the finest fishing spots in Victoria. The nearby Thomson River is also famous for blackfish — regarded as the Rolls-Royce of river fish. Weighing 500-750g, these soft-fleshed gleamers only surface at night.

The Baw Baw Plateau is the highest alpine resort in central Gippsland and covers more than 8000 hectares. Snow-covered throughout the winter and early spring, it transforms to Swiss-style flower-covered alps in summer, ideal for bushwalking. A chairlift which operates all year carries passengers up three kilometres for a panoramic view of the Latrobe Valley. Waltzmann Haus is the only commercial lodge on the mountain but accommodation is available at Erica and Noojee. You can't miss the Noojee Hotel; it's the one with a scale model of a Tyrannosaurus Rex out front.

The best cheese in Australia comes from Neerim South. For devotees of Gippsland Blue,

Hillcrest Farm is nirvana. You can watch the Johnson family produce their weekly two-thirds of a tonne quota with the sort of care usually devoted to making gold filigree. It's a true cottage industry. Lyn Johnson puts on an Aussie tea of damper, homemade jam and Gippsland Blue. At around \$20 a kilo farm-price, this soft, flavoursome, elegant cheese is worth every cent and more.

Twenty-five years ago, the area around Thorpdale was dairy country. Today it is to potatoes what the Coonawarra is to red wine. If you're there in May you can squeeze in among the 5000 people who regularly attend the famous potato festival. If you're built like a brick shithouse you might want to enter the one-kilometre run with a 50-kilo bag of spuds on your back; alternatively, there's the potato peeling competition.

Central Gippsland is full of anachronistic attractions like Darnum Musical Village ("Australia's Only Musical Village"), Drouin's Boxing Day Picnic Race Meeting, and Gumbuya Park, with its 500-metre toboggan rides. Mirboo North now contains the Strzelecki boutique brewery. "Lager-style beer with flavor" is the best description of the brew.

Down Henrys Road, off the South Gippsland Highway just past Loch, Tallwood Lodge is hidden by 200 acres of virgin bush. Joan and Gordon Henry have been running this luxury retreat at busline prices (\$240 a double for full board Friday to Sunday) for the past 18 months. The large mud brick house built by visionary architect Alistair Knox provides four antique-filled suites.

In the centre of the conservatory is a monstrous tiled spa that accommodates 15 people on nights of spirit-fuelled revelry. Bushwalking, golf at nearby Lang Lang championship course, horse-riding, antique hunting and tennis are the alternatives to laying around.

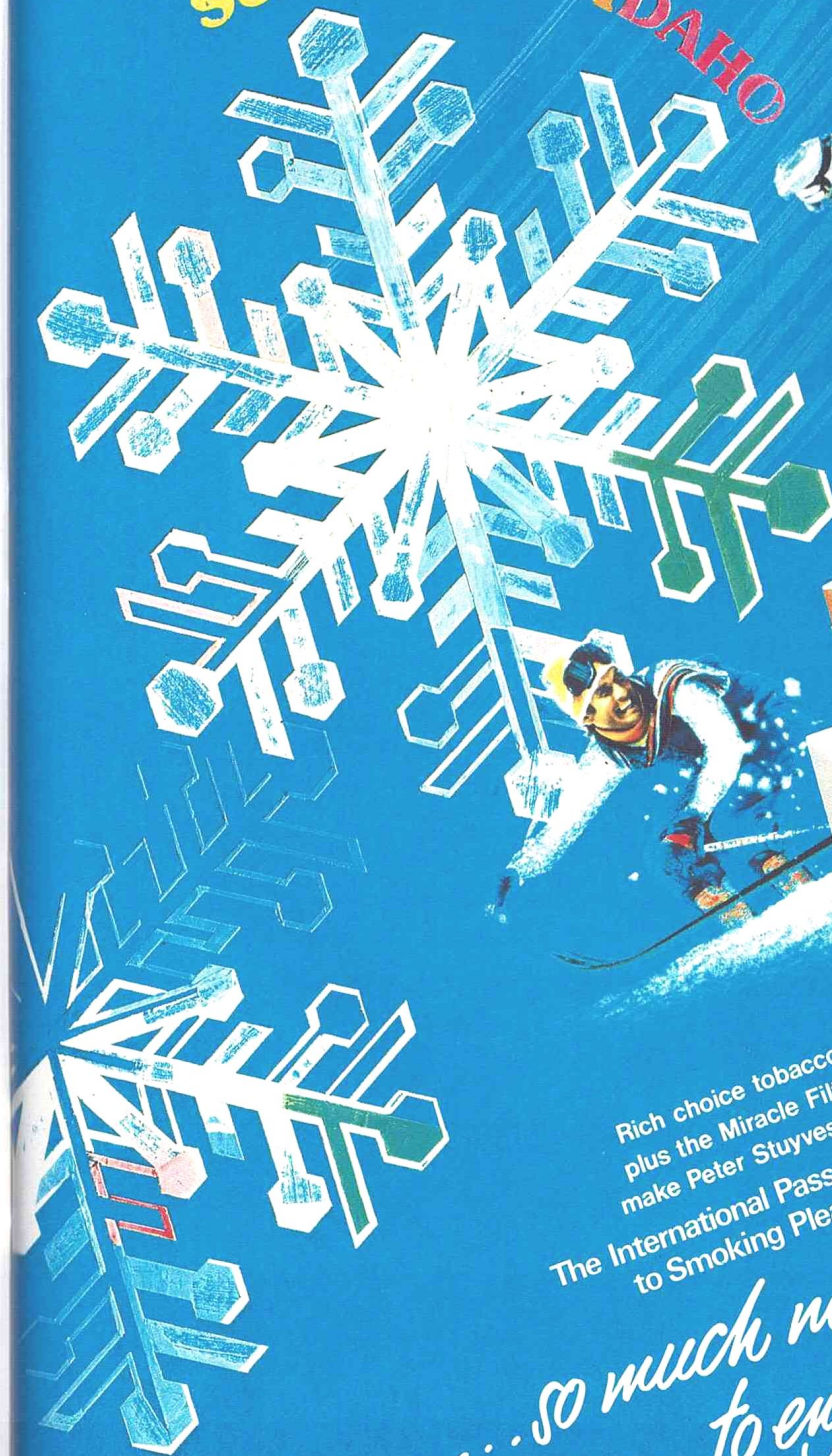
Central Gippsland beckons both the adventurous and the indolent. Check it out. — Ben Oscar



Gippsland: where a tent and tank of petrol is enough

Chase the holiday slopes

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LEGAL MURDER

*Angry mob calls for the
noose for accused murderers have once
more thrown the issue of capital
punishment into sharp focus*

BY DR PAUL WILSON

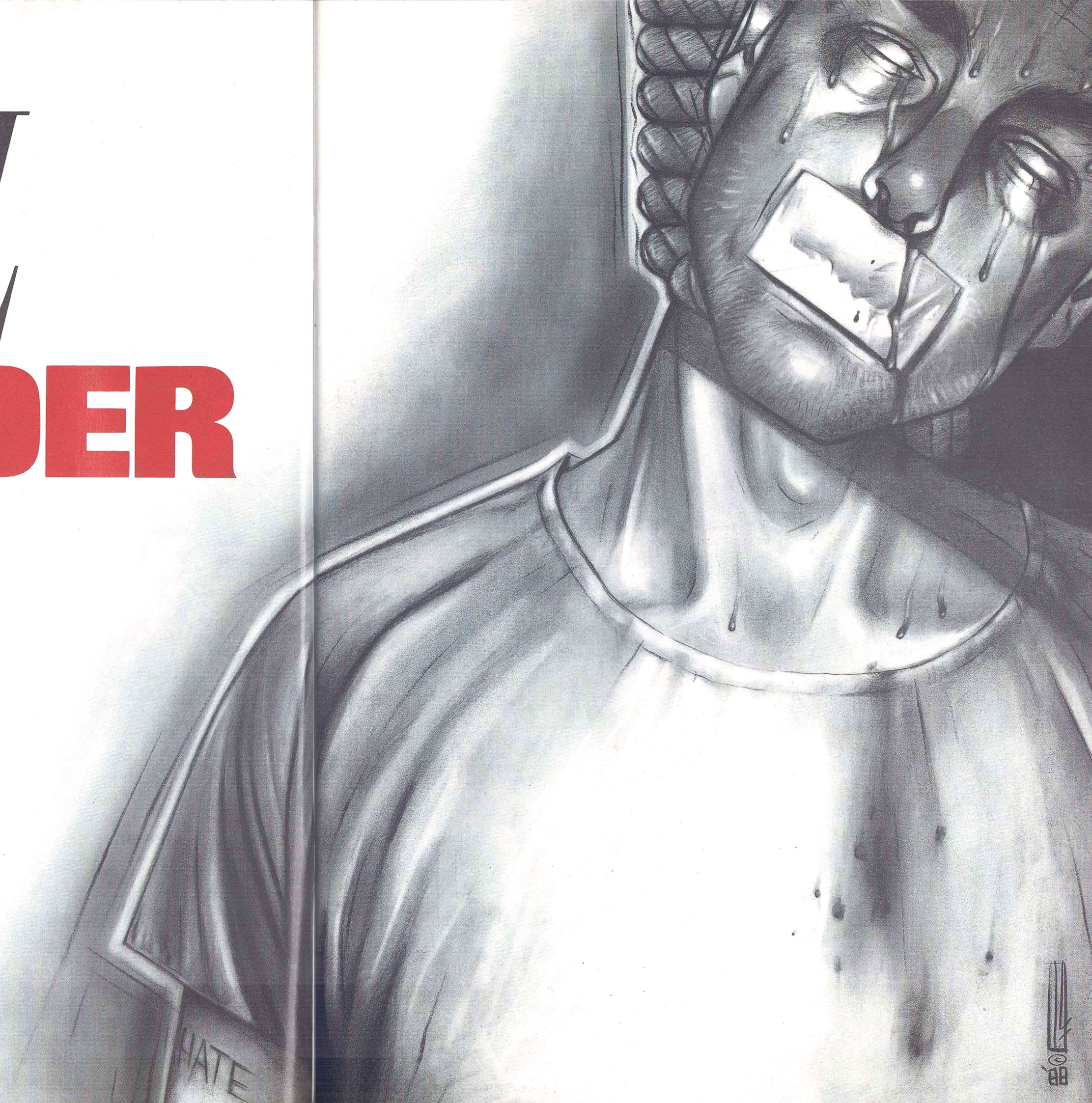
In Sydney in July last year, an angry crowd threatened to engulf police cars carrying a man alleged to have brutally killed nine-year-old Debbie Keegan. "Kill him, kill him," the crowd began chanting. "Hang the bastard," yelled a mother, protectively clutching two small children to her body. "String him up like a pig and let his blood run out," another demanded.

Even police officers, accustomed to vengeful calls for the return of the death penalty from the relatives of victims of brutal crimes, were shocked by some of the lynch mob scenes that occurred during 1987. One cop, shortly before those accused of brutally slaying Anita Cobby were arraigned before a court, expressed disbelief at the crowd's anger. "They want to hang these guys before they've even faced a committal hearing," he told me.

Afternoon newspaper headlines and community group slogans quickly followed the calls of the mobs for the reintroduction of the death penalty. Barbara Jackson, a grandmother from Perth, formed a group called STOP (Savage Tyranny Obliterates Perpetrators). She proudly holds a noose in the air when addressing rallies. After English tourist Susan Frost was horribly murdered in Albany, WA last year, Mrs Jackson's group held a 600-

*Paul Wilson is a writer and criminologist

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR



MURDER

strong meeting in Bunbury.

Though she is quite willing to be present for the first execution, Mrs Jackson brought a touch of humanity to her campaign: "Hanging is a slow way of executing," she reportedly told journalists. "We don't care how it's done, just as long as the criminal is dead. If they want to use an injection, that's fine."

Mrs Jackson's observation about the inhumanity of death via the gallows is chillingly accurate. Britain's Home Office, responsible for producing guidelines for executioners, both in the United Kingdom and in colonial Australia, compiled a scale of drops necessary to kill persons of various weights. The guidelines were designed to ensure that death by strangulation was as rapid as possible — but without tearing the head off.

But this outcome meant that the face of the condemned had to be covered. If not, the sight was so horrible that official witnesses vomited. Columnist Ron Saw, then a reporter for the *Daily Mirror* and an official witness, viewed the 1967 execution of Ronald Ryan. He well remembers interviewing a retired warder just prior to Ryan's execution. The warder had witnessed hangings in many jails as well as executions of war criminals.

"In many instances," the warder told

Saw, "the bladder and the bowels of the victims void as he hangs at the end of the rope. Usually the eyeballs haemorrhage and protrude, as does the tongue. It is not uncommon for the victim to have an orgasm. That's why you won't actually see the dead body. They'll have it screened."

Condemned men — and women too — anticipate with fear the fate that is in store for them. Far from bravely walking, shoulders upright, to meet their fate, most have to be dragged, kicking and screaming, to the noose. The last woman executed in Australia was 29-year-old Jean Lee, convicted with two men of murdering a pensioner during a robbery in Melbourne in 1949. Lee was so petrified about her impending death that she was taken to the gallows unconscious, strapped in a chair.

The executioner, ashamed at this unsightly turn of events, was determined that her accomplices would meet their death with decorum. When, two hours later, Robert Clayton and Norman Andrews stood side by side on the gallows, the hangman told them to relax, as it was not yet time — then, without warning, he immediately hit the lever of the gallows, sending the two plunging to their inevitable but unexpected deaths.

Despite the strong assertion from some in the pro-death penalty camp that capital punishment can be humanely administered, no such thing as a "painless" execution exists. Caryl Chessman, who

spent nearly 12 years on death row after convictions in California for rape and kidnapping, saw over 100 men go to the gas chamber. During eight stays of execution, Chessman (who wrote three books and became renowned as a "bush prison lawyer") attracted world wide attention for his courageous fight to save his own life. Finally, after his last stay of execution failed, Chessman's life ended in San Quentin's gas chamber.

Most methods of execution make it impossible for the victim to postpone death, but with gassing the condemned can hold out for as long as he can hold his breath. Those awaiting the chamber are advised to take deep breaths to pull the gas (sodium cyanide) quickly into the lungs. Even if these instructions are fully obeyed, death is still a horrible process. According to Clinton Duffy, warden of San Quentin from 1942 to 1954, "Though the prisoner is unconscious in a matter of seconds there is extreme evidence of horror, pain, strangling. Their eyes pop, they turn purple, they drool."

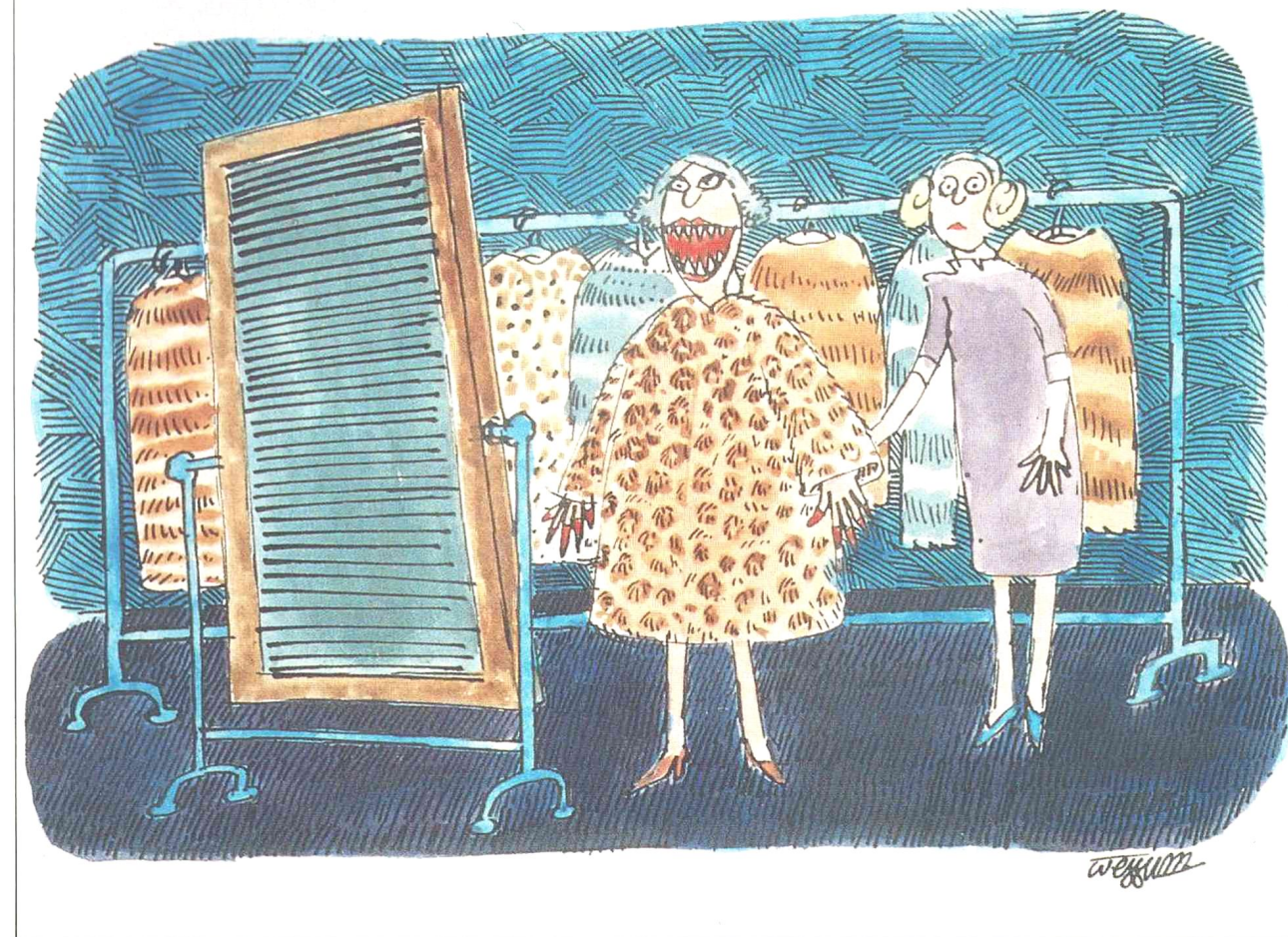
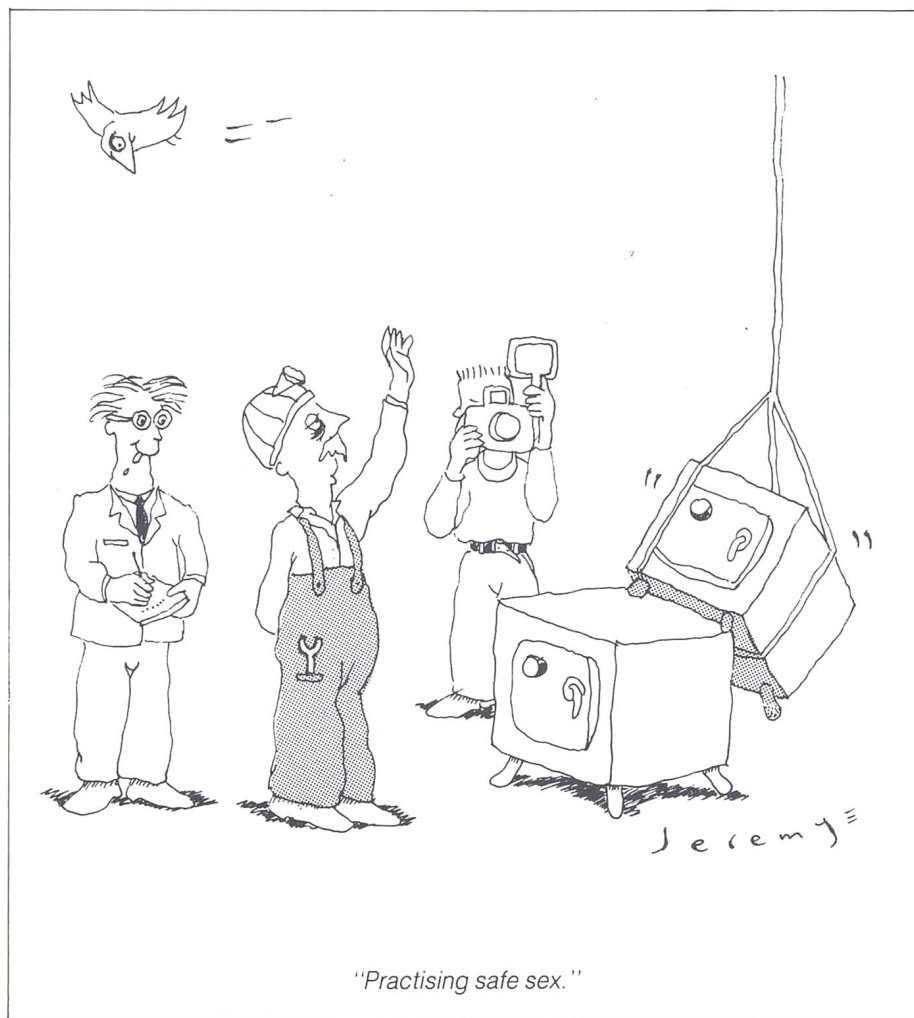
Chessman fought for his life at the finish, just as he had fought for it during the previous 12 years. His end was described as "dying hard — gasping, drooling, rolling his head — surviving the engulfing gas for several seconds."

Electrocution is probably worse. The first man executed in a new chair at Auburn, New York was pronounced dead after 17 seconds, but then he showed signs of life and more current had to be applied. This prolonged charge caused the flesh to burn. One argument the manufacturers of the new device had used to sell it to prison authorities had been that as death was so quick, electrical charges would not mark the body. But they were wrong — even today several charges are necessary and gruesome marks are left on the bodies of the deceased.

Equipment failures have plagued death by electrocution. American Willie Francis did not die at his first scheduled execution because the electric chair failed. One would have thought that it was undesirably cruel to execute a man after a previous attempt had failed. Not at all. Though there was an outcry against a second attempt, learned legal argument by the State of New York successfully demonstrated to a court that a further attempt to kill Francis was neither "cruel" nor "unusual" — constitutional grounds for denying certain punishments.

The court decided that there was no cruelty since there was no intent by the executioner to be cruel nor were the circumstances of the botched execution unusual since "it is inherent in the nature of mechanical equipment to fail." The next time Willie Francis was placed in the chair the equipment did not fail.

Like hundreds who have followed him, Willie Francis died in an upright position, his body grotesquely frozen like a statue.



MURDER

His corpse, as with those electrocuted today, was taken to what is known popularly as the "sandbag" room, where it was straightened and fitted into a coffin.

Because of publicity associated with botched electrocutions, some American states have moved to more "humane" methods of legally killing criminals. Lethal injections were meant to be a painless method of administering justice in capital cases. But experience has shown that it can take up to 40 minutes to find an appropriate vein in a condemned person and the prisoner is often asked to "assist" the executioner by finding a vein large enough to take the injection.

American criminologist Richard Morant was granted permission to watch an execution by lethal injection in Texas. He told me recently that the body "writhed and slid almost uncontrollably. I rushed from the witness room and vomited like a drunk." The horrible nature of the executions can, for some politicians at least, be a point in their favor. For example, Texas Attorney-General Jim Maddox has called for executions to be filmed so that the public can see how a criminal is put to death. According to Maddox, executions have become so routine their deterrent purpose is lost. "The public appear to take an execution in their stride," Maddox said. "People should have an understanding of what takes place."

In the past, citizens used to have "an understanding of what takes place." Executions often accompanied by torture were initially conducted in public in order to achieve the maximum sense of society's retribution. Capital punishment was first recorded in England about 450BC, when it was the practice to throw condemned persons into a quagmire, thus effecting their death by drowning. The Anglo-Saxons favored hanging but also resorted to beheading, burning and stoning. By the Middle Ages, the number of capital crimes had increased to include, in addition to murder, manslaughter, arson, highway robbery, burglary and larceny.

The value of life plummeted so that, during the reign of Henry VIII, 72,000 of his subjects were executed. During the 18th Century, life was so cheap that individuals were executed for such trivial offences as stealing turnips. Even in the 19th Century, 200 offences ranging from murder to picking pockets were punishable by death. Paradoxically, public executions of pickpockets, which attracted large crowds, were often accompanied by massive pillaging of handbags and wallets by professional thieves.

Though children as young as eight were strung up for stealing, more concern was expressed by authorities about the sexual titillation provided to ghouls in watching the execution of females. Consequently, in

the interests of decency, women were occasionally burned alive in preference to public hanging.

Even in Australia towards the end of the last century, the gallows were the legal penalty for such varied offences as arson, rape, sodomy, piracy, murder, mutiny, forgery, housebreaking, pulling down houses or churches, cutting down trees in a garden or avenue, and sending threatening letters. In one case a man was hanged for "being illegally at large." Though discretion was exercised by the courts in some of these more minor offences, the execution rate for the entire country amounted to more than one per week.

The flurry of public hanging did not appear to have any effect on the rate of murder. At the turn of the century the rate of homicide was higher than it is today. Though, since Federation, the number of executions has declined rapidly, 114 persons have been hanged since 1901. (Ironi-

6

The lust and serial killers, motivated by sex and sadism, are hardly deterrable. Psychologically, they favor immediate gratification, regardless of consequence

9

cally, this figure of 114 executions happens to coincide with the total number of persons executed in South Africa in 1984.)

Solid criminological research suggests that since Federation there has been no relationship between the presence or absence of the death penalty and the rate of murder. For example, in Queensland in the decade prior to the abolition of capital punishment (1912-21), there were 131 murders, whereas in the decade following abolition (1923-32), there were 129 murders. Though these figures do not allow for definite conclusions, they suggest that abolishing execution does not lead to an increase in murder.

Research conducted by the Office of Crime Statistics in the Attorney-General's Department of South Australia confirms the Queensland trend. In a detailed report to the government, the Office of Crime Statistics showed that the abolition of the death penalty had no effect on homicide trends in that state. Both Victoria and NSW show figures that confirm this picture: in both states there was no sudden increase in the five years after abolition compared to the five years before.

Experience in a variety of countries overseas supports the Australian evidence. For example, British social scientists writing in the journal *New Society* found that the presence or absence of the death penalty across several countries did not affect the rates of murder and homicide in a number of countries. In the United States, a *Minnesota Law Review* research report concluded that the states which had the death penalty did not necessarily have a lower rate of capital offences than states which had abolished execution.

Though proponents of capital punishment often present flimsy "research" designed to counter these results, they conveniently ignore other studies which demonstrate the adverse consequences of implementing the death penalty. To start with, many murderers may well escape any punishment because of the reluctance on the part of juries to convict in capital cases. Juries do not like playing God by sentencing people to death unless they are very, very sure — not 100 percent, but 200 percent sure of the accused's guilt.

So what a jury will do is either acquit or convict on a manslaughter charge, which does not carry the death penalty. In Victoria and Queensland, for example, the proportion of manslaughter convictions was higher when capital punishment was available than after abolition. In NSW, to illustrate the other side of the same coin, the proportion of murder/manslaughter cases which resulted in acquittals fell dramatically from 26 percent to only 17 percent during pre- and post-abolition periods.

To escape the death penalty, defendants are also far more likely to argue that they were mad at the time of committing the offence. Such pleas are embraced by juries eager for an excuse to escape the role of executioner. Thus, Victorian statistics show that for the five years prior to abolition, there were 30 convicted murderers and 24 persons acquitted on account of insanity. In the five years after abolition, there were 43 convicted murderers but only 13 persons acquitted on account of insanity.

More dramatically than all this research, however, is the mounting evidence indicating that the death penalty, and all the publicity associated with legal execution, may actually encourage grossly disturbed people to commit crimes. Many murderers, especially those who commit mass killings (for example, the killer in the George Street murders in Melbourne), are suicidal and would revel in the spotlight of media publicity associated with a state execution.

Perhaps the most notorious murderer of this century was one Peter Kurten, known as the Vampire of Dusseldorf. Kurten was responsible for raping, killing and drinking the blood of scores, if not hundreds of men, women and children and animals in Germany.

Kurten admitted that he wished to kill himself but wanted to depart from this

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MURDER

world "in style." Just prior to his beheading in 1931, he declined the Attorney-General's offer of a last wish. But minutes before he left his cell for that final walk he asked one question of the prison psychiatrist: "After my head has been chopped off, will I still be able to hear, at least for a moment, blood gushing from the stump of my neck?" As the shocked doctor sat stunned in silence, Kurten smiled and said: "That would be the pleasure to end all pleasures."

Just last year one of America's most notorious killers, Richard Whitley, pleaded for his execution to be televised. Whitley, convicted of strangling an elderly neighbor and then sexually assaulting her corpse, said he would like to be put to death without the traditional hood and have the execution televised to "let the people see exactly what facial expressions you have when they put the juice on you." This request was denied.

Even if mass killers do not want to exit from this world via a state-arranged suicide, it is highly unlikely that the threat of the death penalty deters them from committing their horrible crimes. The lust and serial killers, for example, motivated by sex and sadism, are hardly deterrable. Their psychological disposition favors immediate gratification, regardless of conse-

quence. In the extreme case, they do not consider the risk of punishment or simply do not care.

Douglas Clark and his partner Carol Bundy went through a patently pornographic murder spree in 1980, slaying and mutilating at least seven juveniles and adults. In one of their "people hunts", Clark and the matronly Bundy picked up a young prostitute from Los Angeles' Sunset Strip. Clark shot her while she was performing oral sex on him. With Bundy watching, he put the young woman's body on the hood of his Datsun and pressed on her stomach, forcing her to urinate. He then had intercourse with the corpse and saved her panties as a souvenir.

Clark claimed to have killed 50 women in the most disgusting and horrible ways possible. When condemned to death for six of these killings, Clark told a reporter from the *Los Angeles Herald Examiner*: "It doesn't bother me in the least. . . There are a hell of a lot worse things that can happen than to die in the gas chamber."

Brutal crimes such as those of Douglas Clark — or for that matter of local killers such as the savage rape-murder of Anita Cobby — are often used as powerful arguments for the return of the gallows. "Executing these killers may not deter others," they say, "but at least the gallows saves society the expense of locking them up for life."

This cost-saving argument has, for some

at least, a superficial appeal. Though reliable figures are hard to obtain, capital murder trials may cost up to \$A500,000 — a figure that could be doubled before the appeal process is concluded. Obviously some non-capital trials are expensive as well, but the appeals to higher courts would not be nearly as drawn out.

More importantly, however, there is always the possibility of an irreversible mistake. Timothy Evans was executed in 1950 for a murder that was really committed by Britain's infamous serial killer John Christie. This "mistake" swung public opinion solidly against the death penalty and led to the abolition of capital punishment. It also forced the British Government to grant a posthumous pardon to Evans in 1966 — a nice gesture, but of little use to a dead man.

Those who believe that the Timothy Evans case is an isolated example should think again. Wrongful convictions for murder and for many other crimes are far from rare. Author and critic Ludovic Kennedy, who has written several books about miscarriages of justice, believes that there are between 200 and 300 prisoners in British jails at any one time who are victims of a miscarriage.

American criminologist Ron Huff published a paper in a highly respected international journal last year in which he estimated that there were 6000 erroneous convictions for felony offences annually or, put another way, one or two miscarriages for every 200 persons convicted of felonies. Huff is convinced that if capital punishment had been in operation continuously during recent years, many persons would have been wrongfully executed.

An American who recently visited Australia can only agree with Huff's conclusions. Delbert Tibbs, found guilty of rape and murder, spent 18 months on death row in Florida before he was found innocent. Brought to Australia by Amnesty International, Tibbs sold his message well across radio and television talk shows.

We do not have to cast our collective gaze to America to see examples of miscarriages involving convicted murderers. Edward Charles Splatt was freed from a South Australian jail in 1986 after serving a number of years on a charge of having murdered Rosa Simper. Splatt's release as a result of a Royal Commission only occurred because a former Adelaide *Advertiser* journalist, Stewart Cockburn, had fought long and hard to convince successive South Australian governments, and the public, that a Royal Commission was necessary because of the doubtfulness of the scientific evidence on which Splatt was primarily convicted.

If a death penalty had been in operation at the time of Mrs Simper's murder, there is no doubt that Splatt would have been hanged. The murder was so horrible that the public and the media would have de-

manded the gallows for the convicted man. Ironically, after the Royal Commission when Splatt and Cockburn were celebrating the former's release, the South Australian National Party made capital punishment for murder — at the direction of judges rather than juries — part of its policy.

There have been numerous other Australian cases where a conviction was quashed or a Commission cast doubt on the original court verdict of murder. These include: Frederick McDermott, convicted of murdering a soldier in 1947; Emily Perry, convicted of attempting to murder her husband in 1983; Raymond Geesing, committed to trial for murdering his father in 1984; and Raymond Carrol, convicted of murdering a baby in 1985.

There are also many cases where persons have been convicted and even, in the case of Ronald Ryan, executed, but where considerable doubt exists as to the veracity of the original verdict. These cases include Daryl Beamish in 1961, Alexander McLeod-Lindsay in 1965, Leith Ratten in 1970, Fritz Van Beelan in 1973, James Finch in 1973, and Lorraine Price in 1980.

Of course, it is possible that if the Northern Territory Government had a death penalty, Lindy Chamberlain would have been executed. Mrs Chamberlain had exhausted all her legal avenues of appeal and could only have asked for a pardon or made a plea for clemency. As the head of Amnesty International in Queensland, David Muir, has said: "What would have happened then when the baby's jacket was found?"

Then there is the question of what do we do when, after we have hanged a person, we find that he or she is suffering from a physical condition that may have led to the murderous act?

Over a period of four years, Victorian murderer Arnold Sodeman, referred to as "the meaningless murderer", strangled four girls to death in the early Thirties. Sodeman made a detailed confession of each of his four murders and said that his head held "terrible impulses" to strangle girls — impulses he said he was powerless to crush. Two hours after Sodeman was hanged, a post mortem examination noted that the killer had suffered from chronic inflammation of the tissue covering the brain. This condition had caused gradual mental degeneration and undoubtedly contributed to his pathological behavior.

It is generally accepted by criminologists that in times of economic hardship, the public tends to take a tougher view on questions of punishment. Certainly in the US, as economic times have worsened, the call for the death penalty has become louder and louder. Just over ten years ago the US Supreme Court declared that the states were free to execute. That decision led to a bizarre lottery in which the capriciousness of the death penalty as a form of punishment became self-evident.

More than 35 of the 50 US states have death penalty statutes on the books but only 12 have executed anyone since 1976. The number of prisoners condemned to die nationwide approaches 2000, but no more than 21 have been executed in any single year. The chance of being executed thus approaches one in 100 even for those sentenced to death, so death rows swell in numbers every year.

In Australia, despite a constant rate of homicide over the last ten years, public debate regarding the return of the death penalty has become increasingly acrimonious. In every State pro-hanging groups have sprung up demanding the return of the noose. Newspaper polls appear, at least on the surface, to show a majority of the population demanding the reinstatement of the death penalty.

But "straw" newspaper polls can be misleading and even scientific surveys, often conducted after particularly brutal

There is not a shred of statistical or other evidence to suggest that our murder rate would decrease if we reintroduced the gallows

murders, only measure public opinion at one point in time. Of relevance here is the fact that the most reliable nationwide survey yet carried out — conducted by the McNair Anderson organisation for the Australian Institute of Criminology in 1986 after a relatively murder-free period — showed that only 26 percent of the respondents felt that the death penalty was appropriate for a person who had stabbed a victim to death and only 17 percent favored capital punishment in respect of a person convicted of serious drug trafficking.

Despite tough economic times, a real concern about rising crime rates, and the return of the death penalty in the US, it is by no means inevitable that Australian states will embrace legal execution. Canada and France have joined a growing list of Western countries that have abolished the death penalty for all offences. Britain recently defeated a proposal to reintroduce death for terrorists despite support for the proposal from Margaret Thatcher, the provocation of IRA terrorists and public demands for the return of the noose.

And this is how it should be. Australia has had a superb history of dealing with

murderers using less dramatic penalties such as life imprisonment. There may be others, but I can only locate one case where a murderer, sentenced to life imprisonment, has killed again.

In 1936, Lionel Roberts was given the death sentence for the cold blooded murder of a young grazier on a property at Armidale in northern NSW. His death sentence was later commuted to life imprisonment but his papers were marked "never to be released." Twenty-two years later the NSW Government softened its attitude towards Roberts and released him. Last December a Toowoomba circuit court jailed Roberts for life after he pleaded guilty to the murder of 27-year-old Margaret Parer at her parents' farmhouse. Roberts told police he murdered Miss Parer because she caught him stealing money from the house.

One man who kills again 51 years after committing a murder is hardly a good enough reason for Australians to change from an anti-capital punishment country to one which allows for the return of the grim rite of execution.

There is not a shred of statistical or other evidence to suggest that our murder rate would decrease if we reintroduced the gallows. There is, though, considerable evidence to suggest that if capital punishment were reinstated we, as a community, could make a ghastly mistake and legally kill an innocent man or woman.

Statistics and research aside, those who have been closest to the administration of the ultimate punishment often tragically reflect the consequences of the state acting as callously as the killer. In the US warders who oversee executions regularly lapse into madness, alcoholism and occasionally suicide.

Veteran *Australia Post* police journalist Hugh Buggy, himself a witness to executions during the Thirties, reported that in Victoria between 1884 and 1894 one executioner alone despatched 16 murderers in those ten years. According to Buggy, this executioner took his own life rather than face the ordeal of hanging Frances Knorr, an attractive young woman eventually executed for murder.

An abhorrence of capital punishment is felt by many of those uniquely placed to pass judgement on it. Albert Pierrepont (former British official executioner), Clinton Duffy (former warden of San Quentin prison) and Robert G. Elliot (former New York official executioner) all have come out strongly against the death penalty.

Since Ronald Ryan was hanged in 1967 Australians have, despite sporadic voluble pro-hanging groups, turned their backs on the death penalty. As with cigarette smoking, this period of "cold turkey" should cure us of a vicious habit. Our health as a nation demands that we do not turn to the social drug of legalised murder — a drug that offers us nothing except a visible confirmation of our own moral decay. ☐





STUDENT OF NATURE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENYS DE FRANCESCO

A girl on a bicycle, the wind in her hair. If we knew where she was going, we'd follow her there. . . Let's follow her anyway. Curiosity may have killed the cat but let the cat rest in peace. He who hesitates is lost, and this is an opportunity too good to be missed.



A schoolgirl, perhaps. Yes definitely, and one in her final year judging by the attention she's giving her textbooks. That would make her what — 17 or 18? Old enough to know what she's doing but young enough not to care.





Does she know she's being watched? She refuses to look this way and she's giving nothing away save for a scene to die for. But there's something about her physical abandon that hints that this is all a mischievous game.





She looked.
She's aware,
and yet she
plays on,
knowing all
the while
what they say
about all
work and no
play. And
knowing too,
perhaps, that
while she's
not a bird in
the hand,
she's a
spectacular
view in the
bush.







BY GLENN A. BAKER

The Rock Brain Of The Universe
sets the records straight

ROCK MYTHS

Amid the brilliant bullshit and crafty crap of rock 'n' roll, a precious few inviolate bedrock facts shine like nuggets in a pan. While the wankers waffle and the poseurs prattle, we can hold fast, with an unwavering grasp, to a handful of unassailable, undeniable certainties.

For example: we know that Elvis Presley's first visit to a recording studio was to cut a record for his mother's birthday; that Linda McCartney is the heiress to the vast Kodak-Eastman empire; that Oz rock legend Gerry Humphreys is the younger brother of comedian Barry Humphries; that Elvis Presley never performed outside of North America because he was terrified of long distance flights; that Presley's famous manager was a crusty Southern gentleman; that rampant Hell's Angels committed murder at the Altamont concert while the satanic Rolling Stones played "Sympathy For The Devil"; that John Lennon muttered "I bury Paul" backwards on a Beatles run-out groove.

We can be sure that the talentless Monkees didn't play on the records that bore their name; that Johnny O'Keefe was Australia's first rocker; that AC/DC took their name from a hip term for bisexuality; that Doors leader Jim Morrison masturbated on stage; that Tina Turner is rock's most famous grandmother; that Alice Cooper bit the heads off live chickens in concert; and that Bob Dylan took his name from Irish poet Dylan Thomas.

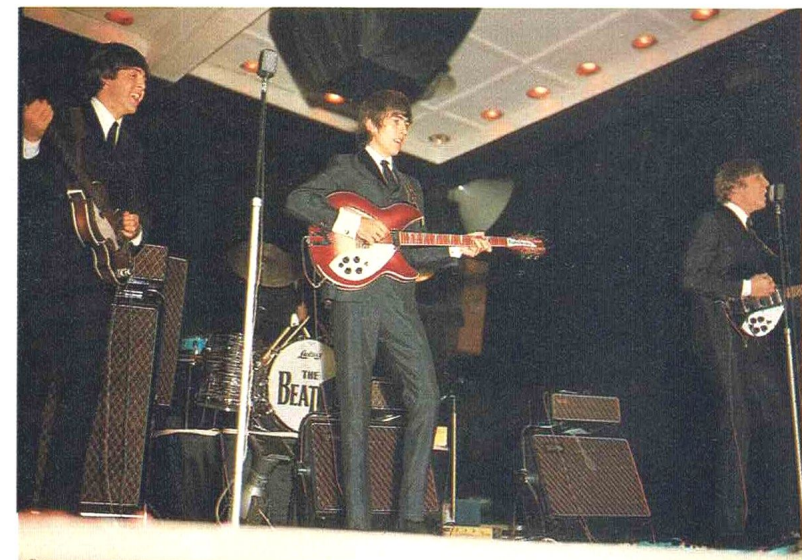
Yes, the cynics can erode our faith with all manner of rabid revelations but they

can't take away those sort of cornerstones. We know the truth and the truth shall make us free. Right?

Wrong. If you believe any of the above you might as well believe that Kylie Minogue can sing, that Bob Geldof doesn't like collecting awards, or that there is a person alive who considers Rod Stewart sexy. In fact, they are some of the mega-myths which have taken root in our collective psyche and refuse to budge. We won't let them go because they make sense, they feel good, and they help mould that unruly beast called rock into something vaguely embraceable.

THE KING

To debunk, discredit and deny rock's mightiest myths, we must first relocate ourselves to Memphis, Tennessee in the early July of 1953. There, in the Sun Records studio at 706 Union Avenue, 18-year-old Elvis Presley, an employee of the Parker Machinist Shop, stood before a microphone with his acoustic guitar and bleated "My Happiness" on to a ten-inch acetate disc. For the next 35 years, studio owner and record producer Sam Phillips (who wasn't even on the premises that day) relentlessly told the world that "Elvis wanted to make a record



for his mother's birthday."

While the sentiments seem to fit, the facts and dates do not. Gladys Love Presley had celebrated her birthday less than three months before the recording date, and while Elvis may have been the state's mushiest mama's boy, nobody earning not much more than a buck an hour

was going to shell out \$3.98 (plus tax) for an occasion more than nine months away. Even if he was the most foresightful adolescent in Memphis, there remains the fact that neither the Presleys, nor any of their neighbors, owned a phonograph on which to play the thing. The reality was that painfully shy Elvis Aaron Presley wanted to get into the legendary Sun Studios (where the likes of B.B. King, Howlin' Wolf and Ike Turner had recorded) so badly that he was willing to cite his mother's birthday or even Groundhogs' Day to mask his embarrassment and make it through the door.

As Elvis' career soared, a sizeable mythology built up around his cunning, flamboyant manager Colonel Tom Parker, a deep Southern "good ol' boy" with an honorary military title. The Colonel (as he was always billed) was a loud carny barker as American as P.T. Barnum — and it is somehow appropriate that Presley, ultimately the personification of the great American showbiz tradition, should have been foisted on the world by such a man. A man who, by his own declaration, was born Thomas Andrew Parker in Huntington, West Virginia on June 26, 1909.

The world would have continued to believe this palaver had it not been for the

ROCK MYTHS

investigative work of Dutch reporter Dirk Vallenga, who discovered that Parker is in fact the long-lost fifth child of Adam and Marie van Kuijk of Breda in the south of Holland. Andreas Cornelis van Kuijk arrived in America in 1927 at the age of 18, returned home briefly a year later, and after 1932 severed all ties with his family. Author Albert Goldman substantiated these facts by having "Memphis Mafia" member Lamar Fike ring Parker in his presence. "But Colonel," Fike spluttered, "I've known you for over 20 years — why didn't you tell me that you were a Dutchman?" To which the bogus Colonel snapped: "You never asked me."

So powerful was the Colonel's 21-year

hold on his billion-dollar property that the enigmatic Memphis Flash subjugated himself almost entirely to the man's will. It became commonly accepted that Elvis did not perform to his vast legions of fans in Britain, Europe, Australia and elsewhere because he feared flight. Rarely was it pointed out that he owned his own private jet, that he had made two movies and a television spectacular in far-away Hawaii and that, during his army stint in Germany, he had enthusiastically declared an interest in foreign lands and people, and travel.

The sole reason why Elvis Presley did not tour internationally was that his manager Andreas Cornelis van Kuijk did not have a passport and was unwilling to apply for one because of a dubious residency status. And while he was prepared to let his "boy" slip over the border to play the

odd Canadian concert without him, there was no way that he was going to allow him to wander unaccompanied around the great cities of the world. To this day, van Kuijk/Parker does not have an American passport and is not an American citizen.

THE FAB FOUR

Rock's other premier act, the Beatles, are surrounded by their own share of mythology. One of the choicest examples is the universal belief that Paul McCartney married the heiress to the Kodak-Eastman fortune. Not a hard one to swallow, given that Linda Eastman was a celebrated magazine photographer before throwing in her lot with the most popular Beatle, but a load of unmitigated crap nonetheless. Linda's father is the moderately prosperous New York music business attorney John Eastman and the closest she has ever come to Kodak is putting her film in her camera.

The Fab Four became so tired of trying to right the record on outrageous misconceptions that they simply gave up. If the world wanted to believe that "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds" was not inspired by a kindergarten painting brought home by Julian Lennon but was really all about LSD, then so be it. But sometimes the misinterpretations — usually by sensation-seeking American radio personalities, who even tried to convince the world that Paul McCartney was dead at one stage — found a life they didn't deserve. In the fade-out of the album version of "Strawberry Fields", isn't that John chanting, "I bury Paul", and in the final groove of the *Sgt Pepper* album aren't we being told: "We'll fuck you like Superman"? In a word, no. Lennon actually mumbled the mundane words "cranberry sauce" in the first instance, while the gibberish on the latter is nothing more (at least in forward motion) than: "As you is was never."

To be fair, the Beatles contributed significantly to the mass of misinformation which surrounded them. All four, particularly John, publicly claimed more times than can be counted that they used the enveloping hysteria at their concerts to take outrageous liberties with their songs, such as singing incorrect lyrics. Not so, insists Bruce Hamlin, operator of the Beatles Records Information Service. "I've played tapes and bootleg albums of at least 40 Beatles concerts from all over the world and I can't find a single instance of them deliberately tampering with their songs. In fact they tended to deliver them note and word perfect each time."

Perhaps the best Beatle myth of all was floated in 1977, with the release of the double *Live At The Star Club In Hamburg* album. The liner notes claimed that the recordings had been captured in late 1961/early 1962, while Pete Best was still drummer, but that Ringo Starr "happened to be 'sitting in' for Best on the very night that Ted 'Kingsize' Taylor decided to make

some recordings with his portable machine." How convenient, and how untrue.

The tracks had actually been recorded during the final week of 1962 (including New Years Eve), by which time Ringo Starr had been a member for a good half-year. Problem was, the group had become official EMI recording artists in June 1962 and had already recorded "Love Me Do" when they were taped in Germany. Thus an elaborate fraud needed to be perpetrated in order to sneak the material past EMI, which may well have claimed legal ownership. As a final touch, the notes claimed that the domestic Grundig tape recorder had been operated that night by veteran Liverpool musician Kingsize Taylor. But it was later revealed that Taylor had merely purchased the tapes from a gentleman called Adrian Barber.

THE PRE-FAB FOUR

By comparison, the myths surrounding other major rock acts are considerably fewer in quantity. Everyone seems to be confident of the fact that the manufactured Monkees were unable to hold a tune and that not only did they not play the musical backing on their albums but that other bands hid behind curtains to cover for them during concerts. To set the record straight, the Pre-Fab Four did not play on their first two albums because, at that time, apart from being strapped to meet heavy filming demands, they had no idea they were even a rock band. They had been signed as actors and turned into a real group by public demand. However, once the metamorphosis occurred, they took over and played the principal instrumentation on albums three through to eight. As regards any concert subterfuge, a single listen to the recently released *Monkees Live 1967* album will confirm that no act using secret musicians could possibly sound so rudimentary.

SYMPATHY FOR THE STONES

And on the subject of concerts, of course we all know that the Sixties ground to an inglorious end at the 1969 Altamont concert in California, where young Meredith Hunter was brutally beaten to death by drunken Hell's Angels while the Rolling Stones cast an evil pall over it all with "Sympathy For The Devil." As a scenario, it gives Hollywood a run for its money and it's a great macabre note on which to end documentaries. It's just a shame it isn't true. The Stones were actually playing their chauvinistic "Under My Thumb" when Hunter fell under a lead-filled billiard cue.

BAD BOYS

Like Mick Jagger, both Alice Cooper and the late Jim Morrison are generally held responsible for despicable acts they did not commit. Cooper, whose stage props have included a live boa constrictor and a working guillotine, is supposed to have once bitten the heads off live baby chicks for a

concert climax although, funnily enough, not one member of the audience that night has ever been located. Still, Alice is hardly likely to douse such effective image-building publicity, even if old ladies do look daggers at him in the supermarket. Anyway, he's still trying to live down the rumor that he played the role of Eddie Haskell in *Leave It To Beaver*.

Morrison, the icon of a new generation of rebels without a cause, apparently earned his immortality in the underbelly of society by masturbating on stage, many times. It must be true because all these starry-eyed young males in leather jackets keep telling me so. There was even a court case: *State of Florida vs James Morrison*, Case # 69-2355. And a sentence: \$500 and six months jail for indecent exposure.

If only the act was as dramatic as the punishment or the legend! The late rock critic Lester Bangs pretty much summed it up with his words: "March 1969. A song

"We didn't know the name AC/DC had any other meaning until the boys started getting booked to play gay parties."

broken down in the middle, the singer too drunk to make even a pretense of professionalism. Silence as the whole auditorium slips into suspended animation, stop time, maybe a few scattered boos, everyone waiting for the Lizard King to do something crazy. So Morrison screamed drunkenly, 'You wanna see my cock?' and then unzipped, waving his flaccid peter in the air for a couple of still moments. It really wasn't much . . . a pathetic, petty act."

DYLAN WHO?

Still, far-reaching fame has been built on less. My mother-in-law and her poodle probably know that Bob Dylan took his name from Irish poet Dylan Thomas. Hey, everybody knows, except Bob . . . and he's getting tired of forcing eyesight upon the blind. Way back in November 1965 he told a *Chicago Daily News* reporter who asked him about the supposed Thomas inspiration: "No, God, no. I took the Dylan because I have an uncle named Dillion. I changed the spelling but only because it looked better."

Sure enough, there was a pioneer family with the name of Dillion in Hibbing,

Minnesota and as late as 1968 four Dillon families were listed in the Hibbing phone book. When Bob registered at the University of Minnesota he told friends that Dillon was his mother's maiden name. At the time he hadn't read a word by the Irish poet. Finally, in desperation, the singer told biographer and friend Robert Shelton: "Straighten out in your book that I did not take my name from Dylan Thomas."

NAME THAT FIB

Hard rock champions AC/DC have also given up bothering to set the record straight on their name. For the first ten years of their existence, it was taken for granted by all concerned that it denoted bisexuality. Then the American fundamentalists took over and it became Anti-Christ Devil's Children. The truth is far less exotic. It comes down to an ancient treadle sewing machine in the Young family household in the Sydney suburb of Burwood which had been converted to electric power and affixed with a small metal plate warning of the dangers of AC/DC currency. When it came time for Angus and Malcolm Young to join the family business and form a band, around 1973, a family member suggested the term they'd been reading for years. "In the beginning we didn't even know the name had any other meaning," insists the guitarist's older sister Margaret, "until the boys started getting booked to play gay parties."

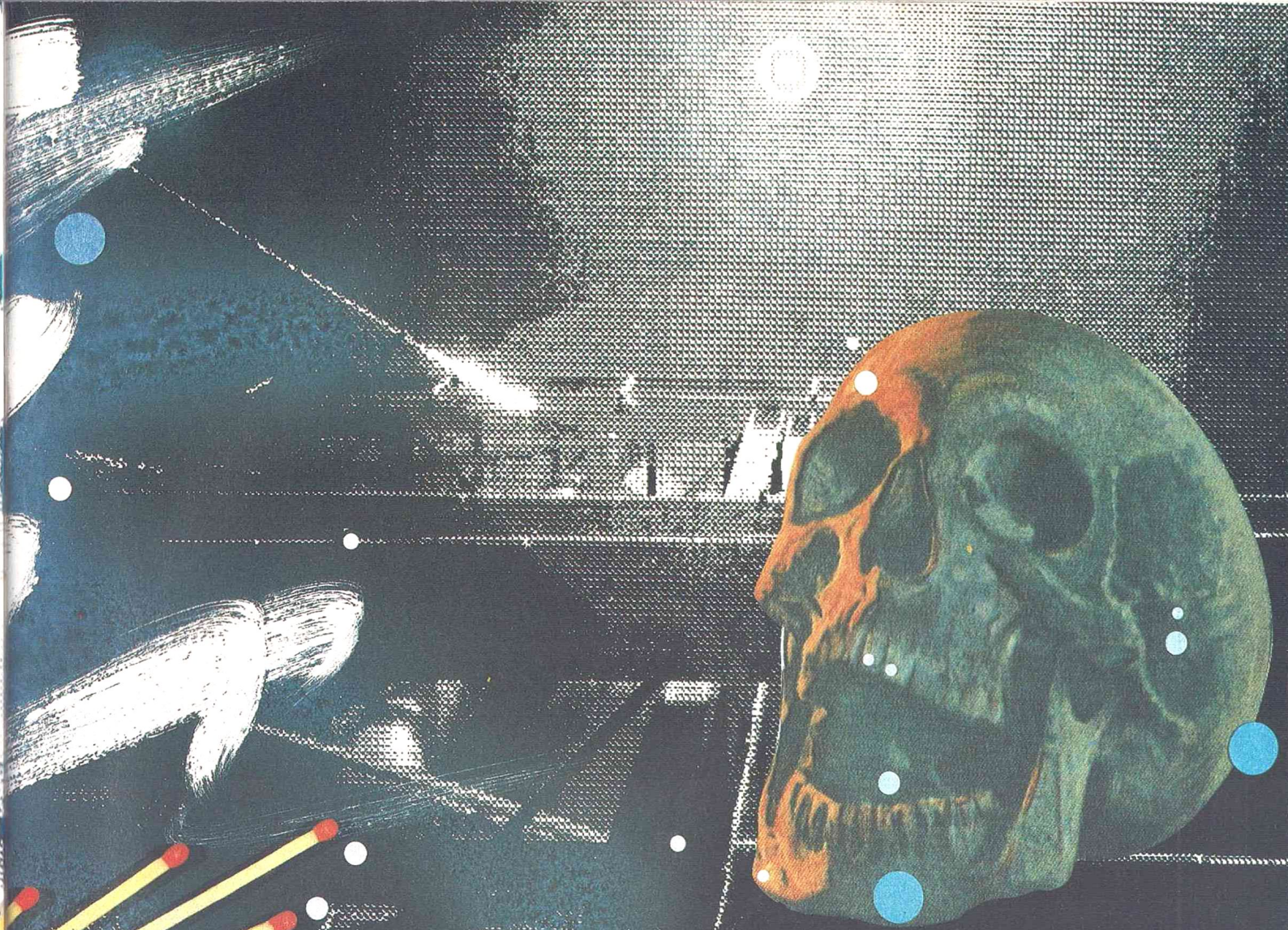
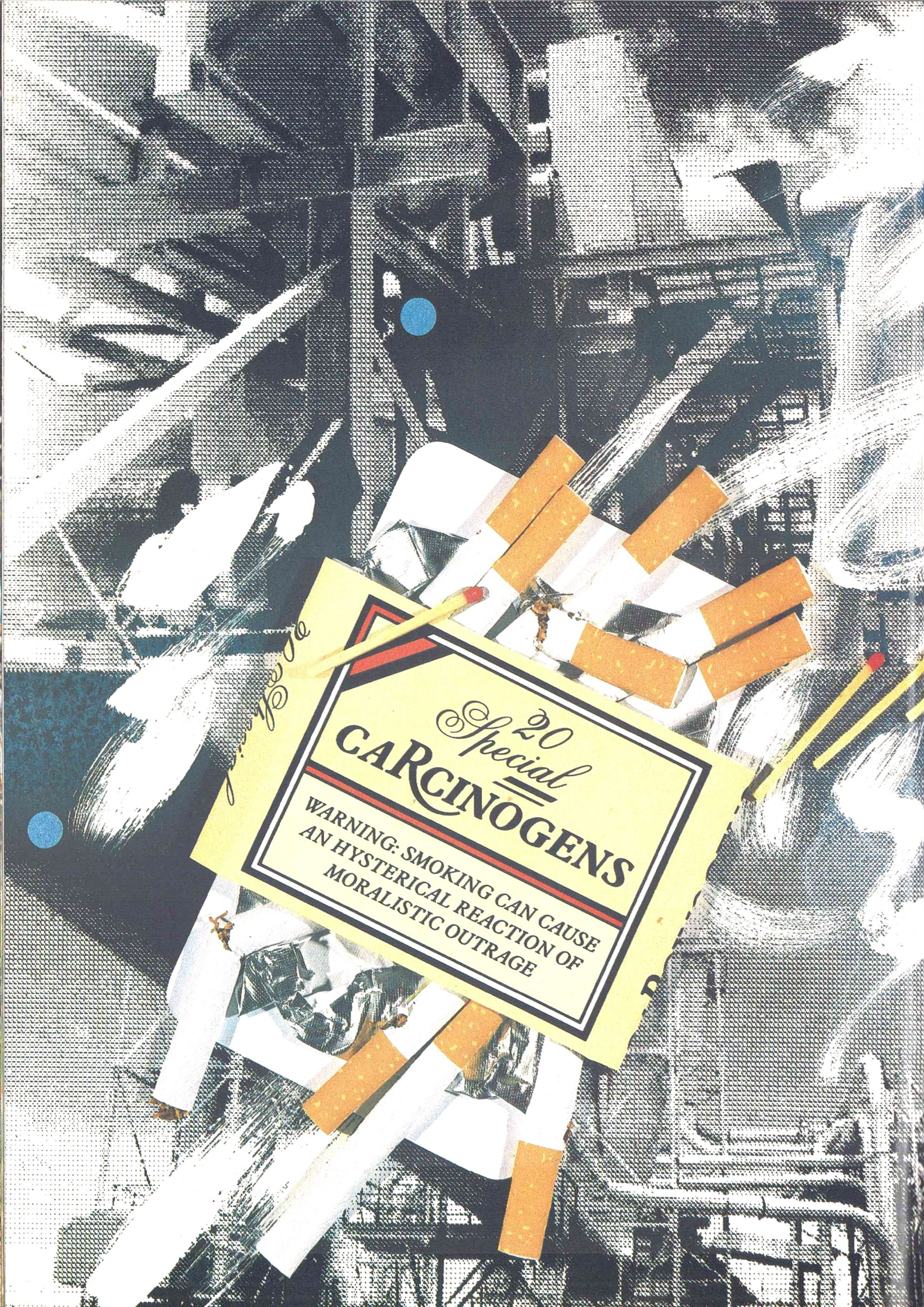
This is merely the tip of the name myth iceberg. Let us not forget all the "brother" acts commonly believed to be siblings but completely unrelated, such as the Righteous, Walker, Statler and Allen Brothers. Perversely, there are also those who are really brothers but go to great pains to disguise it, such as Eden Kane and Peter Sarstedt and Paul McCartney and Mike McGear. Undoubtedly, there are a few million people who believe that Dave Clark and Manfred Mann were the lead singers of those groups which operated under their names, when in fact Mike Smith was the vocalist for the Dave Clark 5 and Paul Jones/Mick D'Abo for Manfred Mann. Disco star Amanda Lear carried on a scam for many years where she claimed that she had begun life as John Lear and had undergone a sex change operation. She has only recently revealed that she came into the world as Amanda and has never submitted her genitals to a surgeon's scalpel.

Since the 1969 explosion of Creedence Clearwater Revival, John Fogerty has enjoyed the status of lyrical master of swamp, bayou and southern roots rock. Most of his fans have long believed that in songs like "Proud Mary", "Green River", "Born On The Bayou" and "Lodi" he articulated the experiences of his youth. But, as big brother Tom once told me, "John had never been below the Mason-Dixon line in his life when he wrote all those songs. He

Continued on page 144



JOHNNY O'KEEFE



The right of health authorities to warn us about smoking is respected. Their single-minded smoking witchhunt, ignoring the real cancer issues, is appalling.

SMOKESCREEN

BY MICHAEL JONES

You might think that smokers put themselves at risk of an early grave. You would not be alone in thinking this — but you would be wrong.

Not a shred of hard evidence exists to support the "conventional wisdom" that smoking shortens lifespan. The fact is that smoking is only one of several factors associated with diseases. In fact, the evidence of none other than the Federal Department of Health states that smokers actually, on average, live slightly longer than non-smokers. Recent studies by Dr Ray Johnstone, physiologist at the University of Western Australia, support this data.

Dr Johnstone went further. He surveyed nine studies which had altogether cost

\$100 million — and concluded that public health campaigns to "improve" lifestyle produce no beneficial effects on health whatsoever.

Now nobody can seriously doubt that smoking, especially heavy smoking, can affect health adversely. But there is obviously something amiss. Those who wage the so-called war against cancer have almost exclusively targeted smokers as virtual criminals against the state, when there is no hard data to support this view.

It's not easy to remain dispassionate about cancer. The disease is a deadly mystery — one of the nation's biggest killers. It also rates as one of Australians' biggest fears. But it helps to stay dispassionate. It helps when the massive funding being poured into the "war" against cancer is

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL FARRELL



SMOKESCREEN

evaluated, to decide if money is not being poured down the gurgler. And it helps when applying the principle of accountability to what has become a cancer "establishment", if not bureaucracy.

The question that must be asked is this: who are the real criminals against the state — and the people? While a wealth of evidence clearly indicates that exposure to occupational carcinogens (cancer-causing agents) and carcinogenic air pollutants is directly linked to cancer, why have only some 12 percent of the 55,000 chemicals in commercial use been tested to see whether they cause cancers? Why has the obvious correlation between the worldwide cancer explosion since WWII and the 400-fold increase in synthetic chemical production since 1940 been ignored?

The answer lies in one of the most calous examples of political expediency for short-term economic gain imaginable. Quite simply, smokers are bearing the brunt of a campaign of disinformation to divert attention from industrial interests: interests which, particularly in Australia, are being courted with minimal regulatory controls.

BLAME THE VICTIM

When the Australian Royal Commission on

Agent Orange didn't accept the experimental data and evidence of epidemic disease related to exposure to the herbicides 2, 4-D and 2, 4, 5-T, it adopted a trend perpetrated by the breed of "moral entrepreneurs" which caught on in the early Seventies. This trend, so enthusiastically embraced by the Commission, effectively said, "Blame the victim." It is a theory that emphasises faulty lifestyle — smoking, drinking, fatty diets and so on — as the chief cause of ailments, particularly cancer.

It is obvious that people must take responsibility for their own lives and seek to adopt habits conducive to their own health; cancer experts around the world estimate that around 70 percent of cancer would, in principle, be preventable if the main risk factors could be identified — and lifestyle must play a part. But so wholeheartedly has the Blame The Victim theory been embraced that it has been at the expense of attention to other causes. No-one's suggesting that this has been a conscious ploy, but it has played right into the hands of industry, effectively diverting attention away from carcinogens in the workplace and environment. Intentionally or not, the health zealots have become the mouthpiece for industry interests by failing to confront the regulatory inaction of the governments and by encouraging public complacency in the face of dire threats to our health. By and large, they choose not to

bite the hand that feeds them.

The cancer establishment will tell you that smoking and faulty diet are each responsible for 30 to 40 percent of all cancers, and that sunlight, drugs and personal susceptibility account for another ten percent. Hence workplace and environmental carcinogens are deemed to be responsible for only a few percent. This flies in the face of all the statistical evidence on cancer incidence.

Occupational exposure to industrial carcinogens has clearly emerged as a major risk factor. In the US, the National Institute For Occupational Safety & Health estimates that in that country, some 10 million workers are now being exposed to 11 high-volume carcinogens. Five to ten-fold increases in cancer rates have been demonstrated in some occupations.

What are your chances of contracting lung cancer? Ask yourself firstly not whether you are a smoker, but define which socio-economic class you could be classified as belonging to. If you fall into social class A, the highest income group, the rate of death by lung cancer per 1000 population in Australia is 19.9. If you fall into the B category, the rate rises to 35.3. For Cs, the rate is 41.3. For Ds, the lowest income group, the rate rises to 54.7 deaths per thousand.

British data supports this. The breakdown by socio-economic class, largely defined by occupation, shows that the lowest class — particularly among males — has approximately twice the cancer mortality rate of the highest class. Residential areas situated near petrochemical plants and certain other industries in highly urbanised communities have clearly been shown to carry increased cancer risks, as demonstrated by the clustering of excess cancer rates.

What do these statistics and phenomena have to do with smoking? Very little. Why hasn't industry been made accountable? To understand this question, witness the experience of workers at the Portland aluminium smelter in Victoria. It is *one* example.

PORTLAND — THE BIG LIE

On October 1, 1987 the Melbourne *Sun* ran a story headlined: *ASTHMA HITS SMELTER MEN*. It told how nine workers at the Portland aluminium smelter had been struck down with "pot-room" asthma — a particularly cruel and debilitating variety. The Trades and Labor Council secretary Mr Kevin Watt was reported as saying that it was not known what was causing the employees to fall ill, but that all those affected had been working on the production line. The workers affected would never be able to play sport or take on heavy manual work again.

In the early Eighties, there was a rush of multi-national corporations seeking to build aluminium smelters in Australia. State governments welcomed the moves and competed to accommodate them.

Amongst the reasons why the multi-nationals were attracted here: the abundance of cheap electricity, but particularly the almost non-existent pollution control laws. The more effective the anti-pollution devices, the more costly it is to produce aluminium. Europe, Japan and North America have stringent safeguards regarding aluminium smelters. Australia doesn't.

In 1980, it was claimed that the new smelter planned for Portland would incorporate "state of the art" anti-pollution devices. This was a falsehood. The then Labor Party Shadow Minister for the Environment, Evan Walker, made the following comments in the Victorian Parliament on April 30, 1980:

"It could well be critically expensive for ALCOA to install machinery at Portland to ensure clean air."

He went on: "Finally, I shall talk a little about people. There are industrial illnesses related to an industry of this kind, especially for *pot-room workers* [author's emphasis]. That is a known fact. . . . There is evidence that in the aluminium industry there are . . . studies that show the illnesses I will mention."

"A paper was prepared by the Parliamentary Research Library in Canberra which shows problems associated with long-term effects — overseas studies — of skeletal fibrosis, which is a change in bone density, chronic pulmonary disease, and *cancer* [author's emphasis]. . . ."

ALCOA's Portland smelter was opposed by five Victorian government agencies, but the government passed a special law to allow it to go ahead. The law made no mention of controlling fluoride emissions — a known carcinogen. There has been no Federal legislation aimed at controlling emissions; instead, the states have been allowed to compete with each other — so the safeguards on public health have effectively become a bargaining tool, and have been discounted.

The ultimate irony is that Evan Walker, who so eloquently pointed out the serious deficiencies in the agreement between ALCOA and the Victorian Government, is now a member of the Victorian Cabinet. He has remained silent.

THE CANCER SMOKESCREEN

It is clear that politicians, health authorities and the chemical industry are only too happy to use tobacco as a smokescreen to divert attention from the crippling effects of carcinogenic chemicals in inducing lung cancer — let alone other cancers.

Just how do drumbeaters explain why 20 percent of lung cancers occur in non-smokers? And why is an increasing percentage of lung cancer of a type unrelated to smoking?

It must be realised that the anti-smoking movement is now big business — with an interest in self-perpetuation. Take, for example, Victoria's *Tobacco Act 1987*. This Act involves the setting up of the Victorian

Health Promotion Foundation — a body which will distribute \$23 million or so of funds to be raised by *another* tobacco tax. This body intends buying out tobacco group sponsorship of sporting groups. It's been suggested that if other states follow Victoria's lead, there could be a uniform ban on all tobacco advertising within three years.

In industry, commerce and politics, senior executives and ministers are judged on their record. What is the record of the anti-cancer warlords?

For a start, the industrialised world is now in the grip of a cancer epidemic. Despite the expenditure of billions of dollars worldwide, the number of cancer victims grows each year. In 1950, cancer caused about 14 percent of all deaths in Australia; in 1986 it caused 25 percent of deaths. Today, cancer incidence is one-in-three with a mortality rate of one-in-four. Particularly on the increase are cancers of the

We are being
blinded to the
threat to health of
carcinogenic substances in
the environment and
in the workplace

lung, breast, colon, prostate, testes, bladder, kidney, and skin, and lymphatic/blood cell malignancies. (It should be stressed here that some 75 percent of cancer deaths occur in people over the age of 55, and that recent increases are largely restricted to this age group.)

The overall cancer "cure" rate — measured as survival for more than five years after diagnosis — is currently around 50 percent. But according to Professor Samuel Epstein of the University of Illinois, and others, there is no evidence of substantial improvements in treatment over the last few decades, during which the five-year survival and mortality rates have remained essentially unchanged.

It is quite clear the war against cancer is *not* being won. The cancer establishment continues to mislead the public and politicians into believing that the war *is* being won and that all they need is "a little more time and a lot more money." They also insist that there have been major advances in treatment and cure of cancer (with the exception of lung cancer — which is exclusively attributed to smoking). The facts show quite the opposite is true. The thrust

of the anti-cancer establishment is ill-directed — which isn't helping.

How might the anti-cancer zealots better direct their energies? Professor Epstein, author of *The Politics Of Cancer*, makes these recommendations:

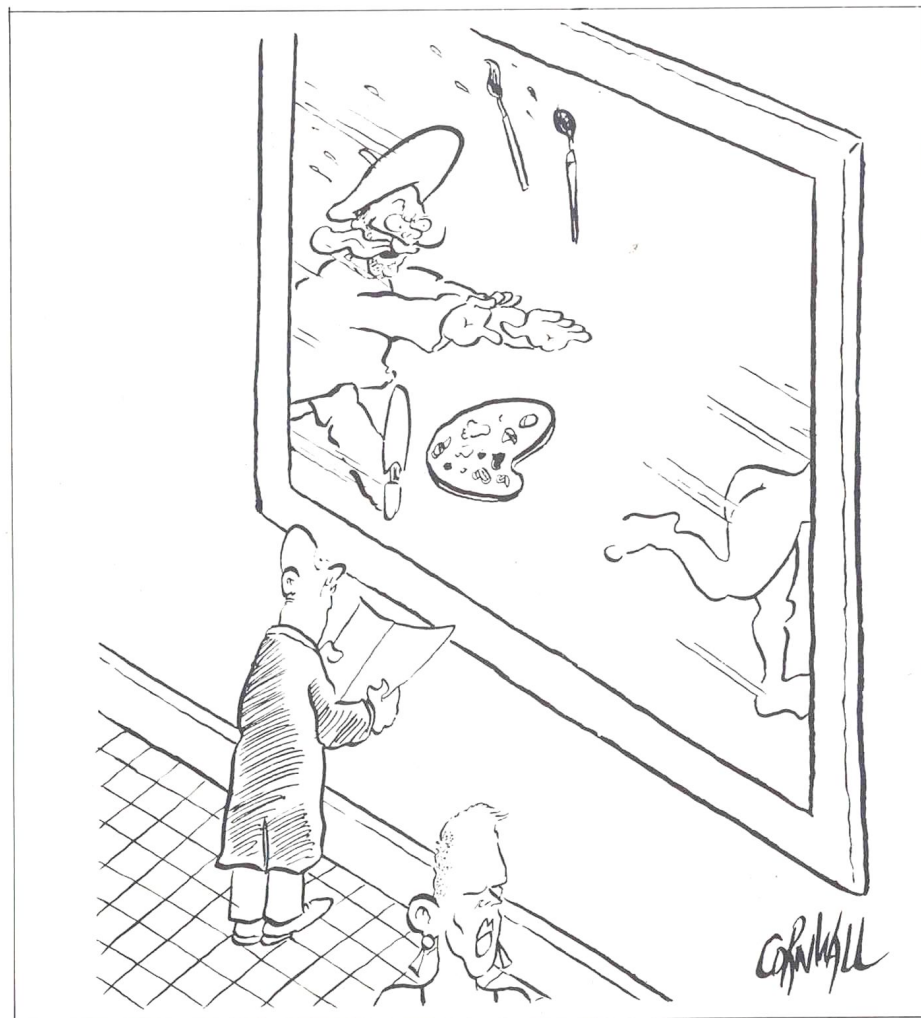
- Cancer must be recognised as a preventable disease.
- The hidden political and economic factors which hinder efforts to prevent cancer must be recognised.
- The ineffective track record of government and government-sponsored agencies in cancer prevention must be recognised.
- Politicians must resolve the major inconsistencies in a wide range of laws on environmental and occupational carcinogens.
- Business management must recognise the essential similarities between their long-term interests and those of society. Prevention of occupational and environmental cancer is of primary interest to all.
- Chemicals in consumer products and in the workplace must be clearly and simply identified and labelled.
- New approaches must be developed for obtaining and retaining honest and scientifically reliable data on the carcinogenic and toxic qualities of industrial chemicals. Such data must be available for public scrutiny. Maximum penalties must be in place for those responsible for the distortion and manipulation of data relating to chemicals' toxicology and epidemic potential.
- The major determinants of preventable cancer are political and economic, rather than scientific, and as such must be addressed in the open political arena.

To compete with the well-financed propaganda of the chemical industry, tacitly supported by the cancer establishment and lifestyle academics, an educational offensive should be launched to inform the public and to develop grass roots pressures for a *comprehensive* cancer prevention campaign.

There is little doubt that the anti- and pro-smoking lobbies do little justice to the cases put by each other. Yet while the debate rages, it serves an insidious cause. So high on the health agenda is smoking that we are being blinded to the well-documented threat to health of carcinogenic substances in the environment and in the workplace.

To safeguard public health from the commercial interests of industry is the role of governments — not to high-handedly decree what is a health priority and what isn't, particularly when they choose to disregard a wealth of evidence that suggests they have their priorities wrong.

The right of health authorities to create an awareness of the potential hazards of smoking is respected. Their decision not to act on issues which may threaten their own interests is appalling. ☐



THE UGLY AUSTRALIANS

If it's not the damned Volvo on the blink, it's the vulva. The lot of the upper-middle class woman is not a cushy one

NUMBER FOUR

THE NORTH SHORE HOUSEWIFE

HUMOR BY ROBERT ENGLISH

Stephanie Mildew-Ames was 29 years old, living in a 40-square mansion in leafy Wahroonga, and had two darling children, Melanie and Scott, at the time she was diagnosed by her doctor as having genital herpes. Her husband, Marcus, was a stockbroker who loved Stephanie very much even though he'd been having a two-year affair with a 20-year-old up-and-coming futures operator who had first attracted him with her big tits and, later, with her voracious appetite for after-hours sex.

"I need to relax," was the way he would explain his late hours. "The office is

hell." Stephanie had always accepted this because Marcus earned a lot of money. She was never sure exactly how much, but the bills were always paid on time and the new heated pool and tennis court were sufficient testimony to his rock-solid income.

Naturally, they entertained frequently, and in this area Stephanie was supreme. At dinner parties she would swish between guests with a capped-tooth smile and humorous quips she'd learned at university and which were revised from a notebook one hour before the first cocktails were served. "A hard man is good to find," she'd giggle at

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL LEAK



HOUSEWIFE

some half-hearted alcoholic advance, whereupon an admiring group would fall about laughing and wonder how she'd ever failed Arts.

In idle hours, such as those when she waited for her husband to come home, she would read Tolstoy and Doctorow and try to assess the relative merits of both. Under the dryer, she usually flicked through *Mode, Belle or House And Garden*.

Her week was finitely ordered, if not infinitely boring. Monday was wash day and general house-cleaning. Her mother would come over to help with the washing, a somewhat notional assistance since Stephanie had an electric monster that obviated even the slightest thought or effort in getting clothes clean, and the cleaning was done by a young Spanish lady who charged four dollars an hour for "light" and five for "heavy." Stephanie considered her a gem.

Tuesdays, of course, was golf day at Pymble for the Associates. Despite her athletic appearance, Stephanie had never mastered the game and it usually took her about 150 swipes to get back to the clubhouse for a few gin and tonics under the palm trees. This was a relaxing time of gossip and small-talk before the odious duty of picking up the children from Day Care. And thank God for Day Care. Even though she

had always voted Liberal, she constantly and silently thanked the Labor Government for providing this service which all her friends agreed "kept them sane." Every afternoon at five, the Mercedes, Volvos and BMWs queued outside the centre waiting for offspring to be whisked home to afternoon TV, a quick meal and off to bed. Naturally, all the housewives in the district had registered at the Centre as "working mothers" in order to avail themselves of this child-minding facility. And at only \$80 a child per week, it was a dream.

Wednesday was bridge and Thursday tennis — both fun days but sometimes a little bitchy. The talk around the table or in the tennis shed usually revolved around rumors of some spouse's secret liaison, the financial difficulty of a close friend or the benefits of Caesarean birth as opposed to natural delivery. All, of course, lied about the Caesareans. Stephanie played reasonable tennis in a hit-and-giggle sort of way but her bridge was handicapped by an inability to remember what was trumps.

Fridays was always a true bastard. Up to the shopping centre at St Ives to battle the steamy mob in the supermarket and liquor store, perhaps a quick cup of coffee, and then maybe a stroll through the fashion shops, where there was never anything to match the quality of Double Bay. And that was the week.

The weekends for Stephanie were rela-

tive bliss. It was usually a time of relaxation and silent contemplation. After dropping Melanie at ballet and Scott at her mother's, she could then look forward to a few hours by the pool bringing up to date her recipe books, perusing her social diary and writing a few overdue letters to old friends from school. On Saturdays, Marcus invariably went to the office for a couple of hours and then straight to the golf club.

It was on one of these lazy Saturday mornings that the pool maintenance man arrived without notice. Stephanie was caught in the li-lo topless, struggling with a new formula for multi-blend South American coffee. At first he feigned embarrassment at her partial nudity, but when she didn't make any effort to repair he nodded a greeting and went looking for the equipment in the shed. Stephanie lifted her dark glasses and gazed after him. He too was topless, dressed in just hip-hugging jeans and a rather jaunty sailing cap. His body was deeply tanned from his work and she noticed that he had extraordinarily large feet. She seemed to remember reading somewhere that large feet usually meant a large . . . *Jesus Christ, Stephanie, what the hell's wrong with you?*

He reappeared and went to work. She tried to concentrate on the coffee article but was somewhat concerned that her mind was drifting. After all, the bloody beast was probably illiterate.

"You have a very strange algae in this pool, Mrs Mildew. . ."

"Mrs Mildew-Ames!"

"Ah, yes."

"What exactly is it?"

"I'm not sure. . .but do you have any African visitors?"

"Are you serious?"

"Of course. . .It's usually produced from a peculiar strain of tinea, emanating from the north-western states such as Guinea or Senegal. . ."

Stephanie was momentarily lost for words. Is this guy for real? He was staring at her with a half-smile and, although she wasn't sure, it seemed as if he'd just winked. After a century of silence and his gaze still upon her, she managed to come back to life.

"Do you want some coffee. . .or something?"

The pool-man screwed Stephanie senseless for about an hour and a half and then left, leaving the pool cleaning equipment laying all about the place. He didn't even ask for the weekly cheque. Jesus, what a morning!

For the next couple of months, Stephanie had a more than moderate conscience struggle. It ultimately became obvious that there would not be a victory either way, but she really didn't care much, because the way she felt come Wednesday going into Saturday the

Continued on page 104

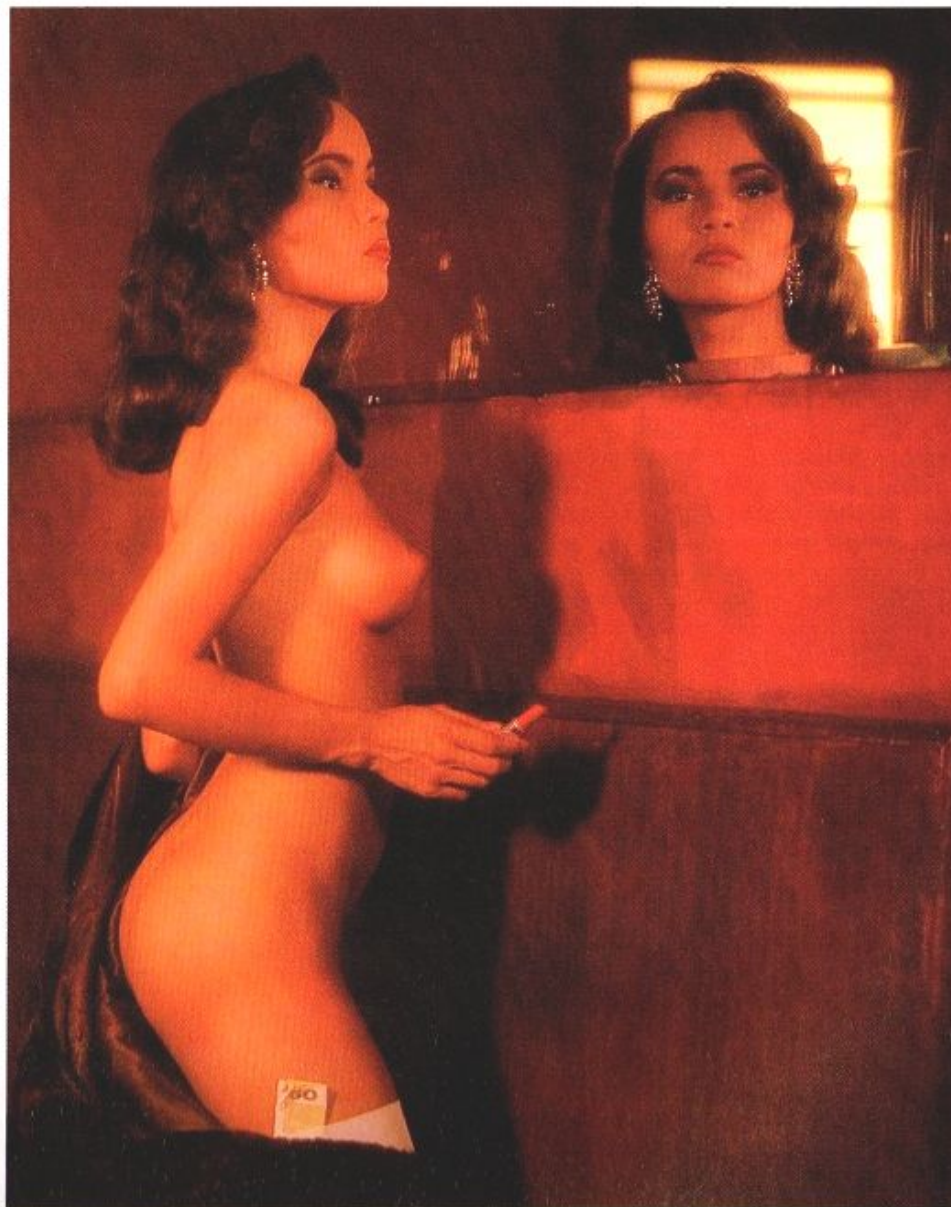
Hair and Makeup by Susan Daub; Styling by Liz Szepey; Beauty Treatment by Pampurrs; Lingerie from IM, QVB; Shoes by Raymond Castles; Dresses by Merivale; Shot at the Soho Bar, Picadilly Hotel, Kings Cross.



Ceraldine
G



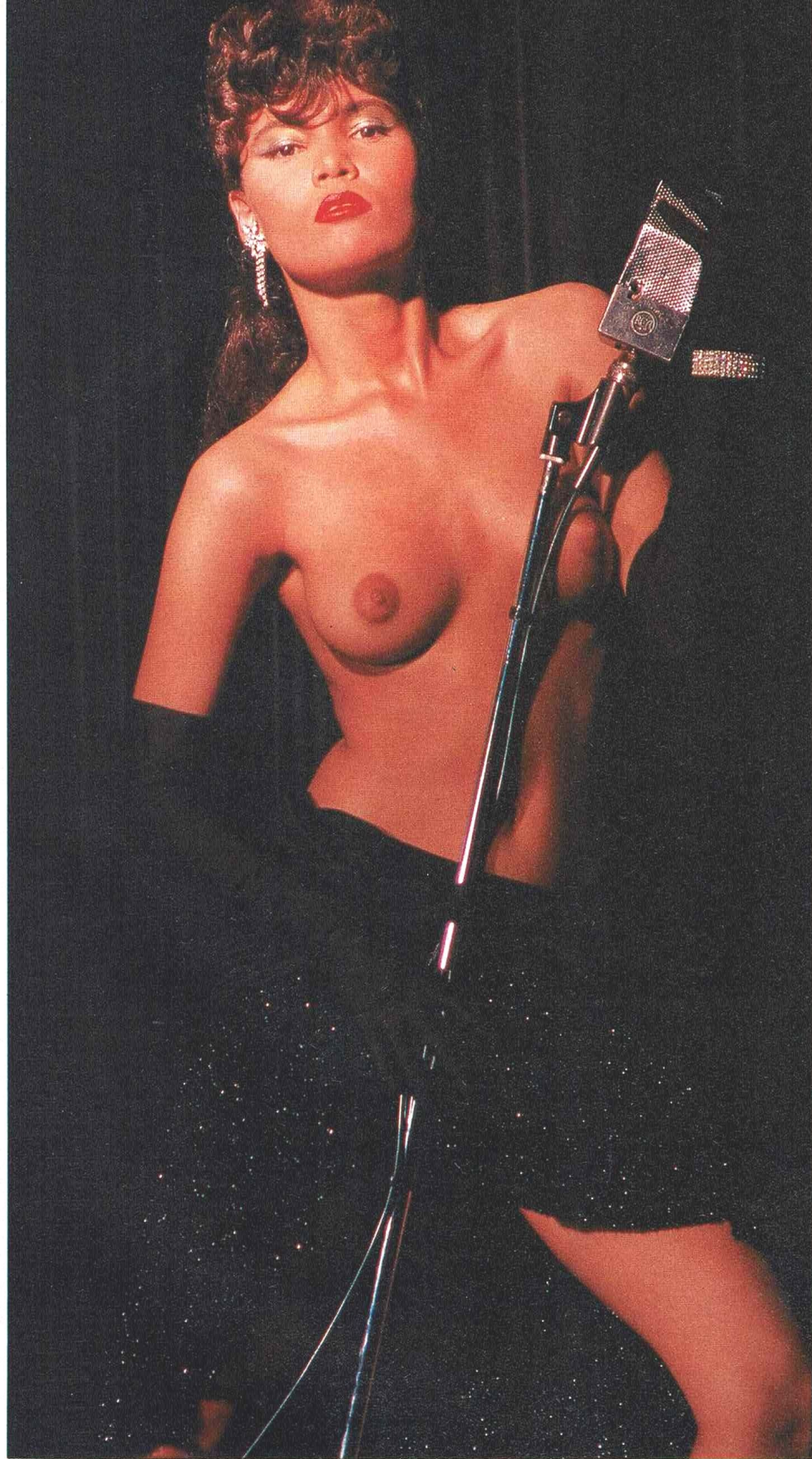
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
NICK BROKENSHA



Forties glam was the chosen feel for Geraldine Hart's *Penthouse* debut — and Geraldine, of Sydney, proved she could hold a candle to any torch singer of the era. Moody romance is the tune — Geraldine proves she can hold it.

The Torch Singer

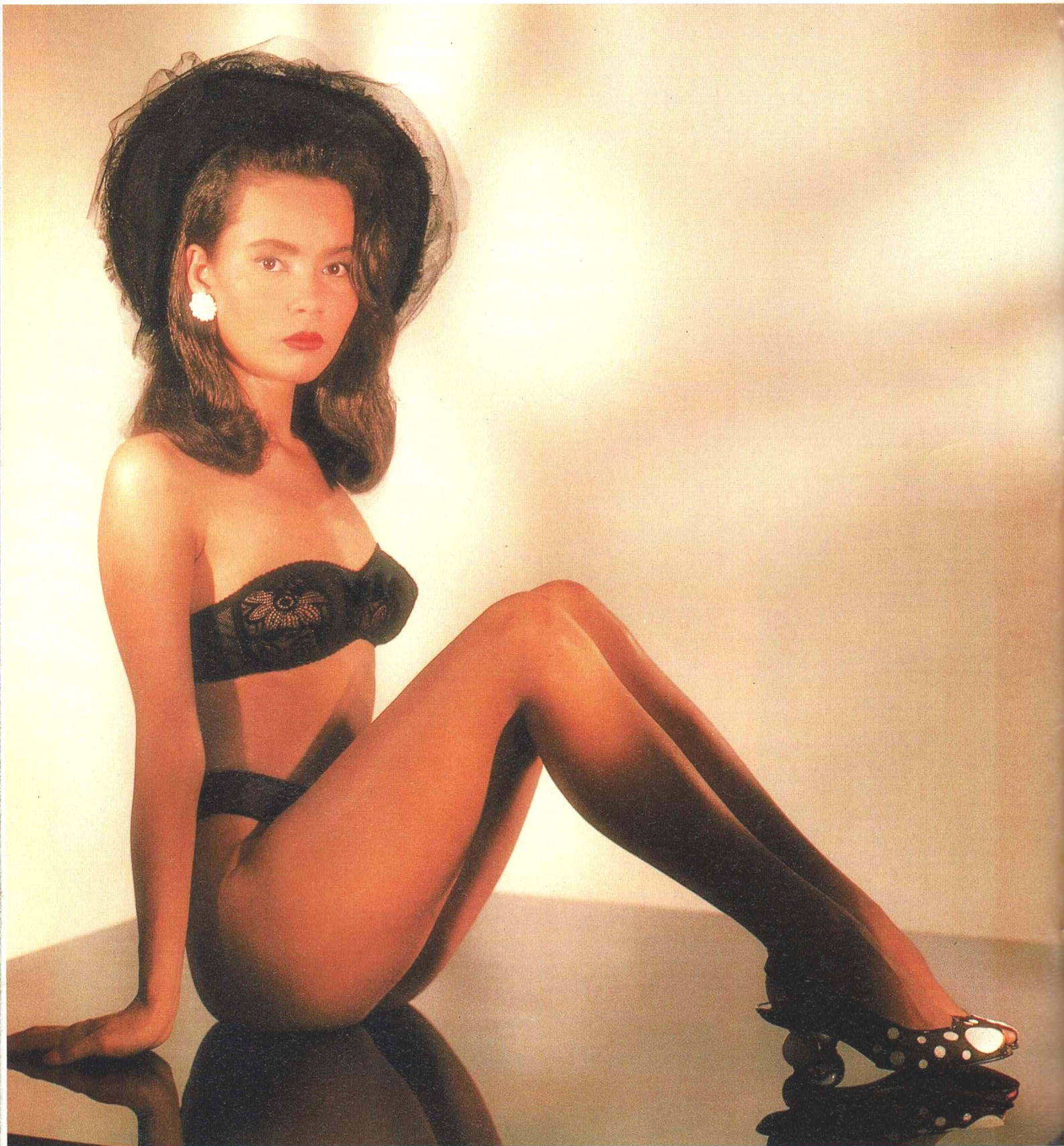




Geraldine's exotic looks hint of her Oriental ancestry. Just 20, she's already put them to profit as a model — but she's hoping these shots will increase her exposure . . . As they say, what you give is what you get.

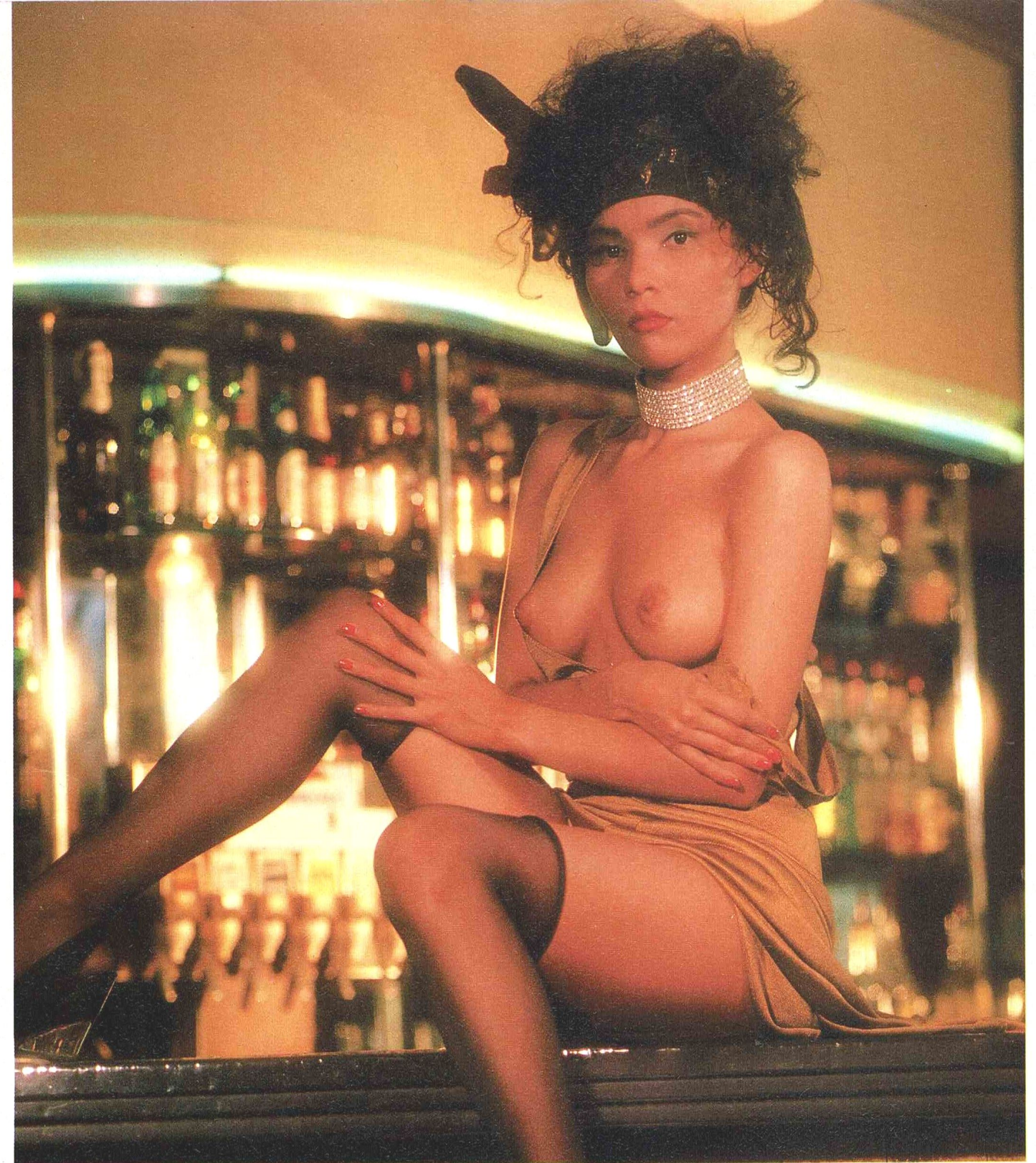


Geraldine confesses that the local gym is her second home — the tone of that figure is no accident. Geraldine can think of no better way to spend a lazy Saturday afternoon than pressing weights and rotating positions between the sauna and the solarium. Attendances at the local gym are booming. . .



Men? Geraldine figures that simplicity is the keynote. "But I'm not sure how to explain that. It means to me all the things a man *doesn't* have to be rather than what he *should* be. I'm more interested in *who* he is rather than what he is . . ."





Right now, Geraldine is keen to live for the moment. There are thoughts of a career in acting — there are dreams of her modelling career going international . . . “But I’m good at sitting tight,” she says.



Why do men love football?

WAR GAMES



PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

Mark Graham could have been very good at just about any sport he chose to play. He stands six feet three inches tall, he weighs around fifteen and a half stone, he is classically proportioned and has excellent hand-eye coordination. He is amply equipped with power, finesse and determination. He might have been a long-driving golfer, a formidable big-serving tennis player, a punishing middle-order batsman. He chose to play Rugby League.

An expatriate New Zealander, Graham has spent the last six years carrying the weight of the North Sydney Rugby League team on his shoulders. Losses have far outnumbered victories, and the North Sydney Bears (dubbed "teddy bears" by their army of detractors) have relied on Graham's skills and positive influence to such an extent that he has often taken the field so heavily strapped it seemed he'd fall apart if the bandages were unravelled.

The big second-rower has broken his

nose too many times to remember; he has burst one ear-drum and lost six teeth in one tackle (but played out the match, each breath bringing intense pain as it brushed over the exposed nerves in his gums); he has fractured his cheekbone, dislocated his shoulder, torn the collarbone off his chest, torn rib cartilages at the front, the back and all the way up one side, broken fingers and thumbs, strained his back and groin, torn leg muscles, badly strained knee ligaments, torn ankle ligaments (twice), broken numerous toes and suffered countless lacerations.

Two of the injuries are perennial. Graham's right arm is covered with calcifications — large lumps representing the body's attempts to shore up bruised bone with calcium. He plays with the arm heavily padded, but it is so sore that even the slightest bump causes severe pain; a full-blooded tackle is agonising. As well, the dislocated left shoulder entangled a group of nerves under the bone, resulting in the death of a large muscle group, a "skinny shoulder" and greatly restricted

movement in the limb. Graham will never run on to a football field fully fit again.

On tour with the New Zealand team in Great Britain in 1985, he pulled the ligaments off his ankle bone in the first half of the First Test. Earlier in the same game he'd fractured a bone in the cheek area. "The cheekbone injury was somehow related to my forehead and nose," Graham recalls. "What happened was it allowed air to get in around my eye, and so my head just sort of *swelled up*. It looked really funny, actually, until we discovered what it was. They just released all the pressure under my eye and it was quite good after that." Graham tried to play on but was eventually replaced well into the second half. Laid up for a week, he missed the Second Test, in which the Kiwis were badly beaten. If they were to have any chance of a series victory, their captain would have to take the field in the final encounter and hope that his presence would inspire his team-mates. Strapping was virtually holding the ankle together and Graham was pumped full of local anaesthetic before the



WAR GAMES

game and again at half time, when he had to take the needle through all the strap-ping; even so the pain was "unbelievable."

As Graham himself points out, there is nothing atypical about his life in League. "Everyone who's been going around for years is carrying heaps of injuries. There are plenty who've kept going with much worse problems than mine. You only take the field 100 percent fit in your first trial game. Every year you pick up more injuries practically every week. If you could see what happens in the dressing rooms before a grand final, you'd be staggered; there aren't too many fit people by that stage. The medical staff's job is to *get you out there*, not to stop you."

In 1983, Graham had an experience with concussion which was, again, not at all extraordinary among footballers. He was hit hard early in a club game but continued to play, although apparently not too well. When a scrum packed down, officials noticed him wandering around, obviously in a daze, then sitting down next to the Norths fullback. "They figured something was wrong with me and took me off. When I got back to the dressing room I attacked one of our own players who was in there injured, then started punching the walls with my bare knuckles... They took me to hospital, I came around that evening, and they

asked if I was all right. I said, 'Yeah, good as gold' — but I couldn't remember anything that had happened. I got outside and couldn't recall where I lived."

The financial rewards in Rugby League are not great. By comparison with the sums earned in many other professional sports, they are negligible. Mark Graham signed a long-term contract with Norths years ago; it was worth "reasonably good" money then, but not now. "Anyway," he says, "you don't play this game for the money. You play it because you love the game and you love the camaraderie it produces. And because you want to prove that you're tough enough to handle it, that you can keep on handling it week in and week out."

"Maybe," he adds on reflection, "we just never really grew up."

"A lot of these Aussie Rules people think their game is the toughest, but that's crap as far as I'm concerned. If you look at Aussie Rules and Rugby League objectively, it's chalk and cheese. Why don't they get into a man's game and see how they go then?" — Ray Price, former Australian Union and League international

League, Union, Australian Rules: they all carry their peculiar dangers. Aussie Rules players are especially prone to ankle, knee and groin injuries — the legacies of awkward landings from a height. Their chances of self-preservation rest largely in the lap of

the gods. Going up for the ball, a Rules player has no choice but to leave much of his body unprotected and he can be hit, unprepared for the impact, from any direction. By virtue of their unpredictability, Aussie Rules "hits" can be sickeningly violent.

The possibility of a life-threatening injury is greatest in Rugby Union. There are 25,905 Union players insured in NSW, and 14 deaths have occurred in the past 11 years. This compares with League: 87,182 players, 22 deaths; Australian Rules, 15,154 players, 1 death. The Rugby Union scrum, which bears little resemblance to its League counterpart, consists of two tightly compacted wedges producing maximum sprung force at the point where they meet. Neck injuries can easily result in paralysis or death. The Union ruck can also produce injuries inconceivable in the other codes. Ken Catchpole, Australia's greatest-ever halfback, was literally torn limb from limb when one of his legs was caught on the bottom of a ruck and an All Black forward, Colin Meads, pulled the other in the opposite direction. Meads ripped all the muscles off Catchpole's groin and almost pulled his pelvis apart.

But in terms of sheer physical demand on players, neither code can compare with Rugby League. In League the name of the game is to stop the progress of the ball by inflicting as much damage on the man carrying it as possible. Merely effecting the tackle — generally sufficient in both Union and Rules — will not provide the psychological edge that will in most cases determine the winner. "You have to make the tackle hurt in League," says dual Union-League international Michael O'Connor, "especially in the first 15 to 20 minutes — the softening-up period. Nine times out of ten you will know, at the end of that time, whether or not you're going to win the game."

Like O'Connor, Ray Price was astonished by the toughness of League when he made the switch. "A lot of sides think if they can intimidate their opposition they're home and hosed, and I'd say 60 percent of games are won or lost on that basis. Canterbury have done it for a long time. It comes down, in a way, to the number of times you can legally inflict hurt — although you push the rules as far as you can."

In Rugby Union and Aussie Rules, superior tactical play is paramount — particularly in Union, where overlaps are engineered by elaborate backline moves and tries are usually scored in second or third-phase play, when the opposition runs out of defenders. Rugby League coaches make much of their "game plans", most of which could be recorded on the back of a postage stamp. League is the football code which most closely simulates the conditions of trench warfare. The overriding characteristic of the game is its sheer relentlessness. The vast majority of

tries are generated by the failure of one defender — whether by virtue of lack of commitment, extreme fatigue, injury or poor technique — to *hold the line* against the invading force. Although there are, undeniably, "ball skills" in League, they are generally of secondary importance; the ball in this game is almost an afterthought, a mere device for imposing some structure on the mayhem of battle.

There is only one other contact sport which could seriously claim to rival the toughness of Rugby League: American football. "The physical contact is probably greater in terms of impact in gridiron," according to Australian League representative Wayne Pearce. "But they have these enormously long rests between hits, which we don't have, and they carry all that padding. I think if you isolate the different components of what's required to play League — aerobic fitness, strength, resilience, flexibility and speed — naturally there will be other sports which demand more. But League players have to have *all* of these qualities, which would amount to greater all-round fitness than in any other sport."

Ray Price agrees: "The coaches Jack Gibson [the 'master coach' of Sydney League] used to bring here from the US were amazed at our game. 'Goddamn,' they'd say, 'how do those boys *last*?' I think when it comes to all-round toughness there is not a game in the world that compares with Rugby League."

It's getting tougher every year. Rule changes have cranked up the pace to a level not even imagined ten years ago; in the same period, players have undergone massive weight training programs, increasing their power and hence the force with which they can belt each other. The representative season (no longer an elite players' picnic but a forum for the hardest games of League ever played) and the midweek Cup competition can mean a schedule of five games in 12 days, producing a mental state identical to battle fatigue. (Wayne Pearce: "What happens is you get this feeling of *deja vu*, where the opposition's putting on a move and someone comes running at you and you think: 'Shit, didn't that just happen before?' You sort of *know* exactly what's about to happen — it's very strange. During that part of the season, people tell you you're like a spaceman — sort of detached from everything.")

On the modern league field there is no place to hide. Gifted attacking players can no longer be "carried" in defence. Tackle counts blow the whistle on the lazy and the timid. Videos are microscopically examined by coaches anxious to detect a hint of weakness in any player. Impostors who manage to slip through those nets will eventually succumb to the players' grapevine: the peer group register on which selectors — and opposition coaches — rely heavily. Such players are singled out

and hammered mercilessly until they are exposed. League is a cruel game. The book of failures is littered with the names of dazzlingly talented players whose talents alone were not enough. "There are more brilliant footballers lying on the beach than on the paddock," says Jack Gibson. "They just aren't the right type."

"Everyone's got fear. The only people who haven't are locked up in mental institutions." — Jack Gibson

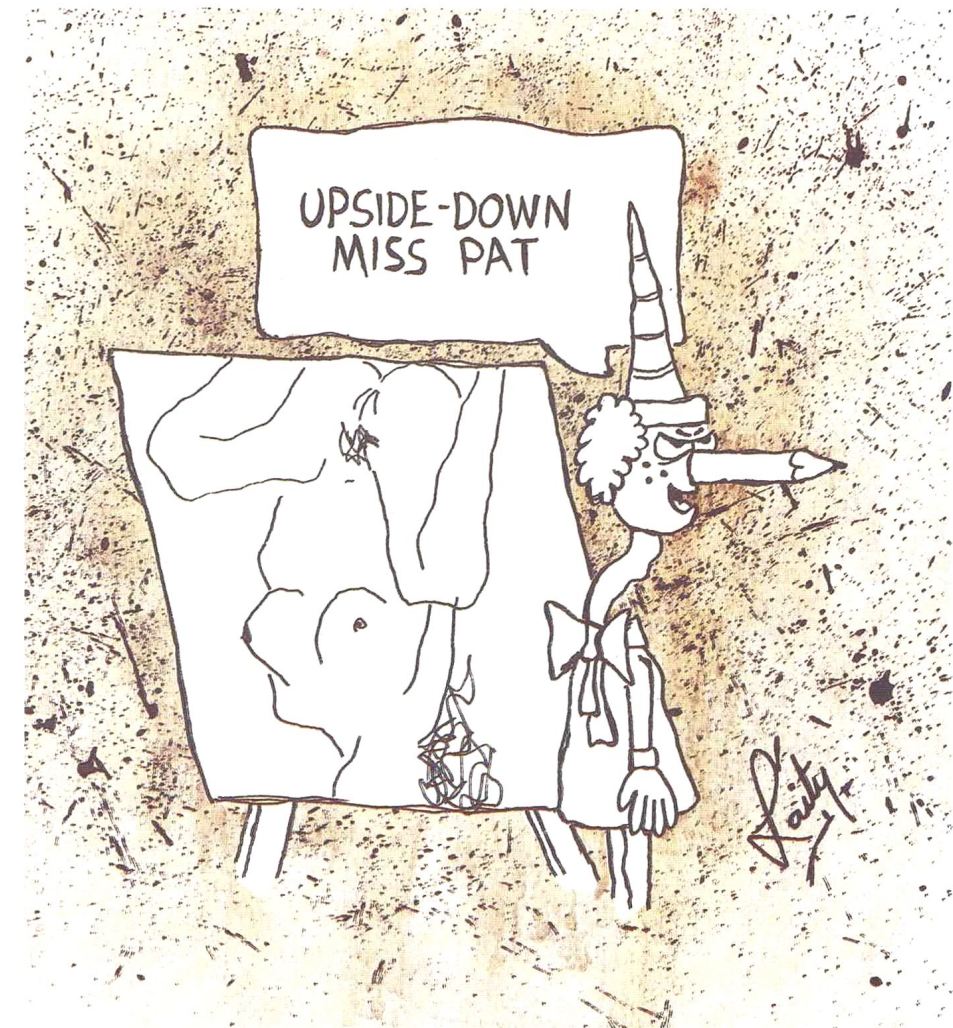
Heroism in football, as in warfare, is not about winning; it's about sacrifice. It's the footballer who plays through the pain and fatigue and the voice inside crying for relief, not to score the winning try but to make the tackle no-one remembers. "The test of a footballer," according to former Wests and St George coach Roy Masters, "is whether he will put his body on the line for you." Masters recalls a Panasonic Cup game between Wests and Penrith: "At half-time, with Wests trailing, I told the players they weren't committed enough in defence. Straight after half-time a Penrith centre broke clear and Ted Goodwin [Wests' fullback] had to come at him from an awkward angle. The only way he could stop the guy was by throwing his arm, dropping his shoulder, and allowing the centre to land on top. I remember closing my eyes, hoping Goodwin would pull out of the tackle at the last moment. He didn't. He broke his right arm and left shoulder.

Wests won the game."

Players considered the toughest by spectators are rarely the ones most respected by coaches and peers. "My definition of a tough player," says Wayne Pearce, "is not someone who goes out and puts a punch on someone's jaw and refuses to back off. That's nothing. The tough player is the one who can absorb pain week in and week out and still come up with the goods. The player I'd single out would be [Manly halfback] Des Hasler. He tore a groin muscle in the off-season prior to 1986. Hasler played right through that season carrying a serious injury, and played a high standard of football all year, including representative football. Players who can do that are *really* tough." Jack Gibson: "The tough player is the one who goes up on *every* play — irrespective of whether he's going to get recognition for it. He's the one who plays well under pressure, can accept a bad decision without doing his block, can accept a smack in the mouth without threatening the player who gave it to him. And the tough player is the one who, irrespective of whether you're ten in front or ten behind, is relentless. See, a lot of players want a start. If you're winning by ten and the opposition's backpedalling, you'll finish up winning by 30 with them — but if you're ten behind, they'll see you get 30 behind. The tough player is the opposite: you could take him off if you're 20 in front because he won't do anything — but



"Don't just stand there. Get some bacon!"



WAR GAMES

if the scores are 10-all he'll win your game ball for you. Some players you can win with; some you can't."

Nobody who plays first-grade Rugby League is not physically tough. There are some outstanding individuals — Canterbury second-rower David Gillespie and South Sydney prop Les Davidson are reckoned by their peers to be astonishingly hard men — but it's practically self-evident that toughness is primarily a *mental* characteristic, a function of mind over matter. There's no better illustration of that than the psychological ploy Roy Masters used to get Wests home against Manly in a crucial 1979 match. Tom Raudonikis, Wests' captain, had asked Masters to supply the players with "bombs" — amphetamines. "I told him I wouldn't because they're harmful in the long run and they give a player a false sense of his own ability. But Tom kept insisting, so I spoke with the club doctor and we agreed to give out iron tablets and tell them they were special amphetamine pills imported from Germany. I handed them around the dressing room and the players were swallowing them like Smarties. Tommy had a sort of pink foam coming out of his mouth. He broke his thumb in the first half — a horrendous injury because you need your thumb for everything from tackling to passing —

but hid the injury from me. In the second half he played superbly and beat Manly on his own." Raudonikis rang his coach the following morning, informing him that the "bombs" had kept him up all night (in spite of the dozen cans he'd consumed) and the thumb had not hurt a bit.

If toughness is "all in the mind", it would seem that success in the world's toughest game depends largely on the quality of motivation provided by coaches and officials. Football fans believe this intuitively, and what fan would not jump at the chance to be a fly on the wall in the holy inner sanctum of the dressing room, immersed in the fire and brimstone of a righteous half-time harangue? The truth is that there are no words in the lexicon that can transform a human being into a machine. "I've played a lot of football," Jack Gibson observes, "and I can't remember a single half-time speech I ever heard from a coach. That's a lot of half-times in 13 years. And in the 20 years I've been coaching I can't really remember anything I've said at half-time." Some teams have tried hypnosis — but if that were the answer, no club would be without its resident hypnotist. "To me it's a load of crap," says Gibson. "It's like when a team comes from behind to beat the favorites and the coach says: 'Yeah, we all watched *Rocky IV* last night and we played the music and all that'. . . Well, what did the losing team watch? Was it *Snow White And The Seven Dwarves*? See, you might

be all fired up when you run out, but the first good shot you take, you don't think: 'What did the bloke in the movie do now?' Everyone's looking for a winning edge, but there just aren't any shortcuts."

Well then, where does this quality which we call toughness come from? As far as Gibson is concerned, it is an innate characteristic, a natural endowment which can't ever be faked: "In our game you can *smell* the tough players. When I played you could smell them and the players today can smell them, even without making any physical contact. If you're tough enough you don't have to show anyone your certificate. The aim is not to convince the *opposition* how tough you are; the whole key in our game is convincing *yourself* how tough you are. The bloke who tries to show the opposition how tough he is — well, he's the most frightened bloke on the paddock."

"The boxer must somehow learn," observed Joyce Carol Oates, "to inhibit his own instinct for survival; he must learn to exert his 'will' over his merely human and animal impulses, not only to flee pain but to flee the unknown." The same, of course, is true in football. There is, in that moment when the voice inside is a wailing siren and yet there is work to be done and that work will certainly be painful, a natural impulse to hide: grab a muscle and go down, retreat to the blind side and hope for a rest, make a half-hearted snatch at the attacker and rationalise: "Oh, I missed him but I'll get him next time. . . ." In that split second there is in every footballer a *decision-making process* and in the tough player that decision is always, or almost always, to hit and hit hard — but that is not to say that *any* footballer is capable of behaving automatically; the footballing automaton, devoid of reason and impervious to pain, is pure myth.

And so it follows, as Jack Gibson observes, that if toughness can't be learned it can at least be cultivated: "Our game is a very personal game. If a kid is backing off in certain circumstances — for instance, some players can't dive on a loose ball without that moment's hesitation — all I try to do is to get him to *recognise* the problem and not smokescreen it; if he does that the fear will eventually start to fade. The players who've *really* got fear will smokescreen it, whereas the tough players I know will all admit to fear, and the point is they never know when that desire for self-preservation is going to jump them. The only player we *can't* use in our game is the one who can't see his problem and admit it and accept the responsibility — and there are plenty of them."

The ideal requirements for playing any contact sport are identical. As Gibson points out, "In American football they want a guy who runs 100 yards in 9.1, they like him to be six-five and 250 pounds, they want him to be able to tackle and catch the football and have iron nerves and go to church on Sunday, they want stamina, for-

titude, knowledge, piety — they want every shittin' thing, and they're all the things we want. We're all looking for the same individual. But if everyone we sent out there had to be a fearless soldier, we couldn't get a team on the paddock."

In reality, there is only one characteristic shared by all those who make the grade in Rugby League. It is *intelligence*: that particular kind of intelligence that admits only an uncompromisingly positive attitude to life. "If I'm recruiting any player from the bush," says Gibson, "the first question I ask is not how big he is or how fast he can run. I want to know what he does for a living. If he's not doing anything constructive with his time, then my time's too short. You can only win in our game with intelligent people; the unintelligent will work out a way to get beaten."

The legendary hard men of League have rarely lacked brains; and in the Eighties the game can no longer be considered a working class sport. Among those most frequently cited by their peers as the toughest men playing football today — Gillespie, Davidson, Jarvis, Vautin, Tunks, Gilmeister, Folkes, Fullerton-Smith, Pearce (and others) — there are no dummies. It takes intelligence to cultivate the kind of discipline necessary to overcome the rational mind — to play, as the saying goes, "*out of your brain*."

"Take a great player like Peter Sterling," says Gibson. "Do you think when he gets the ball he starts *thinking* what he's going to do? In our game, if you think you're cultivating a mistake. Sterling just *reacts* — and he reacts positively because of all the hours of training he's done, all the experiences he's had on the field, all the physical pain he's gone through, and his positive nature. It's all there in his brain, and when he wants to react — bang — the chip goes into the computer. But that ability to react positively all the time *is* intelligence."

It takes intelligence, too, to understand and appreciate and come to *love* the drama that unfolds on a football field. All successful players nurture a love of the game that goes beyond even fanaticism. A football game is an experience of great intensity; part of its allure is the human passion to see things, to bear witness — what the Marines in Vietnam, in the heat of the battle, used to refer to as "eye fucking." Wayne Pearce, among the most perceptive of modern footballers, seems to have grasped this element and built his sporting life around it: "The intensity of the game, and the pain you have to go through, and the level of discipline and commitment and courage you have to have — well, it's very hard to mix all those ingredients into any other sport or any other area of life. From that point of view, I haven't encountered anything in life that's anywhere near as satisfying as a game of football."

"I would say a coach's most difficult task is to define that fine line between those who

are too injured to play and those who can play with their injury." — Roy Masters

Cliff Watson didn't play very well for Cronulla when they lost the 1973 grand final to Manly. Normally an iron-hard front rower whose dominance around the rucks inspired team-mates, Cliff was accused by disappointed supporters of being unable to deliver when the heat was really on. What they didn't know was that Watson, after consultation with the coach and club doctor, went into the game with a set of broken ribs. He was unable to receive any painkillers because of the danger that a smashed rib might pierce his lung without him being aware of it. It was a case of not playing at all, or playing through the agonising pain with no relief. Of course, there was no word of the problem prior to the game — in football a player even suspected of carrying a serious injury becomes a target — and despite the fact that this was his last game for the club, Watson

Once you decide to take the field you will get no points, no special consideration from coaches or selectors, for the injuries you are carrying

never revealed to the media the reason for his sub-standard performance.

There was nothing unusual about this behaviour; Watson was merely adhering to the tacit code of conduct that governs big-time football. It revolves around the ability to play this game without submitting to the hegemony of pain — the constant companion of all footballers — and without succumbing to the temptation to make an excuse, privately or publicly, for a poor performance. It's a code which really has no counterpart in any less demanding sport and one which almost defies analysis except by way of anecdote.

The late John Donnelly was playing reserve grade for Wests in 1984 with a knee so badly mangled he could barely walk on it. At half-time in one match, according to a former team-mate, the doctor was unable to administer a second shot of novocaine because the swelling was so bad that the syringe kept filling with blood as soon as the knee was punctured. Eventually the doctor was able to get the painkiller in by squeezing with all his might. He strapped up the knee again and "Dallas" went back into the fray. Now, Donnelly had been a

feared Test front-rower, a star player of the Seventies. There was no glory for him in fronting up for a reserve grade match with torn knee ligaments and a damaged cartilage — one of the most painful injuries in the book. And on the day before a match against St George in 1983, Donnelly had an epileptic fit, fell face first on to a footpath and *smashed* his nose. "The only reason I know about this is because I was with him," according to the team-mate. "Dallas played the next day and never told anyone about what had happened." On one occasion Donnelly was ordered to hospital after fracturing a cheekbone and decided, since he would be laid up for a few days, that the doctor ought to look at a rib he'd broken the previous week and a knee that had been locking up for a month. It never occurred to him that he should miss a game on account of these ailments.

Last year, according to the same player, Wests forward John Bilbija badly needed surgery on a knee which had packed up seven weeks before season's end. Although his team was running last in the competition, and although he was unable to run *at all* during the week (he could only do light ballwork on the day before each match after continual intensive physiotherapy), Bilbija played out the season virtually on one leg and remained the driving force behind the wooden spooners.

Michael O'Connor tells this story of his former St George team-mate Pat Jarvis: "Roy Masters [the coach] used to monitor our sprint times. Before the grand final in 1984 Pat was clocked, and again during the pre-season of 1985, when it turned out he was three seconds faster over 100 metres. It was only then that Roy found out he'd played the entire second round of 1984 with a broken bone in his foot. Pat had told the doctor not to let Roy know because he was so keen to play."

Of course, not all players are capable of such heroics. Coaches, trainers and doctors have to become familiar with every individual's ability to play with pain. Some eschew painkillers; others treat them like a glass of water. Some need the psychological reassurance that they've not been badly injured (hence the "magic sponge" effect); others will not go down under any circumstance short of a cardiac arrest. Some conceal major injuries throughout entire careers, and many acts of heroism never get as far as the club doctor; others have a need to let everyone in the team know they're playing with pain — even though it is axiomatic in football that once you decide to take the field you will get no points, no special consideration from coaches or selectors, for the injuries you are carrying; it simply doesn't work that way.

The code of conduct is not so rigid that it will not accommodate such individual differences — but the player who goes out of

Continued on page 134



TAO OF SEX

ILLUSTRATIONS, BY GORDON FITCHETT

The ancient Chinese had special techniques for increasing sexual potency and pleasure. You can use them now...

BY JOHN MASTERS

This is the first article in a series which introduces the ideas on sexuality of a cultivated and thoughtful people — the ancient Chinese. Now that AIDS paranoia and general dissatisfaction have forced us to reassess our attitudes to sexual freedom, the obvious direction is to find real satisfaction and fulfilment in our existing relationships. The insights of the ancient Chinese into the nature of sex can help everyone to achieve that goal — and have a lot of fun in the process.

This first instalment gives an overview of the Chinese understanding of sex and its relationship to health, and includes some specific techniques you can use now to enhance your enjoyment of life and sex. The author is an acupuncturist who has been practicing in Australia for 15 years and has taught and lectured on his art during the past ten years in Australia and the United Kingdom.

The Yellow Emperor consulted the Pure Lady, his trusted counsellor in the arts of the bedroom. "My sexual energy is weak and lacking in harmony," he confided. "My heart feels depressed, and constantly filled with fear. What can be done about this?"

The Pure Lady replied: "Debility in men is always caused by faulty exercise of the sexual act. Woman is superior to man in the way that water is superior to fire. Experts in the arts of sex can be likened to good cooks, who know how to blend the five flavors into delicious meals. Those who know the Way of yin and yang can fully know the five pleasures. Those who do not know it have untimely deaths, without ever experiencing sexual joy. Is this not some-

thing to be guarded against?"

Impressed by the perceptiveness of this reply, the Yellow Emperor then asked a famous physician about methods of obtaining a long life. The physician, Peng Tzu, responded: "A man can gain even immortality by conserving his semen and nourishing his spirit, and also by dieting and taking certain herbs. But if he doesn't know the art of sexual congress then diet and herbs will be of no avail. The mating of man and woman is like the joining of Heaven and Earth. If you have the art then you can last forever, but because men have lost it, then their days are short."

The Yellow Emperor, Wang Di (believed to have lived about 2600 BC), is regarded as the father of Chinese civilisation. His fundamental philosophy, called Tao ("the Way"), was based on

observing how the universe worked. Once there was understanding of the order of nature, then the wise person would "imitate" the Tao. By not imposing preconceptions on nature he would be in a position to observe and understand, governing and controlling by working with the environment rather than dominating it. This idea is summed up in the phrase *wu wei* — "appropriate action". The person who followed these precepts could expect to achieve completeness of living.

Given their focus on nature, it was inevitable that the Taoists should be fascinated by the problems of change and transformation. The changes from night to day, from hot to cold, and the cycle of seasons with its changes in the activities of plants and animals all led to the conclusion that everything was the result of the interplay of opposites. The names given to these opposites were yin and yang, and harmony was a result of them being in balance. Daily rhythms are the result of the balance of dark (yin) and light (yang), seasons are due to cold (yin) and heat (yang).

Woman (yin) and man (yang) must have this same balance. When yin and yang enjoy sexual intercourse they are rising above their normal existence and the moment of harmony (orgasm) sweeps them into elemental union with the universe. Because the Taoists saw sex as the most elevated and pleasurable of mankind's pursuits, the notions of guilt and shame common to so many other societies did not arise. The arts of the bedroom were constantly pursued with joy and good humor.

So, what are the principal discoveries of the Taoist adepts? First, frequent orgasm is good and necessary for both men and women. It is at this moment that men and women become complete. Yin and yang unite to create the whole.

Secondly, celibacy is bad for you. When Wang Di asked the Pure Lady how he could manage refraining from copulation permanently, her reply was: "You cannot. If the Jade Stalk doesn't remain active you are mortifying your natural inclinations."

His physician Peng Tzu also warned him of the results of abstinence, pointing out that deprivation would lead to his mind becoming restive and "his spirit would become fatigued, and if this happens his lifespan will be shortened. If he is able to keep his mind serene and not have thoughts of sex then it is acceptable, but very few can manage this. He will be haunted by erotic dreams and will fall sick."

Thirdly, men must learn to control their ejaculation because the loss of semen can deplete the body of vital substances. When this happens your recovery time is lengthened, so the ideal

of frequent sex can't be achieved. The trick is to learn to have orgasms without ejaculating, which involves the mastery of a few simple techniques like the Deer Exercise (see box). The desired result is more orgasms for yourself and your partner.

Chinese medicine also embraces this sane approach to sexuality. To be healthy you must have fulfilling sex; if you have a sexual problem then there is no doubt that you are unhealthy. The relationship of sex to growth and development, and the role of sex in health and disease, are discussed at length in the Yellow Emperor's classic of medicine, dating in part from about 500 years BC.

This system begins with the idea of "appropriate action" and applies it to all aspects of your life. If you get sick then there must be a reason, and this can be identified and corrected. Once your body is back in balance with nature you'll be healthy again.

The medicine of the Taoists recognises nine major causes of illness. One of these is sex problems, but any of the other eight are capable of causing sexual dysfunction. The nine causes are: climate; emotions; diet and exercise; epidemics; sex problems; injuries; parasites; poisons; heredity.

If you eat badly, you're unfit, and you're having problems at home and stress at the office, then you've just scored four out of nine on the disease cause list. Suddenly your libido hits the floor. Is it any wonder? Your sexuality is a remarkably sensitive barometer of many other aspects of your well-being. Your body is smart enough to say: "I've got too many things to think about at the moment. This is not the right time for reproduction." So it simply shuts down.

Then things get more complicated. Your spouse decides that you don't love her any more and feels rejected. You aren't having sex and so now you score five out of nine on the illness scale.

Suddenly nothing works. You are impotent. You can either sulk or get sicker, or look for help.

"Sometimes," said the Yellow Emperor to the Pure Lady, "I wish to make love, but my Jade Stalk will not stand up. My shame shows on my face and I break into a cold sweat. But, even though my desire is strong, nothing happens. What is the remedy?"

You could go to your doctor. There you'll be told that in about 60 percent of cases there is no medically identifiable cause of the problem; that it happens "more than occasionally" to 50 percent of men. Probably the next suggestion will be that you see a counsellor. Don't bother. This isn't a problem that Western medicine can deal



with most of the time (by its own admission.) It's hardly reassuring to learn that it happens to so many men when you're looking for a personal solution.

Take the advice of the Pure Lady and put the rest of your life in order. Check the list of causes of illness and see how many of them apply to you. Then take "appropriate action" yourself. Before you consult anyone else, do what you can about fixing the problem. Begin by getting fitter and stronger. Take a good look at your diet. Would you rather have good Scotch or good sex? Try the Deer Exercise. Enlist someone's help to get an acupressure massage for impotence. Anyone can follow the simple instructions for this (see Diagram 1 overleaf). Your body is quite capable of restoring itself to health, given some guidance and routine maintenance.

If that isn't enough, then consult an acupuncturist. He or she will look at your lifestyle and identify the problem areas, then assess the damage that this has caused you. From this an individually tailored treatment can be given. It will include acupuncture, herbs if necessary, and advice on diet, exercise and stress management.

Peter was someone who sought this type of help. He is a 41-year-old finance consultant who had been impotent for ten months. He had been through all the usual tests with his GP, culminating with an arteriogram that showed that the arteries at the base of his penis were significantly blocked by fat and cholesterol deposits. He had been offered the option of surgery, but when he found out it could leave him permanently impotent, he decided to look further. (Rule 1: Avoid surgery any way you can.)

He had already taken some positive action himself (Rule 2) about the cholesterol build-up by going on a diet and began running three days a week. Still the impotence remained. He then came for acupuncture. At his first consultation, which took an hour and a half, a picture began to emerge. (An acupuncture diagnosis is a bit like painting a picture. Bits keep getting added until at last a recognisable image appears. No detail is unimportant.)

He had a very stressful job. This led in part to insomnia. For this he had been given medication. (Rule 3: Hundreds of drugs — prescribed or not — can cause sexual problems. Avoid them unless absolutely necessary.) Emotionally he varied between irritability and depression, and was constantly anxious. His relationship with his girlfriend had been declining ever since he'd begun suffering sexual problems. He looked fragile and nervous and the muscles in his lower abdomen were weak, indicating that his genitals were weak. His self-esteem had taken quite a

MAKING SEX BETTER

Two techniques for improving sexual stamina and pleasure are pressing the Golden Point and the Deer Exercise. By using them correctly you should enjoy better erections, have more intense orgasms, and still be ready for more.

The idea behind both of these techniques is that every time you ejaculate you dissipate some of your vitality. If you doubt that, read any good nutrition book on the subject of zinc, its role in the formation of the male hormone testosterone, and how much of it you lose in a tablespoon of semen. If you learn to have orgasms without ejaculating, the Taoists say you can conserve your energy and stay on a high all night.

What I've called the Golden Point is an acupuncture point traditionally called "Meeting Of The Yin." It is found midway between the anus and the scrotum (see Diagram A). If you carefully feel around this area with a finger you'll detect a small indentation. Practice finding it by reaching around from behind — remember, this is the approach that you'll have to make

when you are field-testing the technique.

Using this point to control ejaculation is simplicity itself. At the moment of orgasm (yours, not hers), you or your partner apply sufficient pressure to this spot to "lock the gate", keeping the semen in. You'll still experience an orgasm — in fact, the pressure on this point will make the sensation even more intense than usual. Keep pressing the spot until the orgasm is finished.

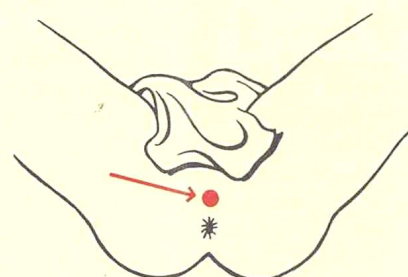
You may notice that an unusual tingling will travel up your spine. This is a normal and ultimately valuable outcome, so just go with it and enjoy the new experience.

It may take a couple of goes to perfect the method, but it's okay to practice it alone until you master the correct amount of pressure — not heavy enough to cause pain but firm enough to keep the semen in.

Note: If firm pressure here causes pain or if you have a prostate condition, you must have the problem fixed before using the technique. However, the Deer Exercise will help speed up the results of therapy and begin the process of strengthening the genitals and enhancing your orgasms.

The Male Deer Exercise is a much more sophisticated method of

A — The Golden Point, or "Meeting Of The Yin"



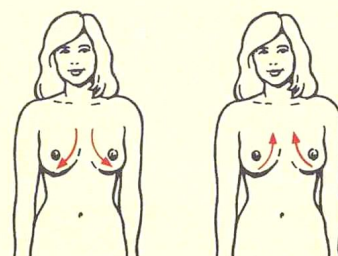
B — Position for the Male Deer Exercise, first phase



C — Position for the Female Deer Exercise, first phase



D — Directions of palm rotation in Female Deer Exercise, first phase



Stimulation

Dispersion

controlling ejaculation by direct muscular control. The benefits don't stop there. The ancient Chinese texts say that it will also increase the hardness of your erection, correct prostate gland problems, alleviate premature ejaculation and impotence, increase the intensity of your orgasm and allow you to maintain an erection through a number of orgasms.

Concentrate on what you are doing with this one: it's as much a mental exercise as a physical one. The effects are much better if you do it naked, and although you can do it while lying down, sitting or standing, you must have reasonable posture (see Diagram B).

In the first part of the exercise you need to have warm hands, so rub them vigorously together until they heat up. Next, cup your testicles in your right hand. Gently — that's valuable equipment you're holding. Feel the warmth of your hand. Place your left palm on your abdomen, about midway between your navel and your penis, with enough pressure to again feel the warmth of your hand. Now rub your left hand in a clockwise circle 81 times. It is important to concentrate on the sensation of heat that this generates.

Now, simply swap hands. Cup your testicles in your left hand and massage your abdomen with your right. This time do the circles in the opposite direction — anti-clockwise — 81 times.

Find the time to do this twice each day, first thing every morning and last thing at night. With all Taoist exercises training your mind and body to co-operate is of great importance, so concentrate only on the growing sensation of warmth in your abdomen and genitals. Use the time as a period of meditation.

The second phase of the exercise is simple to do and can be practiced at any time. You can do it by itself and eventually combine it with the first part of the exercise. Contract the muscles around your anus so that it feels like you are drawing them up and in. Hold this as tightly as you can for as long as you can do it comfortably. Then relax for a short time. Repeat as often as you can.

At the beginning you'll find it a little difficult, but quite soon you will have enough control to interrupt the flow while you are passing urine. When you can achieve this you'll know that the exercises are giving you the appropriate control over ejaculation. When you have mastered this technique you simply do the second part of it (contracting the muscles near the anus) at the moment of orgasm. The effects are worth the effort.

There is also a Female Deer Exercise.

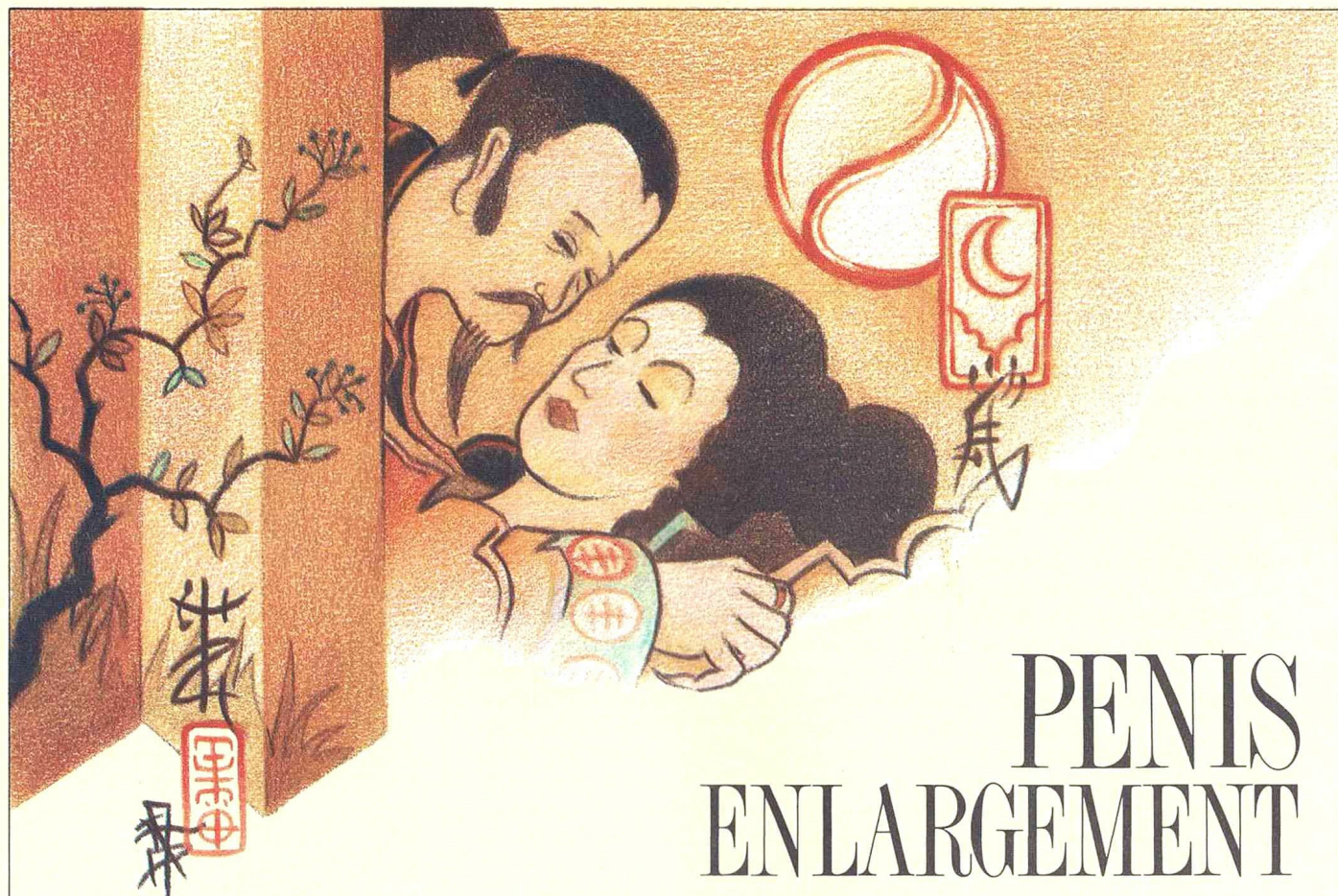
This technique gives a woman much more control over her vaginal muscles, makes her genitals more sensitive, and helps in managing unpleasant symptoms that often accompany menstruation, such as emotional ups and downs, water retention, cramps and sore breasts.

First, sit in a position where you can press the heel of one foot against the opening of the vagina (see Diagram C). If this is not possible, place a tennis ball or something similar against the vagina. Then warm up your hands by rubbing them briskly together. Place your palms on your breasts. Concentrate on the warm sensation this causes. Now, gently rub your breasts in a circular motion, for a minimum of 36 circles on both breasts. Avoid contacting the nipples. The direction in which you do the circles (see Diagram D) changes the exercise's effects on your breasts. Rotating your hands in the stimulation circle may help to ease pain in sore breasts, reduce lumpiness and tone them up if they are large and flabby. If you rotate in the dispersion direction, this can have the effect of enhancing undersized breasts.

Note: When a woman does this exercise intensively her periods might diminish or even stop. The Chinese saw this as beneficial, because they felt that the constant loss of blood caused premature aging. If this bothers you unduly, don't do it. Chinese records show that if the Deer Exercise is discontinued the menstrual cycle will resume.

The second part of the exercise is similar to that in the Male Deer Exercise. Tighten the muscles around the anus and vagina as though you were trying to close them. Then contract them further, concentrating on drawing the anus and vagina up inside the body. Hold this for as long as possible without discomfort. Relax and repeat the exercise as often as you like without fatigue.

If you have a willing partner, there are some fun variations on the Deer Exercise. In the male exercise, have your partner cup your testicles while you rub your stomach (warm hands please) or even have your friend do both the holding and the massage. In the female exercise, it is quite acceptable to use a hand (instead of your heel) to stimulate the area around the vagina. If you do use finger pressure for this, it is important to massage around the whole area. Begin slightly to the left of the clitoris and circle around the lips in a clockwise direction. Be gentle, but there must be enough contact to create a feeling of warmth. So you can have your partner rub your vagina while you massage your breasts, or vice versa.



PENIS ENLARGEMENT

Although the size and shape of the penis are largely determined at birth and puberty, some Taoist texts on sexuality have sections describing how to improve on nature's endowment.

While they don't claim to make you a candidate for the *Guinness Book Of Records*, it seems clear that working at the exercises over a period of time should give positive results. If you try the techniques described you'll have to persevere with them for months. Your body will change only slowly.

Any body part must be worked in order to develop. Some primitive tribes let gravity do the job for them by attaching weights to the penis, which eventually stretches to frightening proportions. This is not recommended as a practical solution — your jeans are probably too tight — but it is reassuring to know that such changes can occur. As the penis is largely connective tissue and blood vessels, the answer to the problem of changing both size and shape must lie in obtaining a better blood supply and stretching the connective tissue.

First we'll deal with shape. The Chinese consider that the best penis shape is the "mushroom" shape — that is, one that has a large head in comparison with the shaft. The following three exercises are designed to fill the penis with blood and provide gentle stretching of the tissues, resulting eventually in the desired shape.

You will need to be erect to do these exercises. Do them in sequence.

Exercise 1. Hold the penis near the base, with your thumb and forefinger near the body. Squeeze the penis, as if milking it, out towards the head. This has the effect of forcing the blood in that direction. You should also be applying a stretching force towards the penis head while gradually sliding your hand towards the end. Don't squeeze too hard or you could bruise or otherwise injure yourself. Just use enough pressure to squeeze the blood forward, causing a swelling feeling in the end of the penis. Do this for several minutes.

Exercise 2. Squeeze the shaft of the penis repeatedly for several minutes until it becomes rock hard.

Exercise 3. Sit in a comfortable chair and spread your thighs apart. While holding your penis near the base, flop it from side to side for several minutes so that it is slapping each thigh in turn.

Now for the \$64 question for males of all cultures: can the penis actually be enlarged? In an acupuncture textbook written by an American MD, treatments for "penis hypoplasia" are given. The author states that ten treatments are usually enough to increase size to a point that is satisfactory. Increased intake of zinc is necessary, either through diet changes or by taking supplements.

But there can be some interesting side-effects. One Australian male who tried the acupuncture technique, in

combination with some dietary changes and exercises, noticed that after two treatments he began to have dramatic mood changes for no apparent reason. He became extremely short-tempered, sharp and aggressive.

The test subject reported: "After two weeks, I had sex with my girlfriend and noticed considerable improvement in my ability as a lover. . . . When I got a hard-on, it felt really hard. I think it was definitely harder than before. I believe that my ejaculation was stronger than before. When I came, my partner panicked a bit because she thought I'd blown the end off the condom. My orgasm definitely felt more powerful and pleasurable than usual. My recovery rate also showed an improvement. This time she just had to look at my penis and it started to throb. I came three times that night and still felt like more."

"Was this due to acupuncture? Exercise? Change of diet? Some psychosomatic influence? Or a combination? Who knows? Who cares? The treatment had forced me to improve my lifestyle, with regard to diet and exercise, and also to focus my energy on my penis. I'd say it obviously enjoyed the attention."

"Measurements were not made with enough accuracy to perceive any minor increase in size. So while I can't categorically state that the member enjoyed an increase in size, it is definitely working better, and who is going to complain about that?"

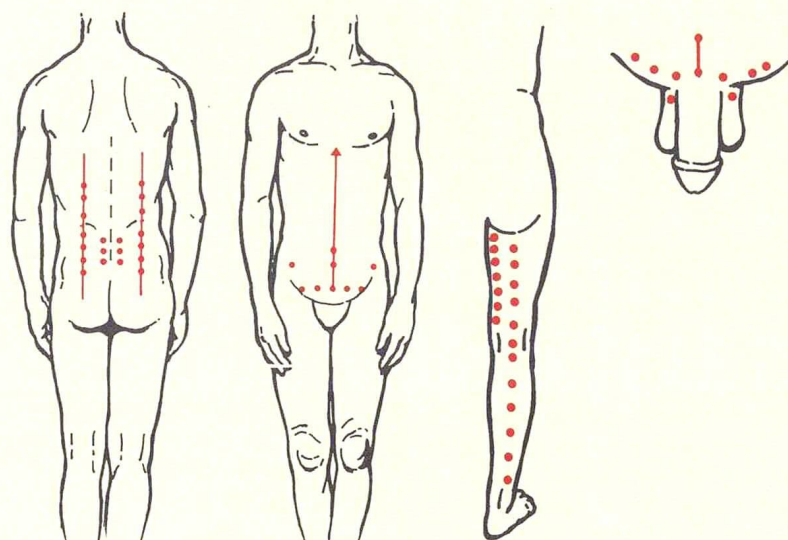
beating. Obviously there was a lot more to look at than just cholesterol.

His treatment began with acupuncture, one branch of Chinese medicine, at the first consultation. This involves the placing of hair-fine pins at key energy points on the body. None go into the genitals themselves. The theory of this treatment is that your body contains its own healing blueprint. Sometimes external factors force your body functions off course, and eventually damage your energy enough to make you ill. All acupuncture does is reprogram the body energy back to its normal pattern.

The key to its effectiveness lies in choosing the right points to stimulate, and these vary from individual to individual. For Peter the points were chosen to "Calm The Heart" (reduce stress and help insomnia), "Harmonise The Liver" and "Strengthen The Kidneys" — which means strengthening the genitals. (Rule 4: Treat the cause and treat the symptoms.) The terms of Chinese medicine always sound poetic to our ears, but I personally feel that I'd rather suffer from "Heart And Kidneys Lack Harmony" than be told I was neurotic. At least it sounds like somebody can identify *why* I'm neurotic and do something to help.

It was advised that he take *tienchi*, a variety of ginseng that helps lower blood cholesterol and fat levels, go to the gym to build up his general muscle tone (sex is a physical effort, remember) and learn a special Taoist yoga exercise to improve the strength and blood flow in his pelvic area — once again, the Deer Exercise.

Diagram 1. Acupressure massage for impotence. Following the diagrams of acupressure points, just press and release each point three times for about a second each time. Then proceed to the next point. Don't press so hard as to cause pain or injury.



After two treatments a week for five weeks Peter experienced what he called "an incredible night." He had managed to have sex a number of times in one night and said that the pleasure of his orgasm was more intense than it had been for years. As well, his sleeping had improved, his performance at work had improved and he was re-establishing his relationship. He added that he now got a physical response just from holding his girlfriend's hand.

The key to successful treatment lies in discovering what lies at the root of the problem. A disorder anywhere in the body will lower general health enough to affect sexual performance. The mind and body constantly interact in response to changes and stresses in the environment. Any physical problem will effect you emotionally and any emotional problem will effect you physically. A Chinese medicinal practitioner looks for clues in both your mind and body to discover the pattern of your problem. It's possible to get well using extremely simple and safe methods of treatment and without resorting to drugs and surgery.

All cases of impotence have one thing in common: an underlying weakness in the system has led to a lack of "Kidney Energy" — read as "sexual potency." But why?

Usually the types of "why" are divided up into four major groups. There are others but they don't occur so often. Each group broadly describes how your body has reacted to the nine causes of illness. When someone actually has treatment from an expert acupuncturist, the treatment is fine-

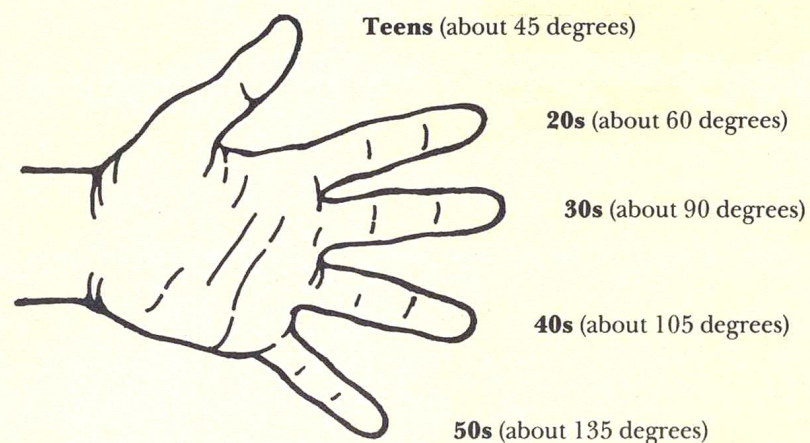


Diagram 2. Degrees of erection related to age, using the hand as a measure

tuned to allow for individual differences. It is also possible for the categories to overlap.

The sort of person who is anxious and worries a lot is said to have "Heart And Spleen Energy Weakness." They are probably waxy and pale-looking. Insomnia, palpitations, digestive upsets and general lack of energy are typical. A classic sign for this group is clammy hands, especially when they are nervous. (This is why an acupuncturist will shake hands with you. Your diagnosis is beginning even before you open your mouth.)

This person would be advised to give up sweet food, take proper meal breaks, avoid cold and raw foods and do a strengthening type of exercise like Tai Chi. An appropriate herbal remedy such as *shi chuan da bu wan* plus *ginseng* and *royal jelly* might be prescribed. If they were also "sloppy" fat then they would take *fang chi huang chi tang*.

These herbs are available as ready-made pills at almost any shop in Chinatown, but it's not intended that you rush off and take a guess at what you need. Always consult first.

The second group, called "Weakness Of The Fire Of Life", consists of people who are probably aging, maybe have been quite sick for some time, or have screwed themselves silly. Weak legs, aching back and general tiredness show up. This is a genuinely run-down lot. It's normal for your sexual abilities to decline a bit with age, but the lifestyles of a lot of people lead to a quicker, more drastic decline. This can be reversed. The list of possible herb remedies here is enormous, but most contain *ginseng*. *Fu gwei ba wei wan* may be appropriate if you feel the cold, or *liu wei di huang wan* if you're a hot person.

The Chinese say a man's sexual age, as distinct from his physical age, is shown by the angle his erect penis makes with his abdomen. Consult Diagram 2 to find your sexual age. It's a

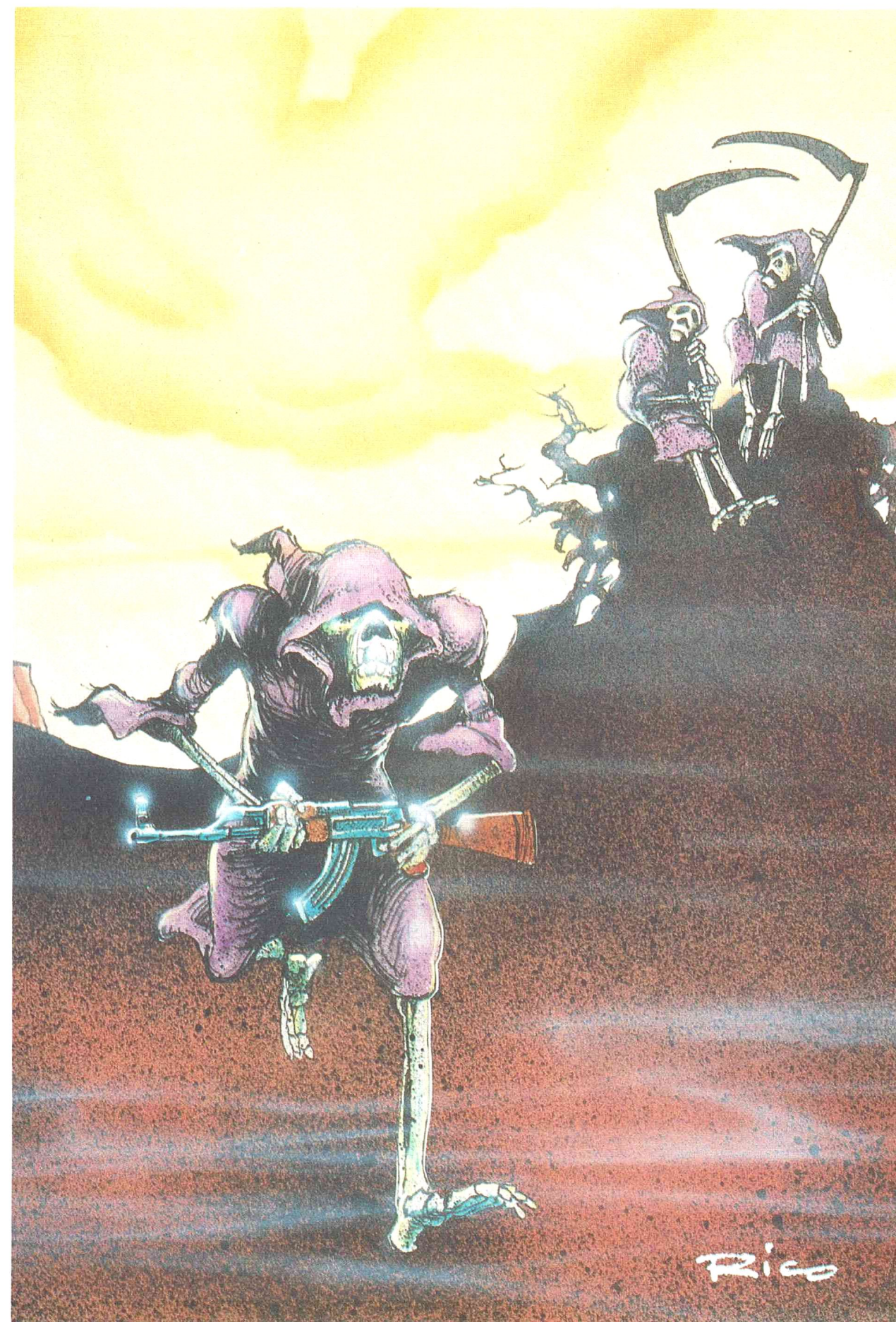
quick check to see if your lifestyle is aging you faster than the calendar is.

A tendency to irritability, sore eyes, cramps in the legs at night, or maybe 2 am insomnia — perhaps even migraines — would indicate the group named "Repression Damages The Liver." This relates to the sort of lifestyle that leads to high blood pressure and stomach ulcers. One of the herbal formulas used for this one goes by the quaint name of *chai hu* and *dragon bone tea*. You would be advised to avoid fried foods, alcohol and spices. Stress management skills are necessary. Often this person has dealt with personal or business pressures by drinking or eating junk food.

The final main category is called "Fear Damages The Kidneys." It is caused by a sudden and acute attack of fear that can have lifelong repercussions. There are many Vietnam vets who left more than the war behind in Asia. Any terrifying experience can result in impotence. Perhaps herbs called *tien wan bu xin wan* ("empty heart pills") would be used, but for this one the main treatment would be acupuncture.

Acupuncture will of course help with any of the four categories, and a common feature is that the Deer Exercise will benefit all of them. It's important, once the causes of the problem are identified, that you follow any advice you're given. The major role of a good doctor is education to prevent disease from coming back, or even better, to stop it happening in the first place. As the Chinese saying goes: "Only an inferior doctor treats sick people; a superior doctor's patients stay well."

Next month, the author looks at Chinese remedies for various other forms of sexual dysfunction: premature ejaculation, inability to reach orgasm, sexual dissatisfaction and lack of desire. Discover more about the secrets of *ginseng*.



"They've done away with some of the frills this year!"

FUTURE SHOCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

If Suzy Lydon's hunch is on the mark, the future of sex-play is hi-tech. "We already know that women only need men because a dildo can't take out the garbage . . . but it won't be long before the computer and home robot will look after that, too. I'm worried about you guys," she goes on with a smile. "I'm worried about how you're going to take it when you're redundant . . ."





"You can see it happening already. Women all over the place are realising they need men about as much as a fish needs a snorkel."



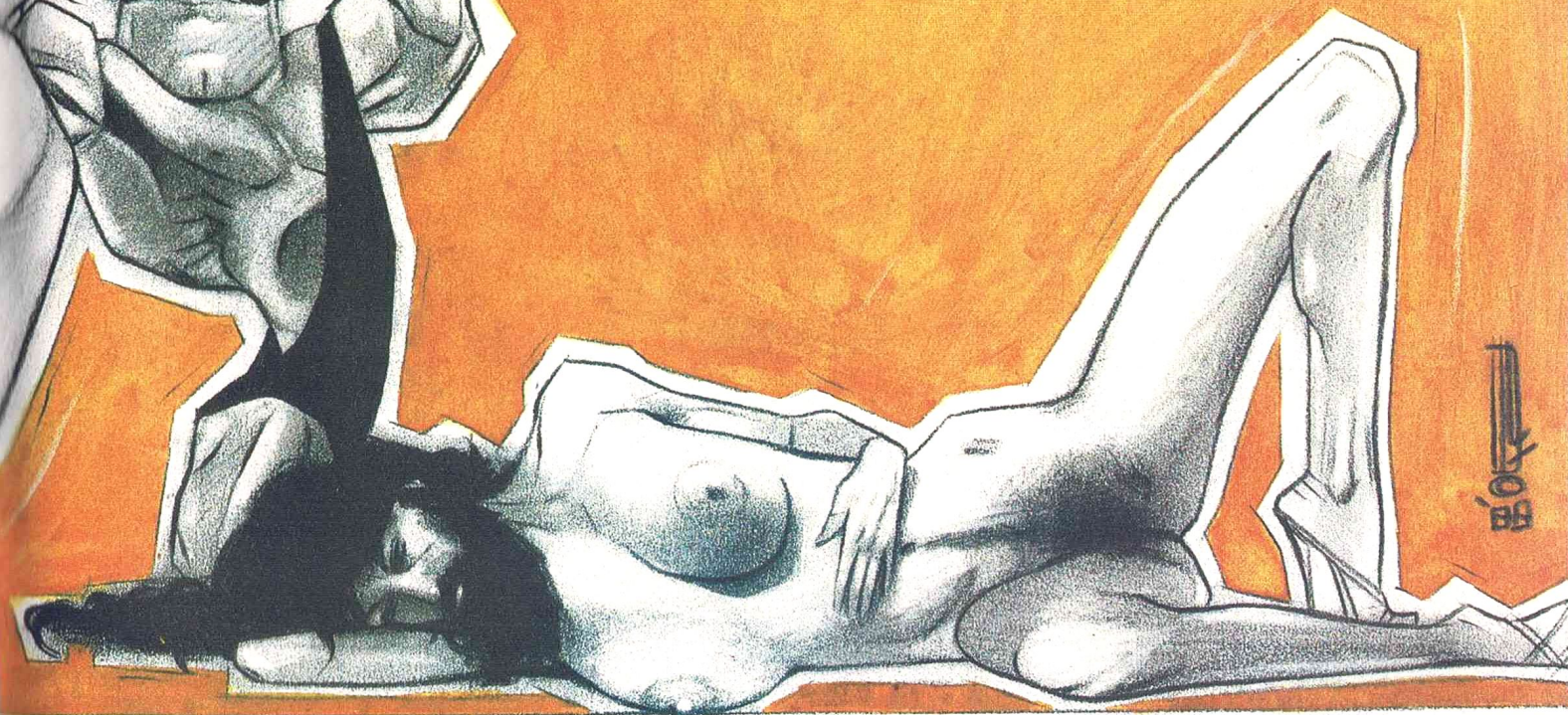
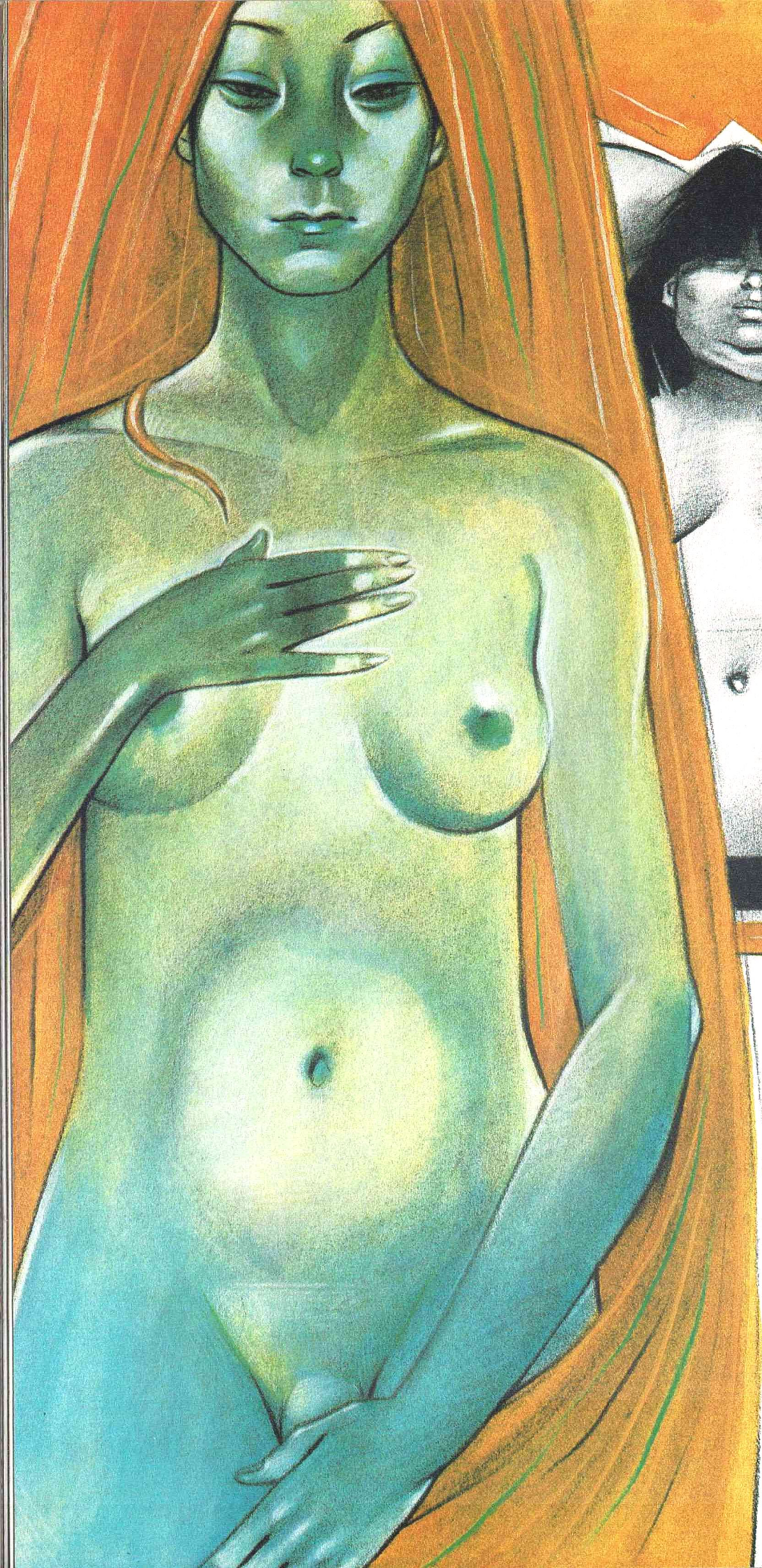


So does Suzy yet count herself as beyond needing men? "Not quite. Psychologically, I'd have to say yes. But physically, no. When they can get a robot to do the things a man can do, I'll think about it."





Sounds like Suzy has had a rough time with men in her life . . . "Typical male defence," she quips. "Men can't bear to think that women can do without them. They're in for a shock in the future."



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Is he a she or is she a he? Roll up, roll up. . .

This story occurred in a country where time behaves differently from here. There and then lived a couple, a man and a woman, peasants. They worked hard and lived well.

When they killed a pig they made black puddings from the blood, white from the flesh, and sausages from the intestines; they stewed the ears and grilled the feet, smoked the hams and roasted the forequarters, fried potatoes in the fat, made cheese from the head and bacon from the ribs, potted the liver and fricasseed the brains. They grew grain for bread, and milked cows and goats for

cheese. Grapes swelled and were crushed into wine, and the virgin oil was pressed from the olive.

The man and his wife were short people, with abundant flesh firmed by toil. The woman was round; she looked as though she could have been modelled by a child in a series of spheres. The husband resembled a set of cubes: a box of a body and neck and shoulders and muscular arms all squared. Their skins were strong and pale brown, russet-colored where the sun had caught them, and they had straight dark hair that shone when certain lights fell upon it. At night they lay, tired but with the proud

FICTION BY MARION HALLIGAN

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

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contentedness of work well done, and they took pleasure in one another.

A Golden Age picture, but it has a flaw — and that a classical one. They had no children. It was difficult, in a life devoted to fruitfulness, to be barren. The woman's spherical hips seemed made to house a child. They hoped, they prayed, and did all the practical things, without success. In their middle age, when they had accepted that their role was to succour fecundity and not to enjoy it, they were surprised to discover themselves pregnant.

A boy was born, a beautiful child. From the beginning he was pale, never having the boiled look of most babies. He was delicately made, too; if his mother was spherical and his father cubic, then he was linear. Even as a baby, he was not plump; his arms and legs, his fingers and toes, were long and slender; his jaw, his lips, the almonds of his eyes were fine curving lines. There was no suggestion that he was not perfectly strong, absolutely healthy, and indeed he never suffered the usual childish malaises, but his mother looked after him as a precious and fragile creature needing care.

Sometimes when she lay him on the bed to change his nappy, the expression on her face was that of the Virgin Mary regarding the Christ Child. Not that she treated him

with awe. She kissed his tummy and nibbled his toes and rolled him in somersaults when he wriggled and kicked. Neither the mother nor the father could remember or even imagine what their lives had been like without him.

One evening when he was about three they all sat around the fire. As the woman knitted she looked at them — at the man and his rosy brown squareness, at the slender fair child, at her own stubby brown fingers plying the wool. Perhaps he's a changling, she thought. There'd been gypsies down the river the night that he was born. The midwife had asked for silver to cross their palms; better to buy a blessing than risk a curse. Perhaps there'd been an exchange; perhaps the beautiful boy on the hearthrug was really a little prince, son of a noble house. . . .

No, it couldn't be. This was a warm, well-fed, happy family, safe by the fire. Not for a moment did she doubt the child was hers. His miraculous beauty was a gift to his parents, and a gift from them.

By the time he was five it was clear that he was quick as well. The priest noticed the way he looked at words and offered to educate him. He taught him to read, and gave him some lessons in mathematics and grammar, but he was old and sleepy and often the boy roamed his library and educated himself, oddly and passionately. The old man had conversations with him, and wondered if he learned more than he

taught. He saw that the child, as he grew towards youth, looked like an angel in a medieval painting, with fine-lined face smiling upon a lute or harp. He didn't say so to anybody; nobody would have known what he meant.

The parents didn't see their child as a peasant or a farmer. He was too delicately made for hard work; he was quite strong but had not the stamina. He kept busy about the place, but did not toil as his parents did. He set out the cheeses on vine leaves, wrote labels for the jars of preserves, collected the eggs, searched out mushrooms. And talked to them. He was a great entertainment.

This was a very good life, for all three, and nobody imagined that it might not go on. When the boy was 13 two things happened. They were not connected, but their joint occurrence made it difficult not to see causation. The child grew breasts. His mother noticed it during the summer. He was wearing a white linen shirt, and when he stretched up to pick cherries the fall of the light and the blowing of the wind made it impossible to mistake: they were youthful, but definitely formed, small pointed lumps upon the tight cage of his ribs, with the nipples standing out.

At that moment a weight fell upon the mother, as it never had before, even in all the childless years — a weight like a great woollen blanket seamed with lead. It bowed her shoulders and made breathing difficult. Sometimes briefly she forgot it was there but always its heaviness recalled its presence. She watched the child; he seemed as serene as ever. Sitting in the kitchen, herself knitting, her husband snoozing, she looked at his head bent over a book. It occurred to her that perhaps he'd always known; that all the years of his childhood, when all his physical features were those of a boy, he'd felt himself female as well as male. Inside her head she put words together, lumpy spiky words that fell far short of her intention. She'd never had much time for talk; she'd touch, she'd smile, she'd sing, people understood her. The child said enough for them all. Now she sat with her knitting, casting around for words and their connections to make a net to catch the meaning of this situation, and failed.

The other thing that happened during the winter was that her husband, an old man now, had a stroke. Not a very bad one, but it slowed him down.

The heavy clothes of winter disguised the child's shape, but when the summer came it was evident. His breasts had grown; drastically they changed the shape of his summer shirts. Though he stayed at home, word got around. His mother knew by the way eyes followed her at the market, by the murmured words behind sidelong glances. The priest came to the house. The mother thought, he's come to see for himself, he's come to inspect. What he said was: "Whatever's happened to your

lessons, child? I've missed them."

The youth smiled. "Thanks to them I know the name for myself. 'Hermaphrodite.'" The word came out of his mouth like an almond tree bursting into flower. "Named after Hermes, the messenger of the gods, who presides over commerce and thievery, who invented the lyre, and Aphrodite the goddess of love. I think I have to finish lessons now. My parents need me."

The father could no longer work hard. The youth and the woman did their best, but his slenderness and delicacy were exacerbated by his femaleness; she was like a sapling, tough and strong but pliant and easily bowed; she lacked the power to work as her father had done. A pig was not killed. Half the grapes rotted on the vines. Sometimes the milk curdled before the cheese was made. As the work became difficult the good life slid away. It was hard not to see the child's change as the beginning of the draining away of the good things.

In the autumn of the child's fifteenth year, when his body had all the shapes of its adult frame but still belonged to a child, as though the flesh were dressing up, were playing at maturity, a man came to the house. He was a big man, thickly and darkly haired, and when he smiled the skin inside his mouth glistened red. He offered a lot of money.

For the kid. "The boy-girl. Or is it girl-boy? Oh, the fame has spread, don't worry. He — she — it — whatever! — could make you rich, you know."

He smiled. The red flesh glistened.

Oh no. "No," said the woman. "He's not for sale."

"Who's talking about selling? I'm talking about a job. A career. Easiest job in the world. Lap of luxury. And an excellent income, no effort."

"I don't understand what you mean."

"Look, I run a show. . . ."

"A freak show," said the youth.

"Not at all, not at all." The man looked hurt. He pouted red skin too. "This is a class act. Talented artistes. Unique specimens. Travel to some of the finest venues in the world. It's easy living, all right. Nothing to do but lie on a silken couch and smile — all the way to the bank."

"No," said the mother, and the father.

"I'll make you an offer you can't refuse." He took out more money than they'd ever seen before. "Look, this down, and after that it's up to the kid, what it sends you every month. I pay a good wage. Of course there's keep and travelling expenses, but you'll find that there's a goodly sum left over."

"No," said the parents, and whatever the swarthy man said they just kept saying no. They shook their heads to keep his words from their ears; they had no arguments to counter him, only stubbornness. Their child listened. When the man left he said: "I think I should go."

"Are you mad?"

"It would be all right. A job. I could stop if I didn't like it."

"You don't know. You don't know what it would be like."

When they had gone to bed he went out. He wrapped himself in a cape that joined him to the darkness of the night and walked around until he found the man, in a cafe doored and windowed with yellow squares of light. He waited till he came out, and said, "Give me the money and I will come and work for you." He wrote a note to his parents. "I will see you again soon" was one of the things it said. They would have to get the priest to read it to them.

The swarthy man had partly told the truth. The job was not hard physical work. Even the favors he had not mentioned as part of the deal were of a passive nature. There was no salary or wage, and the luxury was theatrical, a matter of persuading the imaginations of the customers. The

The others
retched when they had
to go near her. "It's all
part of the experience
I offer," she
said



"How can I tell them I shat in their spa?"

"players" knew how frayed and stained it was.

They were all freaks. There was a dwarf, who was very strong; he did the manual work of the troupe. There was a girl with a beard, which was long, dark brown, very silky. It took up most of her time, in the conditions in which they travelled, to wash it, put it in curl papers, perfume it. She never spoke, and nobody knew whether she could. She poked with her elbows and grabbed for food. There was a fat woman who spent most of her time in a sort of cart, or litter, reinforced with solid wooden beams in order to support her weight. She wouldn't wash. The others retched when they had to go near her. She didn't take any notice. "It's all part of the experience I offer," she said.

The other member of the troupe was a two-headed sheep.

The maestro gave his newest acquisition a name. "Stars always change their names," he said, and cackled with laughter. "Hero," he said. "We'll call you Hero."

When its recipient pointed out that it was a girl's name, he scoffed. "A hero's always a man," he said. The name may have

lacked ambivalence, but the billing didn't. "He's A Lovely Woman," it said. "She's A Handsome Boy." When the maestro shouted his wares he played the pronouns for all they were worth. "See him do her thing," he shouted. "Is he a her, or is she a him? Come and see for yourself."

The spiel was a trick to get the customers in. All Hero did was lie on a bench — the "silken couch", which was a wooden plank covered with a piece of ancient grimy turquoise-colored satin, with a tinselled tatty pillow to put under his arm-pit or elbow — with a piece of gauze over him. The maestro didn't want to make it too easy for people to get value for their money.

He liked being called Hero. She could be the beautiful girl waiting in the torch-lit tower for her lover to come, or he could be the boy, the real hero, swimming the stormy sea and finally perishing. Sometimes it was cold, but usually heavy breaths and heaving bodies raised the temperature. The bearded woman, who was known as Barbara, had to stand up. She had a palm leaf fan which she held over her face so that she appeared an ordinary naked woman. Then she moved the fan up and away from her in an arc, revealing the shining curling beard, then back down again to hide it. Up two three four five pause; down two three four five pause — the latter pause the longer. The maestro believed in teasing. The dwarf shared a booth with the two-headed sheep, and mainly flexed his muscles. The sheep found simple existence so fraught with warring choices that it usually did nothing.

The fat woman lay in her cart filling her booth with her smell. The customers gagged and pulled out their handkerchiefs, but quite enjoyed it. They were there to be appalled. She was naked too, so there could be no suspicions of padding. She picked up the great loops and pouches and pendules of her flesh like a dancer holding out a frilled skirt, and watched the watchers' faces. She was the only one who did this. All the others had dead eyes. It was as though their bodies were on show but their spirits were absent. So much so that customers might accuse the maestro of using dummies, automata. If he were in a good mood he would bite the arm of Hero or Barbara and show the white teeth marks fading, or prick them with a needle so that a drop of blood welled. Only the fat woman was present in her eyes, which had a challenging gleam. She took pleasure in displaying her grossness, as a means of taking revenge on their curiosity, punishing voyeurs by exceeding their expectations. She laughed at them when they looked sick at the sight and smell of her.

One day a customer hurrying out of her booth dropped a black silk scarf on the ground. Hero, quick as a snake, snatched it up and later cut slits in it so he could wear it as a mask. Sometimes he covered his

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eyes with it completely and lay on his couch with his mind as well as his eyes absent, thinking of the books he had read in the old priest's study, turning their pages again in his head. Sometimes he thought of his home, the vines in rows, the warm cow in the barn, the shifting silvery grey of the olive trees, his parents. These thoughts were dangerous; they turned sharp knives between his ribs. He would change position suddenly in order to get away from them, a bonus for the customers. He didn't often think about his present situation, though he wondered sometimes if he was disappointed. After a while he no longer knew whether he'd expected anything better.

Sometimes he said the name for himself over in his head. "Hermaphrodite." It had a beautiful shape, full of meaning. "Hermaphrodite." And the fact that there was a name for him was a comfort.

Some of the old priest's books had pictures, and one day, reclining with his eyes glazed over, he felt like one of them. He was lying with his knee bent up and his arm across it; something in the way his finger pointed transported him into the painting. He was Adam being given life; no, not just Adam, Adam and Eve. Both at once: Adameve, Evadam: as good a name as hermaphrodite. His mind played with the idea,

then bits of doggerel came into it. *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me
Went down to the river to bathe
Adam and Eve were drowned...*

He became aware of something prodding his genitals. His eyes unglazed and he saw a woman with a face like a pudding, her hat the basin. She held out a walking stick with which she was poking at his penis, lifting it with a grim fraud-expectant look. Beside her two girls tittered behind their hands. He grabbed the stick and twisted it out of her hands, hissing: "Who do you think was saved?"

The woman reached out for her stick; Hero swished it through the air like a cane. His strokes whipped the shape of her body, her face, her shoulders, her legs. She could not get near it. She looked at the girls; Hero shaped them with swishing of the stick. All three drew back and went uncertainly out of the tent, looking over their shoulders as though everything might change and the cane acquiesce to their grasp. Hero kept the stick and used it as a prop. Sometimes, reclining on one elbow, he flexed it between his hands. The maestro was delighted. "Kinky," he said. "Kiinnkyy. I love it."

The maestro's failure to pay a wage didn't matter, because he regularly drank himself into unconsciousness and then Hero helped himself. He could do this because he was the maestro's bedfellow. Barbara had been ousted by Hero; she

glowered and though he tried to win her, would not be friends. Hero shared the money with her, which enraged her, since before she'd kept it all; and with the dwarf and the fat woman, which enraged them because they'd realised they'd been missing out. There wasn't a lot of it, the troupe not being a great money earner, and some had to be left with the maestro for expenses, and to prevent suspicion. Hero made a pocket in the black silk scarf and always wore it; the others constantly accused one another of stealing. He wished they could be friends. They all had problems. A bit of kindness, a bit of affection, would make them easier to bear.

"Speak for yourself, dearie," cackled the fat woman. "Look after number one, that's my motto."

"Only a fool trusts fools," growled the dwarf.

Barbara sneered.

The troupe travelled round in two clumsy wooden vans. The maestro drove one, the dwarf the other. The maestro's housed Hero, with Barbara in an alcove behind, and valuable goods like the turquoise satin and the tinsel pillow. The other carried the fat woman, and the booths, and the sheep in a pen hung on the back. Hero looked out of the window at the world jogging by, at cathedrals and castles and cities, and rivers flowing under bridges, and at fields and farms and trellising vines, though sometimes he had to look away from these because of the knives between his ribs.

The maestro would stop the caravans in fields on the edges of towns, or on patches of waste ground in the middle of cities, and he and the dwarf would set up the booths — flimsy partitions of wood and canvas, covered with faded painted signs like magic spells. Sometimes he'd attach them to a fair, or a circus, and then Hero would listen to the melancholy roars of animals he knew by name but not by sight. On such occasions the maestro kept them locked up so people couldn't catch free glimpses of his wares. At show time he put on his top hat and purple frock coat and spruiked; customers with fearful fascinated faces would hand him coins and file past the exhibits. In between spruiking — "See the fat lady, 33 stones if she's an ounce ladies and gentlemen, I've known smaller elephants, she stands on you you'll wish it was an elephant" — he hurried them along, on the grounds that they were depriving other people of these truly astonishing sights, but hoping that they'd pay again and go through for a second look.

In one city — they came to it across a river so wide Hero wondered if it might have been the Hellespont — he arranged a private show. A number of men sat on benches around one of the booths, the turquoise satin was spread in the middle, and a lot of money was taken. The maestro brought in Barbara and Hero. There was to be a special act between them. He played pander. He pushed them together, he took

their hands and put them on the other's private parts, he cajoled, he murmured in a tone of endearment the things they were to do to one another. The seated men guffawed, they shouted encouragement as though it were a cockfight, they called out lewd asides and nudged elbows. The two performers faced one another. Their bodies were as dead as their eyes. They were like automata whose clockwork had run down; they couldn't perform. The audience began to swear, to make catcalls, to throw clods. The un-lovers stood wooden and undefended. The maestro cursed them, threatened them, softly, smiling, but could not animate them.

In the end he not only had to give the clients their money back, but buy them spirits as well. He nearly beat the two of them that time, coming back drunk and late to the caravan, but Hero said, "Remember our skins," which always stopped him. He was never so drunk as to damage his wares. It occurred to Hero that customers might be titillated by marks of the horsewhip on his own and Barbara's flesh. He hoped it wouldn't occur to the maestro, who after the failure of the copulation fed them water and pig bread for several days.

The maestro was violent and they were all scared of him, except perhaps the fat woman, who could shout more obscenities at him than he could reply to. After a while Hero realised that he wasn't vicious, nor particularly unkind; not a very bad man, considering his trade. He was learning not to mind being his bedfellow; it was a warm place to sleep and often the maestro was too drunk to bother him. He never seemed to expect much response, was often content with holding, and Hero could go away into his own head, and think of Aphrodite with her swans and doves and shells, her clumsy husband and war-mongering lover, of Hermes in his winged cap and sandals flitting busily about the heavens, putting his skill and dexterity to good and bad purposes.

The bedfellow could borrow the keys, and let himself out of the caravan. Provided he guessed right how long the maestro would sleep, he could have some hours of freedom. Hero stole one of Barbara's dresses and wore that; it was easier to disguise the male parts than the female ones. His hair had grown quite long, curling over his shoulders. In the crowded city streets men cupped their hands round her bottom, pinched at her nipples; their bodies wreathed around hers. She was learning to slip out of their clutches with skill and dexterity. It hurt her to realise that she couldn't ever escape the lust of others; if their eyes did not pry at her, their hands did. Only in the dawn was she free, when the world was not yet occupied by people.

Occasionally the maestro had an odd customer, a man, better dressed and more fastidious than the usual crowd. Several times such a man came afterwards to the caravan, and offered the maestro sums of

money for the hermaphrodite. As the maestro refused he would offer more; immense amounts were mentioned. Hero overheard one of these, and was surprised; such money would never be made from the booth. He understood that the man wanted to buy him to keep for himself, much as he would buy a fine bronze sculpture or a painting that pleased him. He heard the man call him "the catamite", which angered him, and was glad of the maestro's refusal, though the life would have been one of great luxury. At least in the booth he earned his living.

"He's not for sale," the maestro said. His parents had said the same thing. In the same proud defiant voice.

The maestro and his unique specimens arrived at the capital of a country in time for the spring fair. There were displays of skill in horse-riding and bull-baiting, exhibitions of an agricultural nature, and a series of booths like the maestro's, displaying fire

6
Hero had
discovered some of his
clothes missing, and guessed
that Barbara had stolen them
for the same purpose
as he had hers
,

spitters, sword swallows, glass eaters, nail sitters, knife throwers, fortune tellers, snake charmers, escape artists, who wandered the world as he did. They formed a large circle, known as Sideshow Alley, and in the centre was a circus, called "The Prodigious Infants." They had a Big Top which was pink and white and looked like a sky-high iced birthday cake; the flags fluttering from its scalloped roof could have been candles flickering.

The maestro exhibited his wares all day and in the evening went out drinking with his fellow entrepreneurs. First he locked his people in. Hero had a copy of the key, and let them out. The fat lady never moved if she could help it, but the dwarf and Barbara slipped off. Hero had discovered some of his clothes missing, and guessed that Barbara had stolen them for the same purpose as he had hers. He was wearing her dress and the heavy dark cape with a hood. Inside its frame her face was held like a drawing which glowed in the fairground lights; people's eyes were drawn to her. She went to the circus.

The Prodigious Infants were not all children; some were hardly more than babies

but there were teenagers and adults as well. They specialised in trapeze acts, four or five people swinging through the air and catching one another just when it seemed impossible. The audience was either holding its breath or sucking it in, or sighing it out. In the silences between cymbals and drums the high fliers orchestrated a tentful of breaths.

Everything the circus performers did was patterned and complex. They made fans — a dozen people standing on the back of one strong man, hands linked, perfectly balanced. They made human chains that dangled from the heaviest to the lightest, and human columns that grew up in the same way. They formed a kind of hedgehog of people on a unicycle; she counted 16.

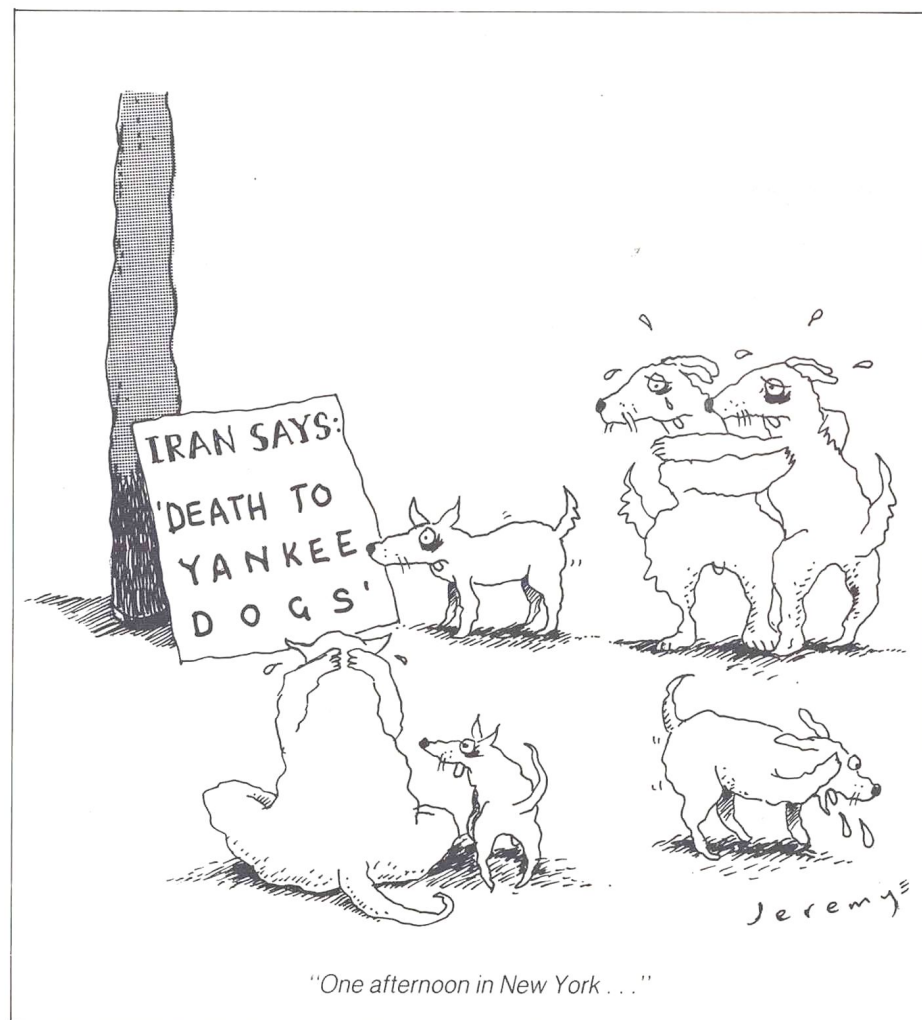
Pink and white girls pirouetted on horseback in between turning somersaults in one another's arms. They smiled, they laughed, they were delighted with themselves. Their excitement welled out. But always with care, with control, so that their bodies had a kind of tension that responded to the needs of others. They vibrated, in unison or in patterns, like strings producing music, complex and moving harmonies, so that three trapeze artists could launch into the air at the same time, sure that the necessary hands or feet or swing would be in the precise place at precisely the necessary second. They flew out over the audience and trusted that what they needed would be provided. And it always was. The audience did not believe as the artists did; they kept expecting things to go wrong. That was where they got their excitement.

The circus finished with trumpets and triumphal marches. The performers laughed and waved. They couldn't even in tableaux keep still for a moment; their feet kept giving little trills of delight. When it was over Hero sat, exhausted with jealousy. The crowds left and the lights were extinguished, the tent grew cold, and she sat, jealous. It weighed her down. She couldn't move; despair froze worse than cold. She couldn't bear to think of the sneering troupe, dead-eyed, exploiting and exploited. Hating. She would never go back.

The maestro found her. A grey morning revealed her slumped on a seat in the empty tent. He was in a rage, and grabbed her and shook her. Her body was lax, was limp with the jealousy and the despair and the cold. "I'll whip you," he babbled. "I'll whip you. You'll wish you were dead."

He had to carry her; her legs didn't work. "Remember my skin," she muttered.

He held her tight in his arms, and shook her. Her hood fell back, and her pale head had the pure and heart-stopping lines of a medieval angel. He carried her home, hugging her tight in his arms. "Never again, never," he mumbled, and pressed her to his chest. She felt his face wet against hers. His lips mumbled *never never* in kisses on her cheeks. ☪



"One afternoon in New York..."

HOUSEWIFE

Continued from page 60

morals of the whole affair would always take second place to the exquisite anticipation that churned her stomach and which made her readily agree to Marcus taking an overseas trip without her.

While he was away she made a genuine effort to rationalise their relationship within the marriage. She concluded that she was very fond of Marcus in a dependent sort of way. After all, it wasn't as if she was married to a boilermaker. He had a wide circle of influential and monied friends and quite often their pictures appeared in the Sunday social pages. And although he constantly complained about her weekly bill at the hairdresser, he wasn't really a mean person with money. After all, hadn't he given her the new Volvo for her birthday? And her Amex, Bankcard, Visa and Mastercards were always paid on time with little or no argument. So it certainly wasn't money, generosity or affection that had suddenly come into play in the game of her new emotions. It was something more important that had never been important before. And despite trying to conclude otherwise there was no escaping it. Marcus was suddenly very, very boring. And what was even more shattering was the realisation that Marcus had always been boring. Eight years of marriage and he'd never brought her to orgasm! Eight years of wilderness. And all those years before, with gropes on the back seat of the car and an occasional finger-fuck on the sofa, forever fearful that her parents might wake up and walk in. And then, suddenly, there were fireworks in her life. Champagne had been replaced by dope. Gin and tonics by amphetamines. And a line of coke could travel quicker than a straight Scotch.

After the pool cleaner there had been the student selling encyclopedias. And after him the chimney sweep, and so on. Now it was the home-service carpet cleaner. All young boys. And all she had to do was let her fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages. She had dropped bridge and golf, but kept up the tennis. She felt it important to keep her thighs firm.

Upon his return from Asia, Marcus was moody and silent. As was Stephanie. The doctor had told her that genital herpes was highly contagious. For his part, Marcus had been advised that the strain of venereal infection he'd picked up in Bangkok could hang around for months.

Accordingly, their nights before the TV were distant and tense until one or the other relieved the atmosphere by complaining of a headache and retiring to bed alone.

Following her startling diagnosis, Stephanie ceased all dalliances. Despite her hunger, the Protestant ethic of fair play

was too strong. And besides, she didn't want a young thug complaining of blisters coming around and beating her about the head.

However, Marcus didn't feel so benevolent. Some bitch had given him pain and so other bitches could take their chances. After all, they were professionals. And his accountant had advised him, rightly or wrongly, that a visit to "A Touch of Class" could be classified as a business expense.

After the divorce, whereby Stephanie got the house, the kids and the Volvo, together with a monthly allowance of \$2000, she decided to go back to university. She felt that a course in psychology would not only help with her own problems but might just satisfy the self-indulgent urge to give something back to the community at large. After all, her closest friend, Winsome, had made a similar decision after her divorce and joined the staff at the

After the pool man she had the salesman. Then the chimney sweep . . . the carpet cleaner. All she had to do was let her fingers do the walking through the Yellow Pages

Council library, on a voluntary basis of course, and had convinced Stephanie that throwing your car keys into the ring at the end of a Saturday night party was not really all there was to having a good time.

But Stephanie knew that Winsome hadn't hired that Filipino houseboy just to open and close doors and look good in a white coat when she was entertaining. That bitch was one helluva hypocrite. The library job was just a salve for her conscience. But Stephanie really wanted to give.

Like most of her fellow students she kept an up-to-date and ever-changing top-ten list of her favorite people. In her first term at university it read:

John Cleese, Andrew Peacock, Mel Gibson, Woody Allen, Sir Peter Abeles, Leo Schofield, Jack Munday, Germaine Greer, W.A. Mozart, and Adolf Hitler.

In her last semester it had changed to: Sigmund Freud, Bob Geldof, Nelson Mandela, Madonna, Kinky Friedman, Gertrude Stein, Ho Chi Minh, Yoko Lennon, Cole Porter, and Rudolf Hess.

Naturally, she attended countless dinner parties. On one particular evening she

was cornered by an academic from a second-line university who was attracted primarily by her perfume and later by her rather obvious cleavage. Also, he had detested her ex-husband and his unearned affluence and therefore felt it might be a minor victory if he could seduce her into a quick blowjob down by the pool. His logic in this area was sufficiently warped by the 15 bourbons he'd consumed since arriving just three hours previously.

"I agree with Rudolf Hess but I'll never go along with that Yoko piece of shit."

"For a professor, your language is quite inadequate."

"Probably so . . . but how about a blowjob?"

"Are you out of your mind?"

"And Mel Gibson . . . a thespian disaster . . ."

"He has sensitivity . . . and a presence . . ."

"Would you blow him?"

"Listen, you freak . . . I'd rather wipe his arse than kiss you on the cheek . . . Now why don't you go blow yourself?"

"That's funny . . . I always picked you as an easy mark . . ."

"I'd sooner go down on a dying wart-hog."

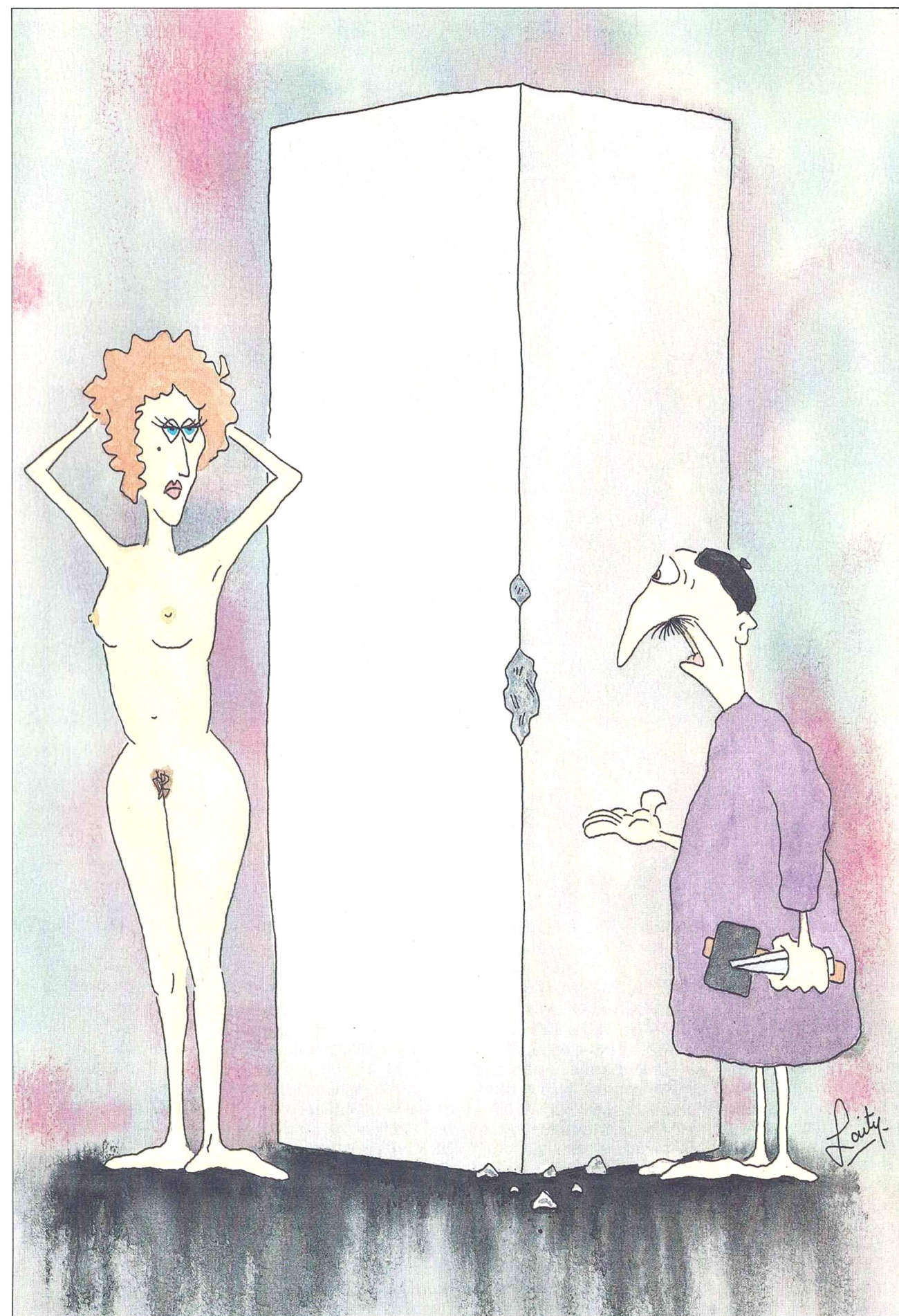
"Does that mean you aren't fond of me?"

"Not at all . . . Give me a ring."

Later on, Stephanie joined 11 campus protest groups. Each weekend she would participate in some action, either active or passive, to redefine the rules of life. Among her protests were women against tampons, the right of abortion, the right to life, women against the Pill, better contraceptives for women, mandatory contraceptives for men, save the platypus, save the mosquito and the right of Aborigines to pick their noses in public.

Naturally she graduated, as all born-again academics do, and it was only three years before she landed her first job . . . as a government research officer assisting in a project to determine the effect of dust-mites on office dissension. As a result of her 80-page report, all government offices were issued with the new Swedish super-suction vacuum cleaners (water filtered) at a national cost of \$5 million. Unfortunately, and almost predictably, office dissension continued despite the costly but effective war on the mites.

It is Saturday afternoon, late and stormy. Stephanie's mind is swimming in a sea of uppers and downers. She is slow-moving but mentally alert. Her mind wants to do things her body can't. She wants the video. She wants the instrument between her thighs. She wants the kids out of the way and the curtains down. All she wants to do is know happiness for a sweet short while. And the pills and the video and the dope and the electric charge on her clitoris are all she will need to get right into the swing of another weekend. ☺



"You moved!"



Honda's hi-tech Prelude is a taste of things to come

WHO DARES WINS

BY PETER MCKAY

When Gerhard Berger's Ferrari raced across the line to win the 1987 Japanese Grand Prix at Suzuka, what followed was a spontaneous outbreak of glee from the predominantly European Formula One set.

The emotional outburst by the hard-core Formula One traditionalists was not so much a reflection of any great love of Ferrari but more a confirmation of European fear, suspicion and disquiet directed at the Japanese. Somewhat jealously, the Europeans regard Formula One as a showcase of European automotive technology. That was fine while European engineering dominated. But then Frank Williams invited the lion to sit down with the deer. . .

At Suzuka a Williams-Honda victory had

been considered almost a formality. Then Honda was beaten by the red car (and on its own turf; Suzuka is owned by Honda). It was a time for rejoicing.

Honda's Formula One involvement goes back nearly a quarter of a century, but the facts are that the company hails from the wrong address and its engineers speak the wrong language. Not always does success breed respect in F1.

It's difficult for Australians to appreciate the deep resentment many Europeans have for the Japanese. Few countries in Europe (West Germany is one exception) have not adopted a harsh protectionist stance against Japan. There is a suspicion that Toyota, Nissan and the rest, given the slightest chance, would swamp the Conti-

nent with cheap cars to the detriment of Fiat, Renault, and the other local products.

The Europeans persist with the line that the Japanese are copycats. It's a tired old claim and hardly has any credence in 1988. And, more than any other Japanese auto maker, Honda is dismantling the argument that the Japanese are not innovators.

Losing at Suzuka was a rare setback for Honda in 1987. On two wheels, Wayne Gardner won the world 500cc title and Honda rider Toni Mang claimed the 250cc crown. Nelson Piquet took a Honda-powered Williams to the world grand prix championship, while Williams won the constructors' trophy with ease. In the more serious business of making bikes and cars for you and I to drive or ride, Honda continued to win acclaim. Locally, the Honda Prelude with four-wheel steering won Australia's major award, the *Wheels* Car of the Year.

Honda entered Formula One in 1964 with its own car. It won two grands prix and then bailed out in 1968 to concentrate on Formula Two, which it tended to dominate. Even with a five-year involvement dating back a couple of decades, and a return to grand prix racing in 1983, Honda is not considered establishment in F1. Honda is an incursor. Honda is considered devious and many question its motives when in fact its reasons for forging a path in motor sport are as fundamental as they are overt.

Motor sport is not a means of making money for Honda, but merely a marketing tool to sell motor cars and an acknowledged magnet for bright young engineers. They serve their formative years in the exciting and challenging environment of motor racing before moving to the difficult, more disciplined work of creating production vehicles.

The prevailing unorthodoxy within the Honda Motor Company comes as a surprise to those familiar with other routinely proper Japanese businesses. Company founder Soichiro Honda has a reputation for being a bit of a hellraiser. The occasional scandal and lurid tales of his associations with geishas suggest the old boy has never minded mixing a work-play cocktail.

The Japanese business philosophy has always been to play a team game. It has been said (with some poetic licence) that Japanese cars are created by committees, designed by computers and built by robots. Honda, though, certainly does not frown on individual achievement.

Honda fosters initiators, thinkers, revolutionaries, dreamers. And it gives them time for self-expression. Example: Honda showed off its radical oval-piston NR750 race bike to Australian pressmen a couple of months ago. The Japanese confirmed the project had been initiated as long ago as 1978. The creator was encouraged to persevere, to eliminate the bugs, to get it right. With Tasmania's Malcolm Campbell aboard, the bike won its first-ever race here

in Australia. In Japan, a small group of men, upon hearing the news, tossed their caps skywards. Soon, maybe early next year, there will be a production version of that oval-piston racer.

The Honda way is unusual anywhere except perhaps within the Research and Development departments of a few of the better European car companies. The Japanese giants are loosening up, but are still some distance from the free-wheeling Honda philosophy.

East meets West — Case One: An Australian motoring writer makes an appointment to meet Hiroto Honda, son of the founder of the Honda Motor Company. Anticipating a Japanese car company executive decked out in the regular uniform of conservative grey suit, white shirt and tie, he goes into shock as a cheerful, jive talking Japanese in white T-shirt and blue jeans introduces himself in perfect English laced with a definite Californian drawl.

“ Honda fosters initiators, thinkers, revolutionaries, dreamers. And it gives them time for self-expression

East meets West — Case Two: An American from Honda US, complete with college degree and a briefcase jammed full of business diplomas, is assigned a tour of duty in Honda's Tokyo PR office. There, the Yankee flack is aghast on day one when he is handed the blue cap and overalls of the plant worker and instructed to first spend three months soiling his hands on the assembly line. That's how it's done at Honda.

Honda has certainly come a long way in a short time. After all, old Soichiro did not put up his shingle until 1948. In the Sixties Honda played a leading role in the Japanese crucifixion of the once-dominant European motorcycle industry, virtually wiping out the strong British brands in the process. Vale Ariel, BSA. . .

While the world motorcycle industry was undergoing its biggest ever shake-up, Honda was also moving into four wheels. . . with a mini-truck in 1962 and then some pocket-sized sports cars.

The cute Civic (born 1972) became the first-ever Japanese motoring fashion accessory, a Must Have for the yuppie advance party. It was a class act among the tiddlers. Globally, only Alfa Romeo's smart

and exciting Alfasud held a candle to Mr Honda's commuter car for those whose discerning tastes didn't quite run to a Porsche or BMW. Later the Accord, bigger than the Civic, was good enough to win Honda the 1977 Car of the Year award — the first imported Japanese-built model to so captivate the hard-to-please *Wheels* panel.

Plainly, Honda is a very different Japanese maker of bikes and cars. Honda has been tagged the BMW of the East. It's a too-glib catchphrase, although understandable. Both Honda and BMW are into bikes and cars. In the four-wheeled field both concentrate on quality machines of a sporting bent. Beyond this, though, any direct comparison becomes tenuous.

BMW has been a high-flyer in the luxury sporting car niche for several decades; Honda only recently took aim at the pricier end of the market. But Honda is destined to one day be regarded as one of the great innovative luxury car producers. The company is possibly only a handful of years away from creating a benchmark prestige motor car. Acceptance as a worthy rival for the Mercedes-Benz/BMW/Jaguar clique will take a little longer, only because of the market's reluctance to let go of preconceptions. And there is a lingering (if out-moded) belief that the Japanese cannot approach the Europeans' standards in designing and developing a carriage for the discerning one percent.

Think about it. Thirty years ago we laughed at the thought that the Japanese could build small economy cars to rival the Austins, Volkswagens and Morris of the day. Their early efforts were feeble — but they got their act together. Today, the Japanese small brigade dominates our new car sales lists — Nissan Pulsar (with help from Holden), Ford Laser, Toyota Corolla. We were also sceptical when the Japanese first targeted the medium car class. Try suggesting now that the Mitsubishi Magna and the Nissan Skyline are not fine family cars by any measure. And so it goes.

The Japanese, now facing serious competition from Korea, are looking at new conquests. The high unit return available at the top end of the market must present a considerable attraction.

The Japanese Big Three have always made what has been their idea of a luxury car. To Western eyes they have been at best lousy, at worst abominable. Chrome-infested butterboxes wobbling about on skinny tyres. The worst of Detroit, circa 1967. Locked tight in a bygone era. Bad news doozies. The Mitsubishi Debonair, Nissan President, Toyota Century: mercifully, this trio of turkeys is not sold here.

Showing due wisdom and caution, Honda instead fine-tuned its small cars, leaving the majors to unwittingly play it for laughs. And so Honda's model range evolved. The first Prelude bowed but lacked masculinity. Never mind — the gays snapped it up. And, at the Tokyo

PHOTO COURTESY OF *WHEELS* MAGAZINE

WINS

Motor Show late in '81, we were smitten by a tiny but brilliantly practicable town car, the aptly-named City. Roomy, responsive, cute, right. It even had a baby fold-down motor scooter tucked away in the back for use when the traffic snarls became impassable in a car.

Twenty years ago it might have been unthinkable for a European car giant to go wooing a Japanese vehicle manufacturer. The Europeans, after all, were the pacesetters; the Japanese mere copyists. But Britain's largest car maker badly needed a lifebuoy at the fag-end of the Seventies. Shell-shocked BL Limited scrambled back from a near-KO in 1979 partly due to the salving qualities of a technical collaboration with Honda. The Triumph Acclaim resulted. Later came a second joint development and production between Britain's largest car maker and Japan's most innovative auto manufacturer. Subsequently, a bunch of Rovers — Quintet, 416i and the recent executive 800 series — reflected varying degrees of Honda input.

From the arrival of the first Civic, Honda has rarely produced anything remotely resembling a turkey. Sure, about four years ago there was concern when its then-new Civics and Accords were criticised for their poor ride qualities.

Not so the current line-up. Nary a hint of mediocrity, let alone a weakness. From the Civic, Integra hatchback and the sporting CRX to the Accord, Prelude and top-of-the-line Legend, they all reflect Honda's dynamism and emphasis on an increasingly sophisticated product.

All Civics are blessed with 16-valve engine technology, while the bob-tailed CRX scores a rorty 97 kiloWatt twin-cam 16-valve 1.6-litre alloy engine that just happens to help the car achieve one of the best Power-to-Weight figures around.

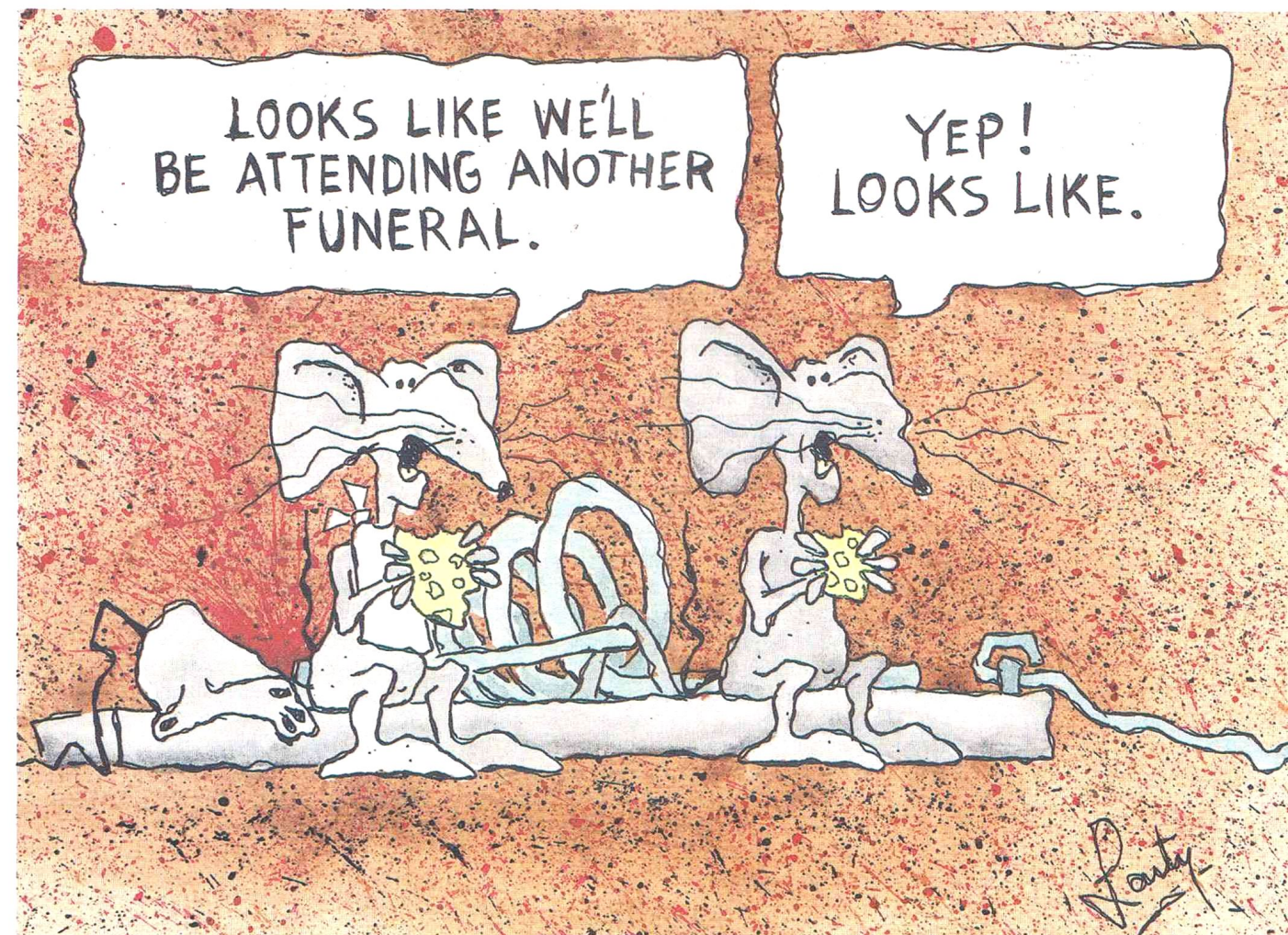
The Legend marks Japan's first proper shot at producing a prestige car for the international market. There has been no attempt to create a motor car at the cutting edge of technology. Now with a larger and more powerful 2.7-litre aluminium 24-valve V6 engine, the Legend, particularly the coupe model, is splendidly competent. Smart styling, reassuring road manners, a treasure trove of standard goodies (ABS braking, power everything, cruise control, and four-speed automatic transmission with driver-selectable sport mode) and faultless build standards. The front-wheel-drive cruiser is in the Audi class, which is no small compliment. Still, it is not a benchmark executive carrier. The revolution will probably come with the successor to the Legend, four years away.

The current four-wheel steering Prelude, launched here with understandable fanfare late last year, is the technological star

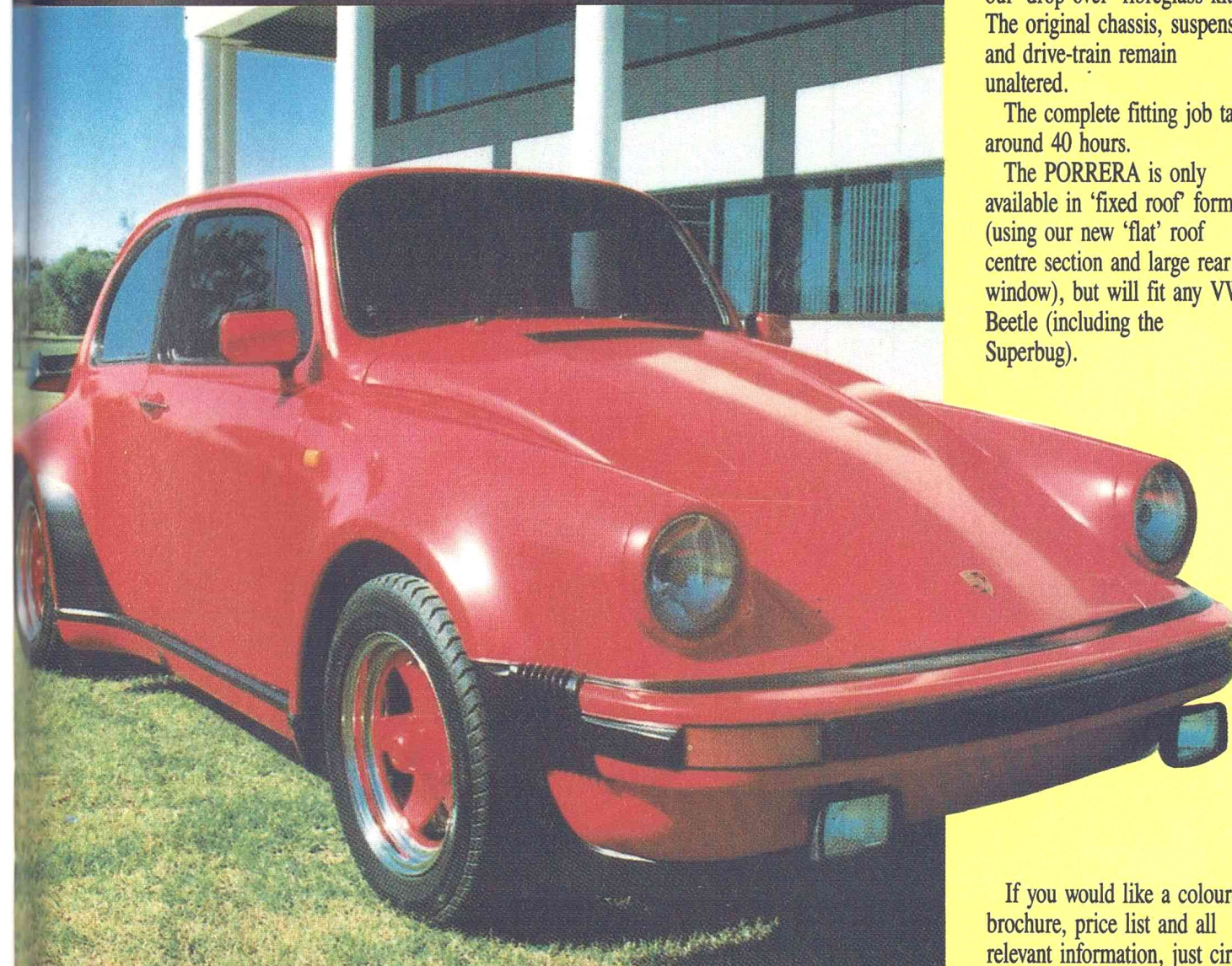
of the Honda squad. Several manufacturers are exploring the mysteries and benefits of all-wheel steering, but Honda was first out with a production system. A car that wiggles its rear wheels could be a gimmick. The Prelude is not. The engineering is remarkable for its effectiveness and simplicity. Honda claims that the 4WS reduces the turning circle and makes for easier parking. But the real bonus is the improved handling; the rear-wheel steering partially negates the inherent understeer of a front-wheel drive car. There's lane-changing stability and a sure-footedness rarely felt in cars of this genre.

Is 4WS the Flavor of the Month? Never. Honda believes that ten years from now, one in three Hondas sold will benefit from four-wheel steering.

The Prelude, then, is probably a portent of more pioneering from Honda. The world has yet to see the technological marvel — the car that leaves us all gasping — from Soichiro Honda's creative troops. That such a vehicle will exist is inevitable. The one-off engineering triumphs — the four-wheel steering, the computer-controlled auto-levelling suspensions, programmed fuel injection, the Electro Gyro-cator navigational system — have set the scene for The Big One. Last year Honda president Tadashi Kume hinted at a future small car superstar, a car as radical in the Nineties as the VW and the Mini were at their births. ☐



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THE SURVIVOR

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

Despite her angelic appearance, Crissy Bozlee readily admits to a mercenary streak. No clichéd lines for Crissy about "guns in the pocket or are you just glad to see me." If this girl were to pack a piece, there would be no confusion. "I'm a survivor," she says, "and I'd fight to survive."





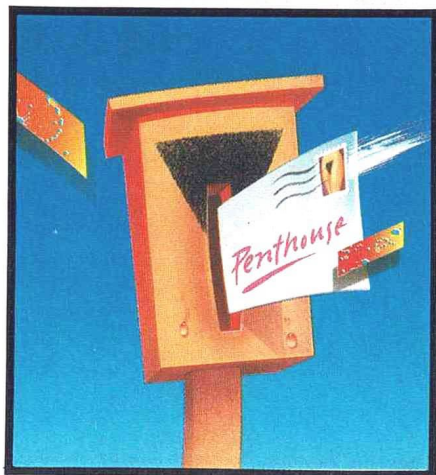
This soldier of fortune has a favorite survivalist fantasy. "I'm dropped nude in the desert with a well-trained man — one of the gun commandos of a crack regiment. We have to hunt each other down..."





Crissy says she's learned a lot about weaponry in her time — and she's concerned about restrictive gun laws. The only thing she disagrees with is the assertion that it's every man's right to own a gun. "Women probably have more of a right to them," she asserts. "These days a girl needs protection."





FORUM

Continued from page 16

was that I was right in the middle of a very erotic dream. As I slipped into my bathrobe and grudgingly went to answer the door, I was acutely aware of the wetness between my legs.

When I opened the door, there stood my neighbor's friend and a mate of his. The sight of these two young, muscular bodies standing in front of me in their jeans and tight T-shirts quickly jarred me out of my sleepy daze.

"Sorry to wake you, Ms Elliot, but Jeff and I are anxious to get started," said Brad, my neighbor's friend.

"I am, too!" I said in my sexiest voice. "You guys go down to the basement, and

I'll be down as soon as I put something on." Both of these gorgeous hunks had their eyes riveted to the spot where my loose-fitting robe left a large portion of my 38D tits showing.

When I exercise, I usually wear leotards underneath a one-piece bathing suit. But today, I wanted to look sexy. I slipped into a string-bikini bottom and a cutoff T-shirt that barely covered my bare breasts. My sensitive nipples were clearly visible, as were a few strands of blonde pubic hair. "Perfect," I said aloud, as I pressed the thin bikini up into my wet slit.

When the guys saw the way I was dressed, Brad dropped a dumbbell on his foot and Jeff tripped while skipping rope. I spent about 15 minutes trying to teach them basic aerobic exercises, but it was impossible to hold their attention. Every time I raised my arms, my tiny T-shirt would ride up, thereby exposing my tits completely. When I bent over, the flimsy bikini slipped so far up my crack that I might as well have been wearing nothing at all. All this caused the bulges in their jeans to swell to the point where they were in pain.

Finally I giggled and said, "That's enough for today, guys. Everyone upstairs and into the shower."

"Did you say *everyone*?" Brad asked in a shocked voice.

"That's what I said. The coach needs a shower, too," I cooed, taking hold of their sweaty hands and leading the way. Once in the shower, I soaped them both up, paying special attention to their dicks, which were sticking straight up from between

their legs. They in turn lathered me up, spending a lot of time on my blonde mound and aching tits.

Finally, I could stand it no longer. So I instructed Jeff to sit on the end of the tub and Brad to get behind me. While the water sprayed over our naked bodies, I took Jeff's huge cock deep into my mouth and motioned for Brad to fuck me doggie style. Within seconds Jeff filled my mouth with his delicious come and Brad blasted his load deep inside my womb. As for me, I had been having one gigantic orgasm after another ever since we got under the water.

Later, in my bed, the guys changed places, and I sucked and fucked them both again. I must have dozed off, because when the telephone woke me, Brad and Jeff were gone. It was Arty, my neighbor, on the phone.

"Hi, Angela, sorry to bother you, but Brad told me what a terrific instructor you are. I was wondering if you'd be interested in working out with me? I'm especially interested in the shower exercises." His sexy voice left no doubt as to what he meant.

"Ummm, I'd love to work out with you," I whispered seductively.

"I'll be there in five minutes," he promised.

He was and we did. As a matter of fact, we "worked out" all afternoon and most of the night. I guess I'm pretty good, because he and the guys are thinking about nominating me for coach of the year! — *Name and address withheld*

The big payoff

Although I've read many letters in Forum about men who wanted to watch their wives make love to another man, I've never thought I'd be one of them. It all started when I bought Joan a ten-inch dildo as a gag gift for her birthday. That night, as I fucked her with the new toy while she sucked my dick, she told me how nice it felt to have two cocks for her pleasure.

From then on, the dildo became a regular part of our lovemaking.

One night last month, when I came home from work, Joan met me at the door wearing a new outfit. Her 38-inch tits were encased in a sheer black bra with holes for her nipples to stick out; matching crotchless panties and garter belt completed the set. I could tell this would be a special night, only I didn't know how special. Joan threw herself at me and started to rub my cock through my jeans. It didn't take long before I had a raging hard-on. She told me that tonight she was in charge and that anything goes. I would have agreed to anything at that point. She led me into the bedroom and told me to strip and then get on the bed. As I lay there spread-eagled, she began to tease my cock with small licks and kisses. Then, grabbing the dildo from beneath the pillow, she straddled my face as she slid the monster into her crack.

Joan was fucking herself madly when

the doorbell rang. She put on her robe and went to get rid of the visitor — or so I thought. I was kind of confused when I heard them coming up the stairs; believe me, it is a little embarrassing to be introduced to someone when you are lying on a bed with your dick sticking in the air. But to my surprise, the stranger, whose name was Dave, merely strolled in, reached down, and shook my hand. I asked Joan what was going on. He said that she had lost a bet to Dave at work and he was here for his payoff — it seemed that the loser of the bet would have to shave themselves. It was Dave who had bought that outfit for Joan. He wanted to see it, and I watched as she slowly slid her robe from her shoulders. Dave's cock was making quite a bulge in his pants as he stared at Joan's tits, and my dick got stiff again as I watched him cover every inch of her body with his eyes.

Dave mentioned that he still saw hair covering her cunt, and that a deal was a deal; so Joan went into the bathroom and returned with a bowl of water and a razor. I couldn't believe that she was going to shave her pussy in front of Dave! She turned away from us and slowly pulled her panties off. Then, sitting on the edge of the bed, she began shaving. At first she kept her legs together, though she soon realized that to shave the sides she would have to spread them wide. Soon Dave, who was busy rubbing his dick through his pants, said that it wasn't fair that he was

the only one with clothes on. Joan watched as he slowly began to undress, and I knew she could hardly wait to see his cock. Her pussy was now bald and she was running her fingers over her cunt lips. She moaned when Dave's thick eight-inch cock popped into view, and she reached over and grabbed both of our tools with true lust in her eyes.

Since her hands were full, Joan asked Dave if he would slip her dildo into her clean-shaven cunt, and she continued to stroke us as the plastic shaft filled her juicy pussy. Joan was in heaven. After only a few good thrusts, she ripped the dildo out and slid into a sixty-nine with me, grinding her clean pussy against my face. Between sucks on my hard cock, she begged Dave to take off her bra and rub her nipples. I felt her mouth leave my dick, and although I couldn't see anything, I knew she was sucking Dave. He must have read my mind, because he told Joan to swing her legs to the side. I now saw she was indeed sucking his cock for all she was worth. I told him the view was indeed better, and Dave replied, "If you thought *that* was good, wait until you see this!" He then told Joan to sixty-nine me again while he crawled up to the headboard and positioned himself behind my head.

I knew that I was going to see some close-up fucking, and at this point, I didn't even care that it was my wife who was going to be getting it. Dave told Joan that if

she wanted some dick, she would have to ask for it. As I recall, her exact words were, "Stick that big fuck pole into me. Split my bald pussy wide open, fill my cunt with your cock, shoot me so full of your hot come that it runs back out. My slit is hot and juicy just for you."

Well, Dave was more than happy to oblige. Right in front of my face, he ran his cock slowly along her lips before plunging deeply into Joan's cunt. Here was my wife being fucked by another man not three inches above my face. As I shot my load into Joan's mouth, I told Dave to fuck her hard and deep.

In her excitement Joan was repeating everything I said: "Yes fuck me hard, fuck me deep," she kept ranting. Dave gave a loud moan and shot gobs of come into Joan's hot cunt.

The rest of the night was spent fucking and sucking. We've had other good times, and now I'm planning to make some bets with some women at my office. I'll let you know how that turns out. — *Name and address withheld*

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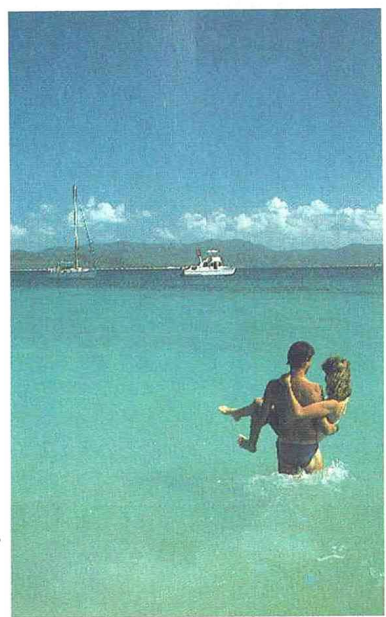
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"Politically, John is right of centre. Anatomically, he leans to the left."

FORUM

Career moves

My husband has been in a new job for about a year now. About three months after he started we had dinner with his boss. There was a magnetic attraction between us from the start. Jeff is handsome and well built — my kind of man — and he was obviously interested in what he saw.

Later Jeff asked me to dance. When we were on the floor Jeff told me I could be a real asset to Dave's position. I pressed a little closer to him to let him know I knew what he meant. When I felt him getting a hard-on for me I rubbed against it. Jeff told me he was sending Dave to Perth for a few days the following week, and asked if he could stop by to see me.

Dave left Monday morning. Jeff called about an hour later and it was agreed that he would stop in around 7 pm. By the time he arrived I was so hot in anticipation that I just couldn't go through with the seduction routine. I simply took Jeff's hand and led him to the bedroom.

I don't believe a word was spoken. We undressed, Jeff lay me back on the bed and mounted me. He kissed me and very slowly slipped his cock into my pussy. I was still wearing my garter belt and stockings. Jeff drew my legs around him and lay still inside of me, very gently kissing me. At first I just wanted to fuck. When I tried to

move he held me still. After a few minutes I started to relax and enjoy just the feeling of having him in me.

Jeff rolled me over on top of him and reached for his cigarettes. I was sitting up straight on him. Without thinking I began to play with my tits while we shared his cigarette and talked.

When we finished the cigarette Jeff eased me off him and led me out into the living room. I put some music on and Jeff took me into his arms. He raised me up on my toes and slipped his cock in my pussy again; then we started to dance. With each step I could feel his cock moving through me. After a few minutes his cock slipped out of me and I dropped to my knees before him. I took his prick as deep into my mouth as I could and lapped my juices from it.

Jeff only let me suck his cock for a few minutes. He pulled his cock out of my mouth, bent me over the table and shoved it in me from the rear, then fucked me with long, gentle strokes until I was ready to explode. I couldn't believe it when he pulled it out of me.

We fixed a drink. Jeff sat on a hard backed chair and had me straddle him. When I tried to fuck myself on his cock he made me hold still. Jeff took an ice cube out of his drink and touched it to my nipples. Then he bent me back and sucked my tits until they ached.

Over the next couple of hours he fucked me at least a dozen times in every position

imaginable. Every time he would bring me right to the brink of orgasm and stop. If I didn't have his cock in my pussy I had it in my mouth.

We went back into the bedroom. Jeff took my garter belt and stockings off. He lay me back on the bed and moved between my legs. I was so hot I was writhing beneath him. He kissed me and told me that this time he was really going to give it to me. I threw my legs around him and with one hard lunge he rammed his cock all the way up my pussy. He took a tit in each hand and squeezed them very hard, then started to fuck me viciously. I screamed and started to come. At the depth of each stroke Jeff would flex his hips and I could feel his cock moving sideways deep inside of me, and with each stroke my climax seemed even more intense.

I matched his pace, thrusting my pussy up to meet each stroke. The harder he fucked me, the more I loved it. One orgasm would end, but only a few strokes later I would make it again, and again, and again. And then I felt him coming in my pussy and I made it with him. That was the most beautiful orgasm of all.

When he took it out of me I felt drained, until he slipped his cock in my mouth and let me suck him clean. Jeff put his face between my legs and licked my pussy until I was on fire again. He felt me up and sucked my tits for a few minutes, then let me top ride him until I brought myself off.

I asked Jeff if he could sleep with me. He agreed, but told me he would have to call his wife to let her know he wasn't going to be home. I hadn't even thought about that. Before I could say another word Jeff picked up the phone and called his wife. I couldn't believe what I was hearing when he told his wife that he would be spending the night with me. He went on to describe how good I had been in bed. Jeff handed me the phone and told me Cathy wanted to speak to me.

Cathy assured me it was all right with her. She asked if I had let Jeff come in my mouth yet and told me that was one of his favorites. Cathy went on to say that from what Jeff had told her about me she would like to spend a night with me, or possibly make it a threesome. While I was talking to his wife on the phone, Jeff spread my legs and eased his cock in my pussy. Cathy knew what was going on and asked me to describe what he was doing to me. Our conversation was as exciting as her husband's cock sawing in and out of my cunt!

Before I hung up it was agreed that Cathy would stop by to see me the next day. She told me it was strictly up to me whether or not we made out with each other. I told Jeff I wanted to give him a blow job. I often suck my husband's cock, but I've never let him come in my mouth. Now I wanted to find out what it was like!

I took my time sucking him off and managed to let the head of his cock slip into my

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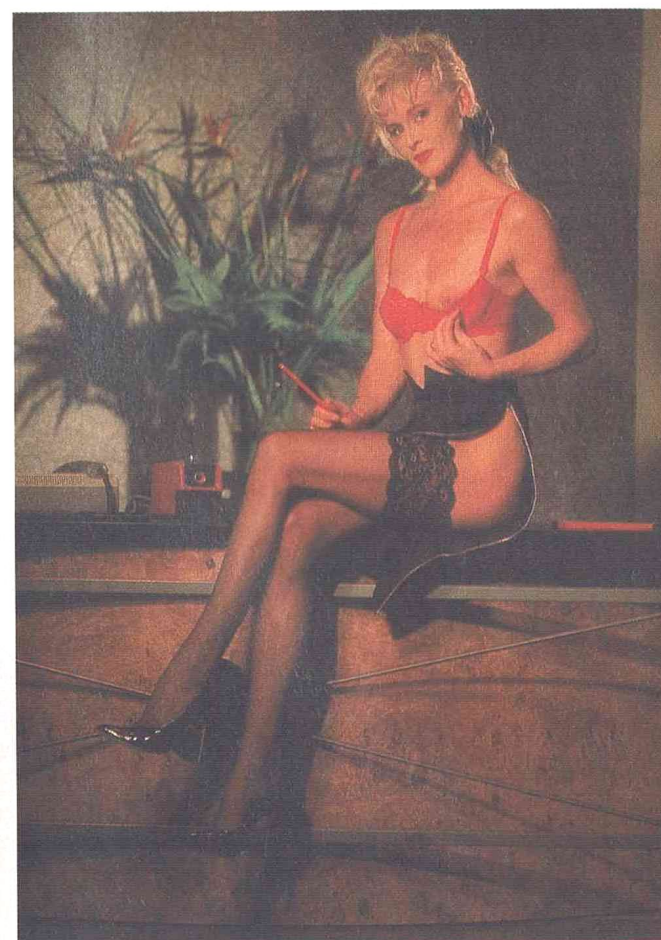
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"Yeah, I guess you could call me an informed source."

FORUM

throat. It really turned me on when he shot his load into my mouth. I was surprised at how much he gave me. I tried to drink it all, but to his delight some ran over my lips and cheeks.

We didn't fall to sleep until around two in the morning. Jeff had screwed me until I swore I couldn't take another inch. He put it to me again the next morning before he left for work.

His wife dropped by around noon. I don't know quite what I was expecting, but she was very beautiful and had a lovely figure. I can't really say she "seduced" me. After an hour or so Cathy had slipped her hand under my skirt and was caressing between my legs until I took her in my arms and kissed her. Minutes later we were all naked, writhing all over the bed. I enjoyed going down on her as much as I had enjoyed sucking Jeff's cock. When she felt me up Cathy was able to get her tiny hand all the way in my pussy. When she ate me, she knew exactly where and when to kiss and lick. We even fucked each other with our tits.

Cathy and I slept together that night. It was even better on the third and last night before my husband came home and when both Jeff and Cathy spent the night with me. I loved going down on her after her husband had screwed her.

Since then I have put out to both Jeff and Cathy as often as possible. Jeff sees to it that my husband is away from home a lot. We've talked about Cathy seducing Dave and leading into wife swapping. I very much want him to join us eventually, but for the moment I am enjoying the excitement of being a "cheating wife." I have been screwed by several other men Cathy has introduced me to. Twice I've been gang banged, and want much more of that! I find it exciting to be fucked by a man my husband knows. — Ann H., Sydney, NSW

Play-by-play

The warm sun beats through the open window as our bodies become excited from one another's presence. The familiarity of my lover is reassuring as he moves towards the bed on which I lie. Skilfully and easily, he removes the T-shirt and panties that cover my body. Gently, he lowers his freshly-showered flesh on to mine. We melt together in a hungry, lingering kiss.

He begins to explore the contours of my body — the softness of my arms, the firmness of my buttocks, the swollen points of my nipples. In one smooth movement, he places himself on top of me, lowering his head to suckle at my breast. His hands travel down my stomach and stop to rest between my legs. He enters my warm domain with two twisting, searching fingers.

He gains entrance again, this time with his rock-hard penis. Already aroused by his

playful fingers, I cry out in pleasure. The scent of sexuality is in the air. I pull his buttocks closer. I moan in ecstasy as he dances within me. My hips sway and rock with his motion. I wait eagerly to feel his hot juices mix with mine. The excitement becomes overwhelming as we explode in climax!

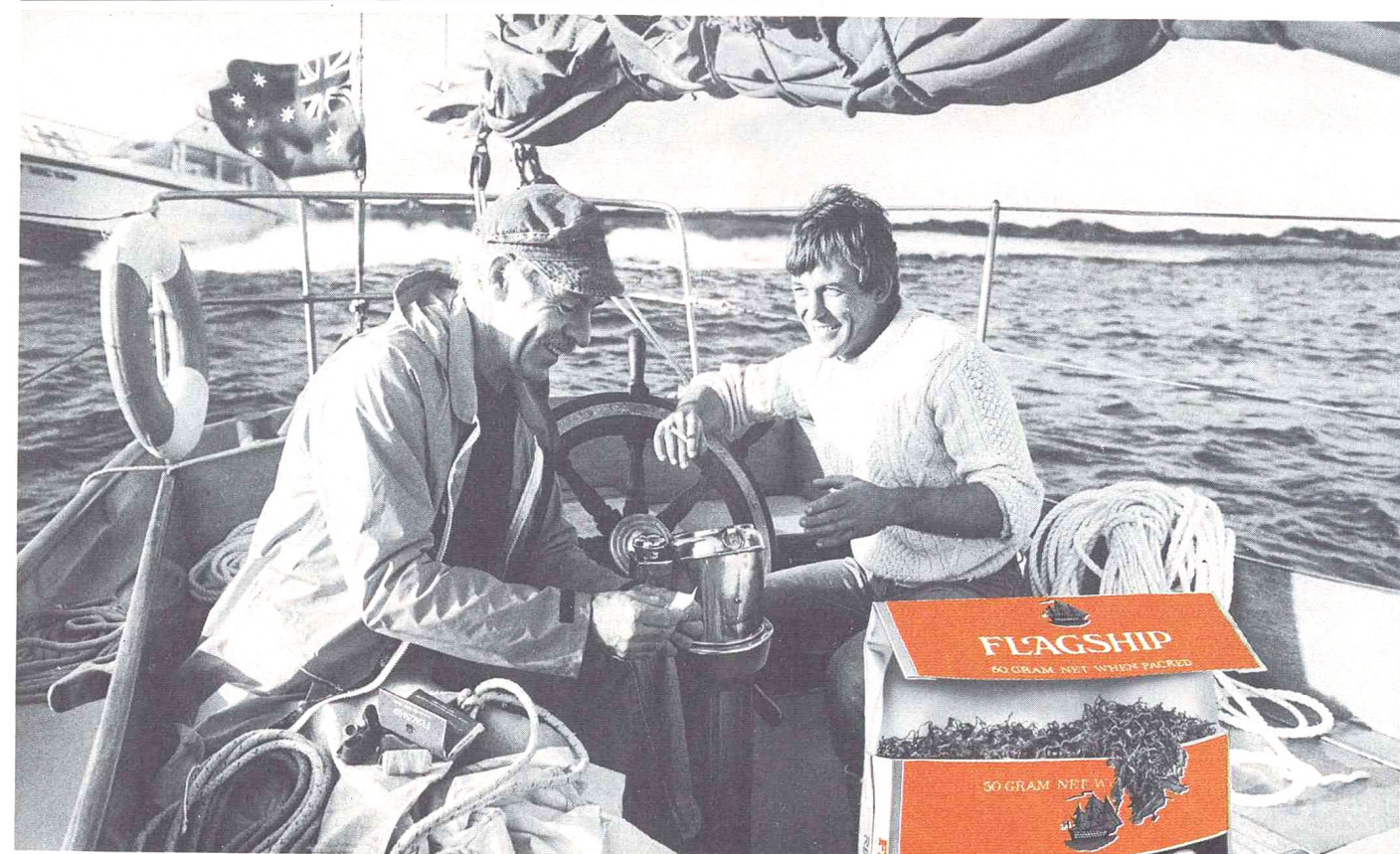
We collapse from exhaustion, both our bodies wet and glistening. My body still craves the feel of him, and so I begin my descent down the lines of his structure. Swiftly, I find his erect manhood. I begin to suck and lick him as I take his tool into my mouth. I caress his balls with my lips.

His manhood grows, becoming bigger and stronger. My lips slide back and forth, lubricating him and coaxing his growth. At last, his juices are released! They flow past my lips and into my awaiting throat. We lie now in each other's arms. A contented relaxed sleep overtakes us as the breeze gently ruffles the curtains. — Name and address withheld

Extracurricular activity

I am currently a post-graduate student at a major university. Having just finished a rather strenuous few weeks of study, I was looking forward to going out with my friends and relieving some tension. Little did I know that I would be releasing more than just homework tension that night.

My friends and I had been drinking at a local pub since 4pm. The munchies finally



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FORUM

set in around midnight, and we headed for a milk bar. However, once there, I found something other than food to satisfy my appetite. As we were walking out, I met an old female acquaintance from my first year named Rhonda. Rhonda is five feet eight and has blonde hair, blue eyes, and breasts so firm she needs no bra. Basically speaking, she's as hot as the midday sun in Moree.

She came over and said hello. From the word go there was a strong attraction between us. After our greeting, I ditched my friends while Rhonda purchased a six-pack of beer. She asked me to accompany her back to her all-female college. As we walked, I grabbed her shapely bum and got no argument. I knew I was in for more than just a good-night kiss.

When we arrived at her room, we sat down on the terrace and quenched our thirsts with a few cold ones. In between, we kissed and she told me that she had always been very attracted to me. She went on to say that she wanted to fuck me right there on the spot! Unfortunately, even at that late hour, people still patrolled the place. However, to show me that she meant business, she stuck my hand down her skimpy panties and stuffed my fingers into her steaming snatch. She let out a moan and told me to finger her as hard as I could. She made a grab for my rock-hard dick. By this time, we wanted each other with such an uncontrollable desire that we decided to take our passion inside.

Due to the fact that it was an all-female block, we had to be very careful not to get

caught. Fortunately, we were able to make our way to the basement laundry room. Rhonda climbed on top of a table, and I had her wet panties and skirt off in no time. Her gleaming snatch smiled up at me! I touched the pointy nipples of her breasts and they stuck out like lasers. I stuck my hand into her dripping vagina while she sucked on my stiff member. All she could whimper was: "Fuck me now." We fucked on the table until I exploded like a volcano. She came with such intensity, I thought I had died and gone to heaven.

Exhausted, I left in a hurry so I wouldn't be found out by the dorm staff. Sadly, Rhonda has a boyfriend so this won't be a regular occurrence. However, neither one of us will ever forget this night of pleasure. — Name and address withheld

Smooth sailing

I'm 22 years old and in the Navy; my wife Sara is 21. We are truly happily married. Last New Year's Eve, we went over to Sara's sister's house to baby-sit her two nephews. Little did I know this was going to be the best sexual experience of my life.

We got to Diane's house about 7pm, and things started happening even before she and her husband left. I was sitting on a reclining chair, relaxing in front of the tube, when Sara walked over and sat on my lap. This wouldn't have been so unusual — except for the fact that she was now wearing a teddy and robe!

Making sure that Diane and Rick were still busy eating in the kitchen, Sara found my now-throbbing cock and began to massage it through my jeans. A few minutes of this and we were both hot. She unbuttoned my Levis and

began to jerk me off with great fervor.

The way she was sitting, her tits were smack up against my face. I spread open her robe and undid the spaghetti straps that held up her teddy, revealing her perfectly formed mounds and rock-hard nipples. I grabbed one of these little nuggets with my fingers while I started to suck on the other. While she moaned and groaned with pleasure, I moved my free hand down to her crotch and undid the snaps, exposing her gorgeous dark bush. I moved my fingers up and down her dripping slit, just lightly brushing over her clit, which was now erect. I slowly slid one finger inside her and began finger-fucking her, kneading her joy button with my thumb. Then, to Sara's delight, I slid a second finger into her now-sopping cunt. Moments later, with her still pumping furiously away at my straining rod, we both came in unison. I went to the bathroom to clean myself up while Sara put her "normal" clothes back on.

About eight o'clock, Diane and Rick left, leaving us to watch their two kids, who were allowed to stay up until midnight. Midnight came, and as soon as they were in bed they passed out from exhaustion. Well, that left the two of us to ourselves, and we were ready to take advantage of the situation! We rushed into the master bedroom, quickly stripped, and fell into a hot and heavy sixty-nine, with Sara practically inhaling my stiff meat and me munching away at her sopping snatch like a starving man.

After her first earth-shattering orgasm, which came after only a few minutes, I laid her down on her back and plunged into her to the hilt. She quickly wrapped her legs tightly around my waist and began screaming in ecstasy, "Fuck me, honey! Deeper! That's it, don't stop!"

On the brink of exploding, I left her legs, threw them over my shoulders, and began fucking her as hard as I could. Banging and slamming away inside her, listening to the sticky sound of my nuts slapping away against the entrance of her flooded cunt, I came for what seemed like a lifetime.

To my amazement, my cock was still hard as a rock, but as usual, Sara came to my rescue with the perfect solution: she dropped to her knees and started to suck me with all she had left in her — which obviously was a lot! I came after about ten minutes of her wonderful "torture", shooting my come all over her face and tits. Who says the Navy only gets blown off-shore? — Name and address withheld

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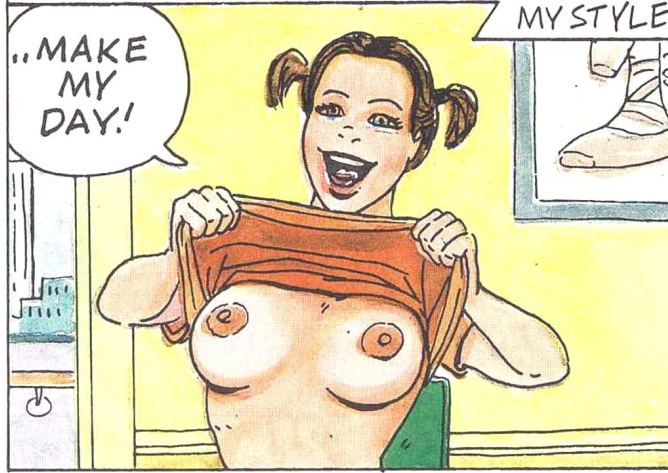
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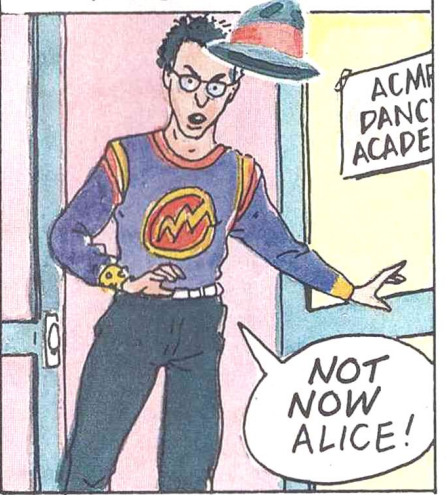
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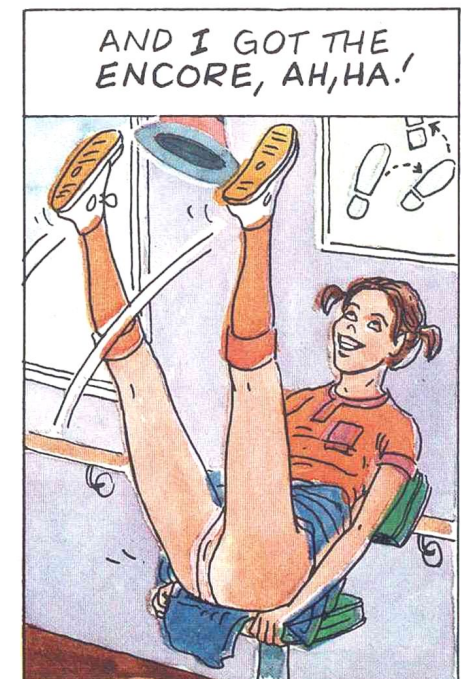
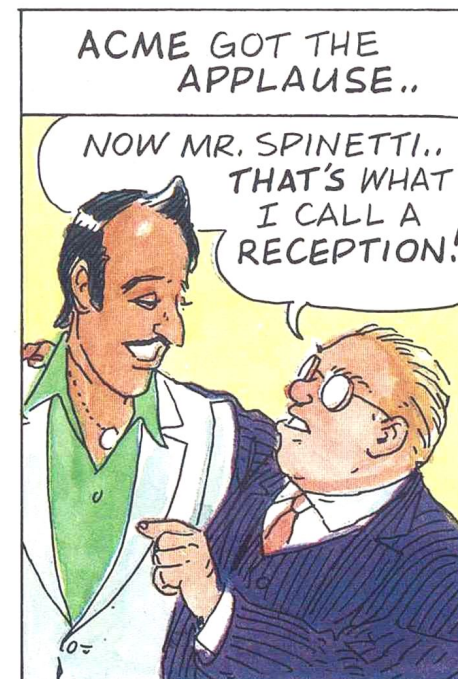
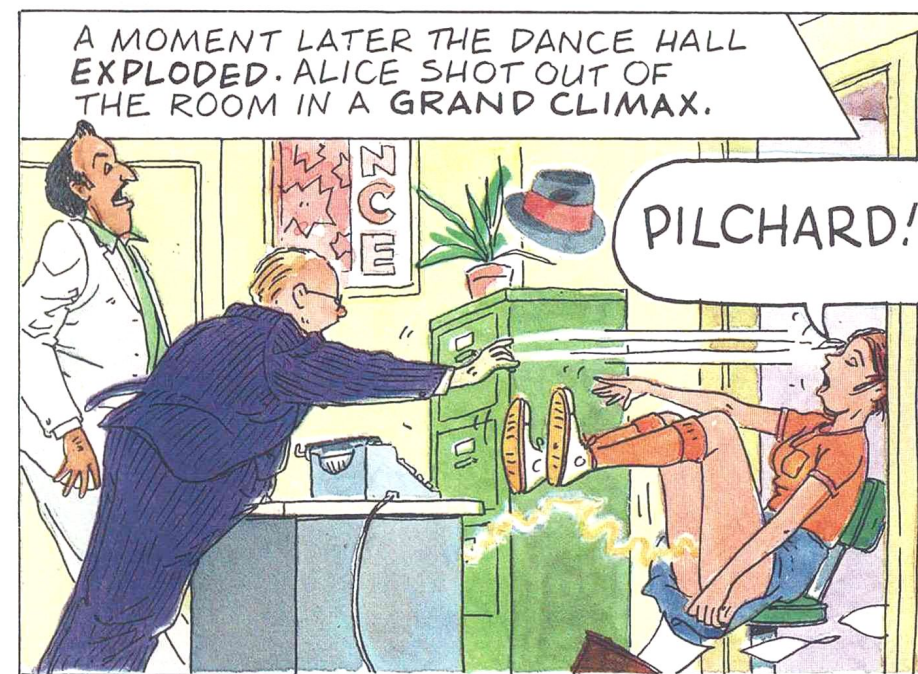
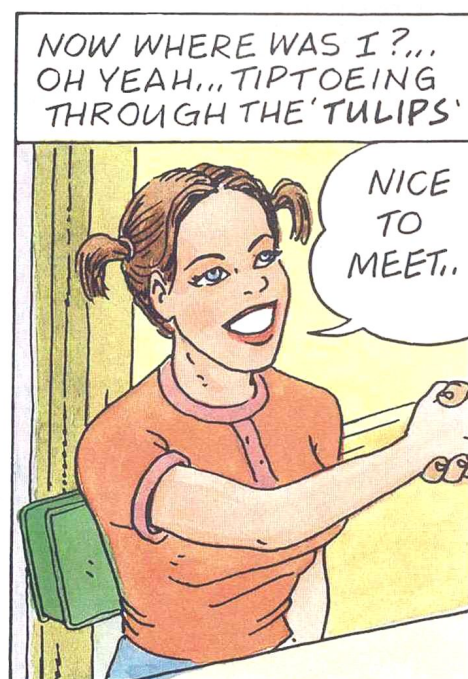
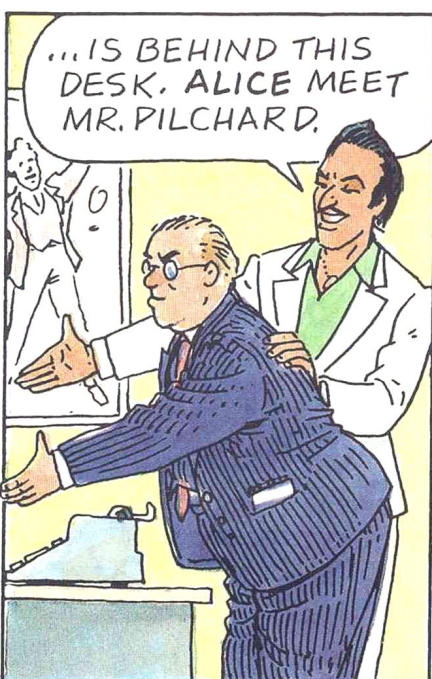
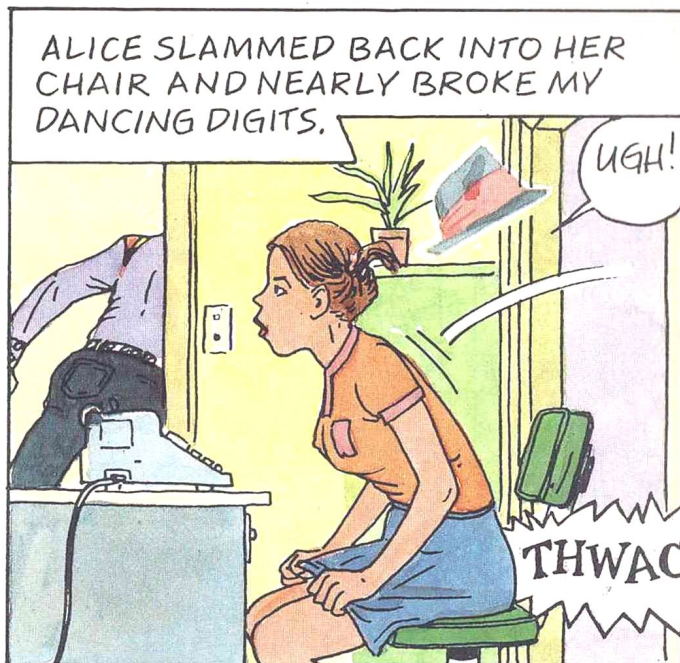
WELL I CAME TO DANCE... AND NOT WITH MY FEET.

MOE, I FEEL FINGERS AND THEY'RE INCHING UP MY LEG.



MOE.. MY SKIRT IS MOVING BY ITSELF.





CASH FLOW

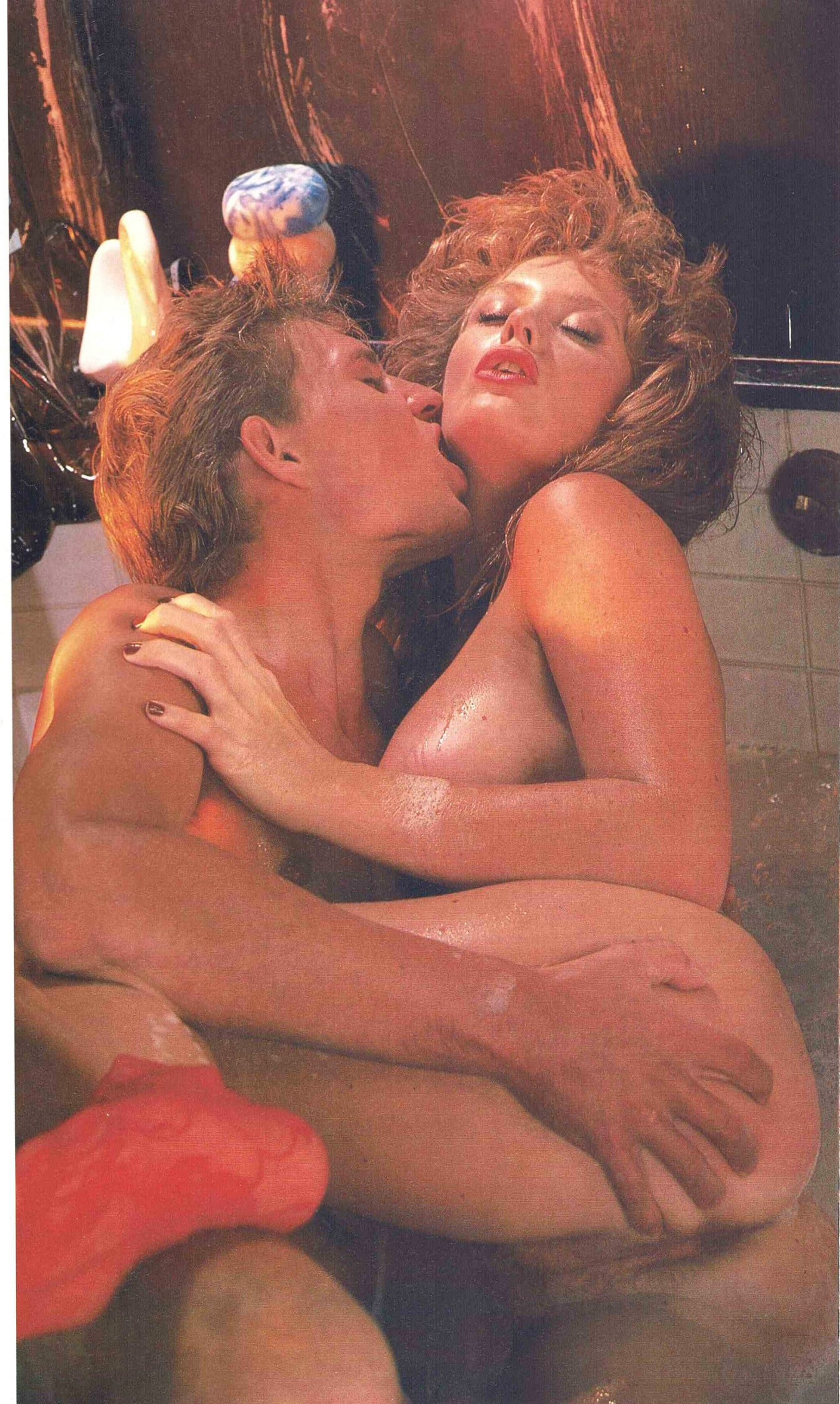
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RON VOGEL

Veronica had some bad news for Enton. As his broker, she had to inform him that certain transactions made by her over the previous year had led to substantial losses . . . She wanted to tell him in person, as they'd only ever spoken by phone. Enton took it on the chin — but Veronica bought lunch.





She couldn't believe he'd taken it so well, and saw him in a different light to all her other clients. They drowned their sorrows together — and then drowned in each other.





The broker-client relationship was over. The transactions that followed would be registered in no stock exchange. Business pressures gave way to private pleasures...



WAR GAMES

Continued from page 79

his way to seek public recognition for bravery will be ostracised. "I can remember a guy," Roy Masters recalls, "who was being carried off the field on a stretcher when someone on the opposing team made a break. He jumped off the stretcher, raced across field and made the tackle. This was regarded by the crowd and by the media generally as one of the greatest acts of heroism in the history of the game — but to his team-mates, and to other footballers, it was an act worthy of utter contempt. If you're being carried off on a stretcher, the resuscitator should be out, the intensive care ambulance should be at the gate, and the last rites administered at any moment; this guy was obviously not seriously hurt at all."

Prior to the mid-Sixties, there was no provision in League for replacement of injured players; habitually they soldiered on, effectively useless, even in the event of a broken limb. Today such raw valor would be clearly counterproductive, and yet because the game is steeped in legends of extreme heroism, there is a "cultural lag", as Masters puts it, "whereby players still believe they're letting down their mates if they're forced to leave the field."

And so John Sattler, Souths' captain, played through the 1970 grand final in the front row with a badly broken jaw, as did Parramatta second-rower Ray Higgs in 1976; in an ordinary club game against Penrith in 1986, Manly second-rower Paul Vautin played on with a broken arm until he was convinced, after trying to make several tackles, of the futility of the attempt. If you ask any player about the origin of this demonic urge to persist, contrary to all rationality, the answer will *invariably* be: "I couldn't let my mates down." This is not, as you might suspect, a litany recited parrot-fashion; it is the universal reaction to the collective endurance of pain and misery in the pursuit of a common goal. The bond that exists between first-grade footballers is scarcely less potent than that which exists between soldiers; and the abiding emotion of football, as of warfare itself, is comradeship.

There are more prosaic considerations as well. There is money. Failure to take the field because of injury might cost a good player upwards of \$2000. More often, the average player's concern is the likelihood of losing his place in the team. As Michael O'Connor explains, "They're not going to pick a guy who's out one week and all right the next; they want a guy who'll give them value for the season and *be there* at the end of the year. The teams that win premierships are the ones that don't have major upsets throughout the year because of injuries. The game is all about *continuity* — selectors and coaches are very reluc-

tant to change a winning side. So you have to be continually playing, and you can't afford to let peripheral injuries stop you from playing — particularly when you're trying to establish yourself in first-grade."

Modern footballers will do anything to get on the field. Some players, knowing their place in the team is tenuous, will keep horrendous injuries secret from the coach and selectors. They'll play through the pain, or find a sympathetic trainer who'll give them a painkiller on the quiet, or use any available means to get hold of some novocaine and administer the shot themselves. They'll take amphetamines to dull the pain of injuries that can't be anaesthetised, knowing their chances of succumbing to the farcical random drug testing system are negligible.

Footballers are conditioned to accept pain with stoicism. They are loath to complain about something that every player has to put up with. Silence is an integral

“
The entrance fee
buys no more than a
glimpse of the exclusive sense
of *belonging* that the player
feels and the child within
us all craves
”

part of the code of conduct, and footballers understand intuitively that this ethos applies to *every* facet of the game. No player ever publicly offers a genuine adverse opinion on the abilities of another, whether a team-mate or opponent; no player ever seeks to praise his own abilities publicly; no player ever reveals details of the acrimony that exists in every football club.

There are obvious enough reasons for all this — what player could afford to make himself a target in the toughest competition in the world? — but there are deeper reasons too. When Queensland's superstar Wally Lewis provided detailed accounts of selection discussions, political backbiting and players' reactions to being dropped from the Test team on two Kangaroo tours to Great Britain in the recent book by Adrian McGregor, *King Wally*, players and officials alike were outraged. There was even talk of disciplinary action. Lewis had said nothing particularly offensive about anyone, but nonetheless, by telling the truth rather than reciting the standard inanities, he had violated the inner sanctum; he had provided the public with a view to which they were not entitled because

they had not paid the dues — in pain and blood and misery — that a footballer must pay in order to belong to that righteous inner circle.

There is a concise parallel in warfare. William Broyles Jr, in "Why Men Love War", records this account of a famous Civil War battle by a Confederate Army officer: "We all went up to Gettysburg, the summer of '63, and some of us came back from there: and that's all except the details." Broyles Jr calls this the classic war story: "It is a story that I would imagine has been told for as long as men have gone to war. Its purpose is not to enlighten but to exclude; its message is not its content but putting the listener in his place. I suffered, I was there. You were not. Only those facts matter."

Many boxers feel compelled, almost in spite of their will, to make tragic comebacks; almost all footballers do. If you have played football at a high level it becomes difficult to imagine life without football; if you have not, witnessing a game can produce a sort of atavistic longing for the quintessentially male experience you have missed, the way some women feel when they realise they will never bear children. For spectators the entrance fee buys no more than a glimpse of the exclusive sense of *belonging* that the player feels and the child within us all craves. This is the trouble with watching football: it produces temporary satisfaction — catharsis — along with a lingering sense of futility. A game of football, whatever its quality, is never enough.

"War is a brutal, deadly game, but a game — the best there is." — William Broyles Jr, "Why Men Love War"

For men, football is the second-best game there is. It is not merely analogous to war; it is our peacetime substitute, a drama enacted on a surrogate battlefield for the sole purpose of making heroes out of ordinary men. Football, like war, exists to provide an environment, a platform, from which men can strive to transcend their human foibles, their weary mortality. Cricket will not fit the bill; nor will squash or swimming, boxing or badminton, horse-racing or hang-gliding. In a war game for peacetime, there must be pain, there must be tragedy, there must be the possibility of death; there must be heroism and cowardice, victory and defeat; and there must be secrecy: there must be things left unsaid beyond the inner sanctum. Especially, there must be sacrifice: the subjugation of the individual for the benefit of the team. And there must be a code of conduct: a tacit agreement embracing bravery, loyalty, commitment, pride, modesty — the fundamental virtues of combatants. By their faithful adherence to these principles of conduct, football players hope to partake in the kind of potent enduring mutual respect that cannot exist between men outside the ritual of violent combat. That's why men love football. ○—



Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

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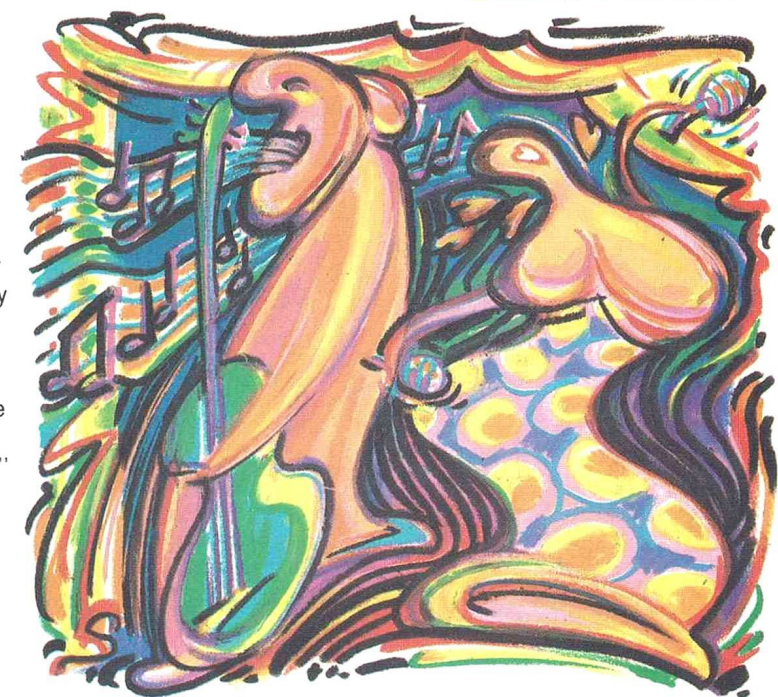


Let yourself go
freeport 30s



LOOSE ENDS

TRUE BLUE
SAFE SEX



There are some who may put such an idea down to divine inspiration. Those given to hyperbole might call it genius. But heck, I'm not one to blow my own trumpet, so I'll call it a classic case of more arse than class. A lucky break. If I hadn't felt that overwhelming urge to find out whether Fergie's nipper was going to be a Leo or a Virgo and if it was going to be Susan or Frank Renouf who got custody of the Chad Morgan records, I probably never would have found myself where I am today . . . on the road to my first million bucks.

It was a couple of months ago now that I put behind me a hectic morning's grappling with male sexual disorders and gave in to a hankering for a sausage sandwich and a bit of light afternoon tabloid diversion. Just two bites into the sandwich and about four greasy fingerprints on pictures of Kylie Minogue into the paper I saw a story nestled in next to the page-three Bicentennial Belle. There, alongside a rather prominent patriotic pectoral and under the heading "WHAT NOW MY LOVE?" was the news that the Japanese have developed a singing condom. According to this story, microchip technology in the rim of these rubbers allowed the wearer to get down and get funky to the strains of the Beatles' "Love Me Do."

Oh, the possibilities! No more getting up to change the record mid-intercourse . . . Why bother spinning the fantastic black plastic when your prophylactic calls the tune! Those Nips have engineered some extraordinary electronic advancements in their time, I thought, but this just beat all. The Sony Porkman!

Then and there I got to scheming. As my snag sandwich slowly congealed I nipped out a plan to cash in on the AIDS scare and all this Bicentennial bulldust. So it came to be that the all-Australian range of singing contraceptives was conceived.

Getting my mitts on a Japanese singing franga and ripping off the technology was

child's play. It was when I started approaching Aussie singing stars that I began running into problems. Olivia Newton-John was first cab off the rank. She was perfect; instantly recognisable, she had the looks, the wholesome sex appeal, and the hit. "Livvy, baby," I said during our discussions, "just picture it. A young Australian couple — responsible, thinking adults — getting all romantic. She gives him the nod, he rolls one on and they get down to some safe sex to the tune of 'Let's Get Physical' . . ."

I tell you, I got this close to snaring her. It was her hubby, that Lattanzi guy, who was the fly in the ointment. Livvy was all set to sign on the dotted line when Matt up and says he won't wear it. Maybe you saw the story — "AUSSIE STAR PULLS OUT OF CONDOM DEAL."

Rolf Harris proved more forward thinking. He came to the party by selling me the rights to "Tie Me Kangaroo Down Sport." We got as far as a prototype on that one before we started having problems. Surveys and product testing indicated that while the condom itself was comfortable and effective, its musical message could be construed as having overtones of bondage and bestiality. I couldn't see it myself, but I decided to nix full production of the 'Roo anyway. Limited numbers will still be available for special interest groups. And, further to subsequent negotiations with Rolf, the Australian man of letters can now slip into something that will play "Jake The Peg" on his extra leg.

It was pretty much plane sailing once the boy from Bassendean was in the bag. Mike Brady was absolutely chuffed to be a part of this most exciting Bicentennial project. He's put his name to a green and gold ribbed job that cranks out "Up There Cazaly." Courtesy of those mad lads of Men At Work we can also boast a lovely lubricated number that plays "Down Under." The ever-

popular Kamahl was also among those who grabbed a piece of the Aussie action. What a great guy, and an ideas man to boot! He set to work on that old notion that wearing a condom was like taking a shower in a raincoat and what do you reckon he came up with? A cover version of "Singing In The Rain." Dynamite!

Mr Velvet Tonsils himself, Leonard Teale, has laid down a couple of tracks for us. The ultra-thin contoured range features Mr Teale's dulcet recitations of those classics of Australian verse *I Love A Sunburnt Country* and *Mulga Bill's Bicycle*. By any definition, these represent poetry in motion.

For the Royalists out there, the talents of the one and only Peter Allen strike a poignant note on the condom featuring his thought-provoking rendition of

"God Save The Queen." Best of all though, was our coup in securing the ABC orchestra for magnificent recordings of both "Advance Australia Fair" and "Waltzing Matilda." The jewels in our contraceptive crown, these stirring works can be yours when you purchase from our "Symphoniac" range.

If you want to put a song on her lips and support our national spirit while you're at it why not give my musical condoms a burl? Perhaps you'd like to try before you buy. If so, you could look me up at the Brisbane Expo where I'll be giving away exquisite Ken Done-designed showbags full of overflowing with safe sex patriotic playthings. Look for me in the prophylactic pavilion, right under the big sign that says "COME ON AUSSIE, COME ON." — C.J. Mackay

SOUNDS

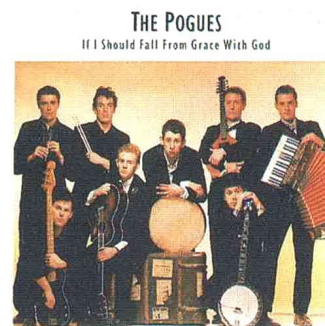
Famous London Paddies the Pogues are still moving too fast to let any dust settle in their creative crevices. Nominally (and in some cases originally) Irishmen, they hail from London and sing of that city and New York with the lyrical flavor of a Galway bar band and the thrash of older but no wiser punks. *If I Should Fall From The Grace Of God* (Stiff) is their third album and combines traditional passionate themes that hover between ideologically sound angst and Guinness-inspired joy or despair. Their accordion and tin whistle reels often go off in more eclectic, less traditional directions, like the cascade into TV detective theme pastiche in "Metropolis" and the Gaelic knees-up mariachi that "Fiesta" explodes into after a brief, slow emotive intro. The band's original name was Pogue Mahone — Irish for "kiss my arse"; given the celebrated decay of lead singer Shane McGowan's teeth this is almost a viable alternative. As witnessed here earlier this year the Pogues are uncompromising in their collective frenzy and with their Irish view of the world they happily travel whilst maintaining a sentimental longing for their homeland.

larity on tracks like "Budapest" and "Said She Was A Dancer" with Anderson veering towards the laid back basso mumble of Knoffler and his countryfied guitar noodlings. Tull's sense of arrangement has more twists, stops and turns than the aforementioned sultans of swing with Anderson's distinctive flute taking the lead on these occasions. On the tracks where they decide they want to be a full-on rock band they become tedious in a way they have often managed to brilliantly avoid in the past.

Melbourne musicmakers are celebrated on two fairly diverse releases. *Melbourne Stuff Compilation* (Chase) is 13 acts that were playing around the southern capital as 1986 rolled into 1987. For many artists, then, these tracks are now early curios like the baby photos parents drag out to embarrass mature offspring. Many tracks have that "I wonder if they would have sounded any good if better recorded" feel, but in this wonderful world of multi-tracking time can be a lot of money and this disc shows a huge variety in attention to recording detail and size of budgets.

Radio station 3RRR has coordinated a more substantial group of tracks albeit from more established acts like **Paul Kelly**, **Hunters And Collectors** and **Nick Cave**. *Used And Recommended By...* (White) consists of tracks the compilers felt would have been permanently relegated to obscure cultdom. They hope to redress this in a small way by presenting "an historically momentous chronicle of the best on offer from a small musical community rich in talent."

Similar sentiments come from original Brisbane emigres the **Riptides**. They made the move to Sydney eight years ago and rose to minor prominence with some great posters and sweaty, pounding gigs where their upbeat organ and guitar songs got crowds moving. Songwriter and singer Mark Callaghan has since gone on to front GangGajang. *The Riptides Resurface* (Mercury) is a recent double live reunion set that sees Callaghan and

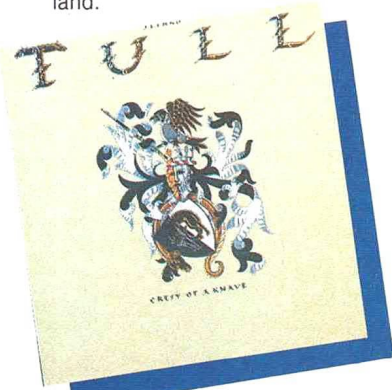
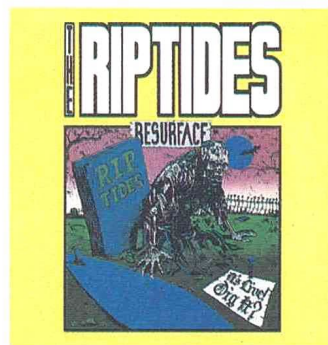


other original Riptidees (with ex Angels/GangGajang drummer Buzz Bistrup) recreating their own former glories.

Reared in the Bible Belt of Southern California, **Mojo Nixon** obviously had a lot of enforced iconography to break loose from which he did with a vengeance, initially combining elements of Howlin' Wolf, the Velvet Underground and Hunter S. Thompson wailing at the world through projects like The Screamin' Church Of The Epileptic Jesus. He met his partner, washboard maestro Skid Roper, excavating exotic mushrooms and they seem to adhere to the doctrine that it don't mean a thing if you can't offend someone with it. Their single "Elvis Is Everywhere" was released on the tenth anniversary of the King's death. It celebrates the omnipotence of this American deity with notions such as the existence of the Bermuda Triangle because "Elvis needs boats": "Everyone in outerspace looks like Elvis because he's a perfect being and that He's in everyone (except Michael J. Fox)" — even "Joan Rivers but he's trying to get out." This gem is on their album *Bo Day Shus!!* (Liberation) amidst the gyrating rockabilly of "Ain't Gonna Piss in No Jar", the motown of "BBQ USA" and the deeply meaningful C&W of "Positively Bodies Parking Lot." Nixon describes their style as "three (?) drunks hollering in a field." Their theme song seems to be their own "Gin Guzzlin' Frenzy" — full as they are of sometimes indecipherable energy. — *Jeremy Cook*

GAELIC KNEES-UP

Clockwise from the top: The Pogues, uncompromising in their frenzy; Riptides recreate former glories; Mojo Nixon's gin guzzlin' feast; Jethro Tull's madrigal meanderings.



Jethro Tull are moving amongst the populace once more, touring to support their 21st album (counting a live set and two compilations) in 20 years. The core trio of flautist/singer Ian Anderson, guitarist Martin Barre and bassist Dave Pegg are currently riding the *Crest of A Knave* (Chrysalis). The frenetic energy of albums like *Songs From The Wood*, where jazz rock pyrotechnics mingled with old English madrigal melodies, has been replaced by a mid-Atlantic AOR format — the kind that Dire Straits champion. The comparison is more than a passing simi-

FILM

THE WAGES OF SIN

From the top: The sensual and sassy Emily Lloyd in David Leland's *Wish You Were Here*; Frances Barber, Ayub Khan Din and Shashi Kapoor in scenes from the explosive *Sammy And Rosie Get Laid*; Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy in *Batteries Not Included*.



In the film *Personal Services*, the world became familiar with Cynthia Payne, the tart who stole the hearts of Britishers by glutting their appetite for the seedy and salacious during a highly-publicised string of court appearances on prostitution charges. Madam Cyn's homey "cup of tea and crumpets with your crumpet" style of brothel management and the life that led to it were colorfully described in Paul Bailey's bestseller *An English Madam*. It was from this book that screenwriter David Leland drew his script for the funny and decidedly grubby *Personal Services*, a successful film and one that could only have been made by the Brits.

So too is there a quintessential Englishness in *Wish You Were Here*, another Leland script and the film that marks his promising directorial debut. Here Leland has once again delved into Cynthia Payne's life story, this time heading for the early chapters that describe her troublesome adolescence and precocious sexual awakening in the straitlaced and shabby English Fifties. The writer/director is adamant that Payne's story was not the sole inspiration for this one and indeed there is a universality in the film's themes of emotional abandonment, teenage rebellion and promiscuous sexual curiosity.

Beneath dingy skies in a dingy seaside town we first meet 16-year-old Lynda in a line-up of trainee hairdressers coming to terms with the mechanics of the perm. It is apparent from the outset that here is a troublesome little bint. When a young male trainee ogles the pretty guinea pig on the receiving end of Lynda's teasing comb, Lynda jealously ruins the girl's hair. When reprimanded she is foul-mouthed and unrepentant — clearly a problem child.

As the film progresses we learn what has made her that way, or at least contributed to the maelstrom. A beloved mother's death when Lynda was 11. Her father's absence at the war during her early childhood, and upon his return his favoring of Lynda's younger sister, and his inability to comfort or understand his eldest child. This lack of affection and of a role model, combined with the

hormonal confusion of adolescence, have turned her into a timebomb. She is set for a rebellious explosion and she uses her nascent sexuality as the primary shock tactic.

Back row cinema fumbling with a crew-cut boy of her own age makes way for an eager loss of virginity to a smooth-talking brilliantined bus conductor. Then, after initially scorning his crude sexual advances, she gives in to the desires of the town's cinema projectionist, a seedy middle-aged lecher who hangs like a vulture outside her home waiting for secret sex in the backyard shed.

Lynda's helter skelter slide ends with the inevitable shock tactic of a pregnancy. Here is the epiphany — the real confirmation of her transcendence of childhood and the realisation that henceforth her life, however painful or difficult, is her own. Her decisions throughout the remainder of the film bear this out.

In the role of Lynda, 16-year-old Emily Lloyd crackles with sensuality, vulnerability and adept comedic talent. Hers is an explosive debut. From a faultless supporting cast, Tom Bell as the sleazy projectionist burns longest in memory. *Wish You Were Here* is evocatively and expertly cinematographed, poignantly nostalgic and gently and wryly amusing. It is a gem.

More dynamite British cinema comes in the form of **Sammy And Rosie Get Laid**, the second collaboration of writer Hanif Kureishi and director Stephen Frears. The first was the highly acclaimed *My Beautiful Laundrette*. Where that film tiptoed cleverly and wittily to deliver its barbs, *Sammy And Rosie* laces on a steel-capped jackboot to kick Thatcher's Britain smack in the groin. The wit of the film stings in dialogue that moves faster than flying vitriol and a plot that pumps like acid through the bloodstream. Nothing is spared this film's grotesque magnifying glass and razor satire. Racial tension, political and sexual hypocrisy, yuppie greed, the England of Empire days, hip and superficial cults, radical lesbian feminism and more are dealt with. The film toys poisonously and entertainingly with each, tangles them into the

plot, then torches the lot of them. In fact, this film could very aptly have been titled *London's Burning*. *Sammy And Rosie* is blackly, bitterly and sexily funny and undeniably brilliant. Don't miss it.

So much for the real world. Over the blue Atlantic that Spielberg chappie is still mucking around in flying saucers. **Batteries Not Included**, directed by Matthew Robbins under the executive production of the Spielberg team, uses old codgers instead of little kids to rework the tired "UFOs save the world" theme. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn play an elderly couple who are about to be kicked out of their tenement by evil developers when a family of UFOs nests on the roof and saves them. There's a daddy flying saucer and a mummy flying saucer who gives birth to three teensy weensy baby flying saucers who are, of course, insufferably cute. Need I go on? — *C.J. Mackay*



WET LOOK

The past few years have seen something of a fashion revolution for the underwater set. No longer are divers restricted to dull blacks, greys and navies when it comes to choosing gear. These days they can deck themselves out in vibrant fluorescent hues that rival even the most colorful of underwater critters. Most good dive shops now stock the fashionable and exciting colored ranges. These fluorescent Mares fins and Tusa diving accessories come courtesy of Pro-Dive in Sydney.



ESSENCE OF AUSTRALIA

What with Bicentennial this and 200 years of that it's little wonder that some true blue entrepreneur is marketing a Bicentennial fragrance. Melbourne-based Victor Dunn, one of our leading perfume designers, is ever one to have his finger — and his scents — on the marketing pulse. And so it is that he has created Oz, a range of perfume and bodycare products that we're told captures all the warmth, adventure, determination and individuality of this country and its people. Such is the language of the perfume marketer. The Oz fragrance is, however, a pleasant and distinctive one and attractive and creative packaging make these a good and affordable gift idea. Priced between \$8 and \$50 at pharmacists and department stores nationwide.



WORTH THE WEIGHT

Whether you want to improve sports performance or muscle tone, the highly compact Tunturi Multi-Station Muscle Trainer 100 allows all popular strength training exercises to be done. The weight stack uses a straightforward selector key and change of load or exercise is rapid and simple. High quality Finnish engineering with extra strong welded construction guarantees smooth action and durability and makes Tunturi a sought-after brand among serious weight trainers. There is no jerk or wobble with the Tunturi and streamlined construction guarantees safe exercising. Look for Tunturi at exercise equipment outlets. We found this one at Exercise Equipment Hire, Northbridge NSW, where it sells for \$4849.



RAIDER WAVES

Surfers will tell you how appropriate the brand name Raider is for the wave ski fraternity. Ski riders enjoy all the popularity of Attila The Hun, so bloody efficient are they at dominating (some would say ruining) any break in competent hands. In incompetent hands, they are a deadly menace. But what with sales of around 20,000 a year in Australia alone, Australia's riders and equipment are leading the world. John Christensen (pictured) is reigning World Champ and gun force behind Raider's place on the cutting edge of wave ski technology. Raider produces a full range of designs for all levels, starting at around \$400. They're located in Sydney, but their product can be found around the country — and around the world. Just don't expect the boardies to go out of their way to welcome you at the local break, okay? Learn to sit on it in still water, learn to catch waves on a deserted beach, and then show a bit of respect for the wave code by not pigging it out completely once you realise you can pick up a swell at least 20 metres before any boardrider...

SHOCK DEVELOPMENT

If 4Way Stabiliser Shocks were any ordinary shocks, frankly they'd have Buckley's of appearing on these pages. But they are different. Their effect on handling and ride performance is absolutely stunning — on any vehicle. Do not confuse 4Way with conventional overload shocks, which are designed to work only under compression; 4Ways will push up as well as push down to balance the ride to perfection. The set-up reduces wear on tyres, brakes and suspension. Just about every vehicle rental service is now tuned into their benefits, particularly in the 4WD and mobile home market. 4Ways sell for around \$129 each. Find out more by ringing (02) 689 3166 or writing to 87A Church Street, Parramatta 2150.

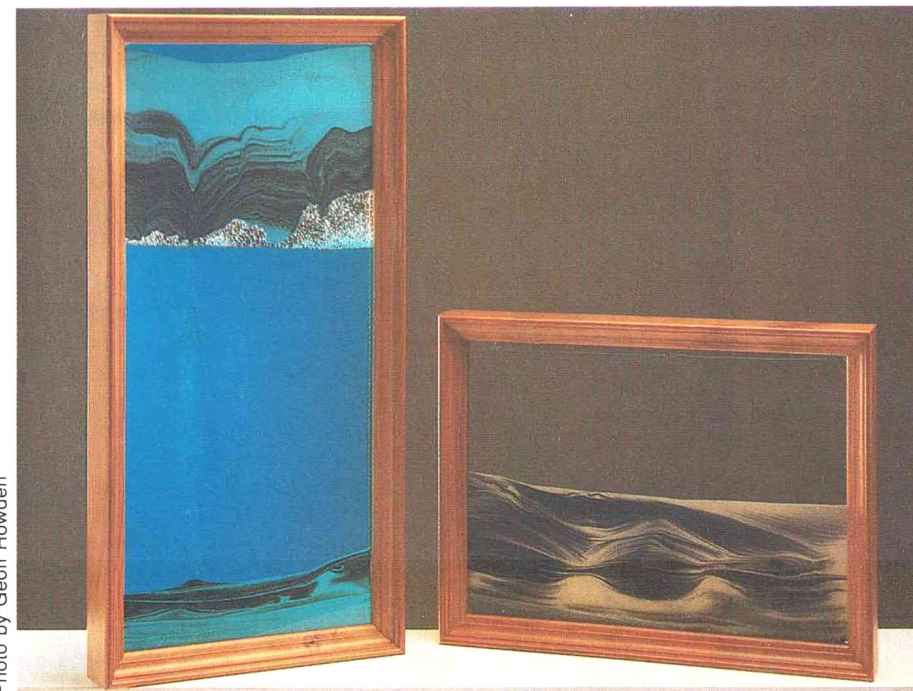
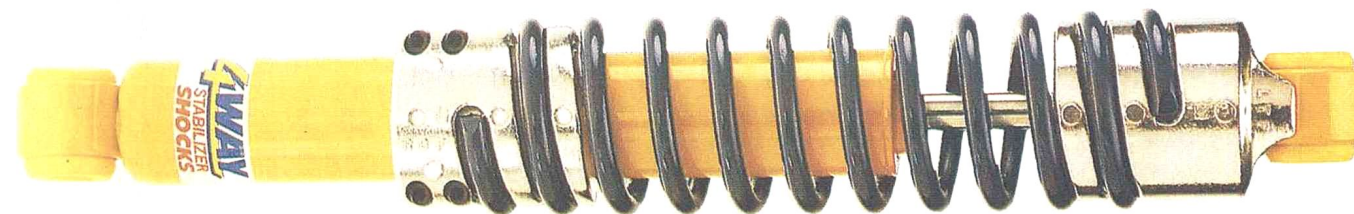


Photo by Geoff Howden

MOVING PICTURES

Moving sand pictures are the executive art curios par excellence. Kinetic art, they call it. These ant farms without the ants positively mesmerise. Half-filled with water and sand and enough bubbles to form a barrier, the sand dribbles slowly through to form any number of shapes and textures. Once you get the knack of setting it up properly, it'll keep obeying gravity for anything up to an hour. Then you just turn it upside down. Rainbow Sandpictures are made in Queensland and range in four sizes and prices from \$66 to \$24 for the baby. You can obtain one by ringing one James Smail on (02) 439 2216. He'll mail you one anywhere in Australia — which seems to put a lot of trust in the mail handlers... They are quite fragile. Maybe getting someone to pick one up for you, if you're from out of town, is the best bet.



DOWN DOWN UNDER

MONT equipment is Australia's foremost designer and manufacturer of advanced down-filled sleeping bags. The reputation of the MONT range is one of state-of-the-art design, originality and handcrafted quality. Only premium grade, pure white superdown goes into these ultra-light, compact, tough and thermally efficient sleeping bags that will last you a lifetime. When you are choosing a sleeping bag, check and compare designs, fill weights, attention to detail and temperature ratings. Check out the all-Australian MONT range of quality sleeping bags at better outdoor equipment stockists.

LIGHT FOOT

The world's lightest, most comfortable shoe is now available in Australia. Rockport is the name to watch out for. A business which started out in 1979 selling shoes from the back of a Kombi van was last year bought by Reebok for a cool \$US186 million. The shoes feature cambrelle, to whisk away moisture from the foot; charcoal, to filter out the acids which cause foot odor; evazote, a foam that takes the shape of the wearer; poron, shock absorbers, and hytrell, otherwise known as heel stabilisers. But the best way to find out about these claims is to slip one on. There are two styles of Rockport Dressports for around \$230, or there are the Rocsports for around \$195 at the best shoe stores around town.



NIGHT DRIVE

If you've just gotta make it home tonight, you might find you need all the help you can get. With a set of Night Rider driving glasses from Speedsafe, you're halfway there. These spectacles cut the glare from oncoming headlights, reducing eyestrain. By the light of day, they do absolutely nothing — but on the open road under nothing but the stars they come into their own. Mounted in stylish safety frames, the unique optical quality lenses filter out a fine amount of the yellow spectrum, cutting the edge off glare and reducing the quick muscle response which pains so much after a while. Not a gimmick. Police are trialling them around the country even as we speak. For longhaul drivers, truckies, gonzo weekend adventurers, pilots or air traffic controllers, the \$82.50 (including delivery) is one worthwhile outlay. Order over the phone by ringing Speedsafe in Sydney on (02) 558 4004. Test them. They come with a 12-month, no-questions-asked money back guarantee. That is confidence in a product.

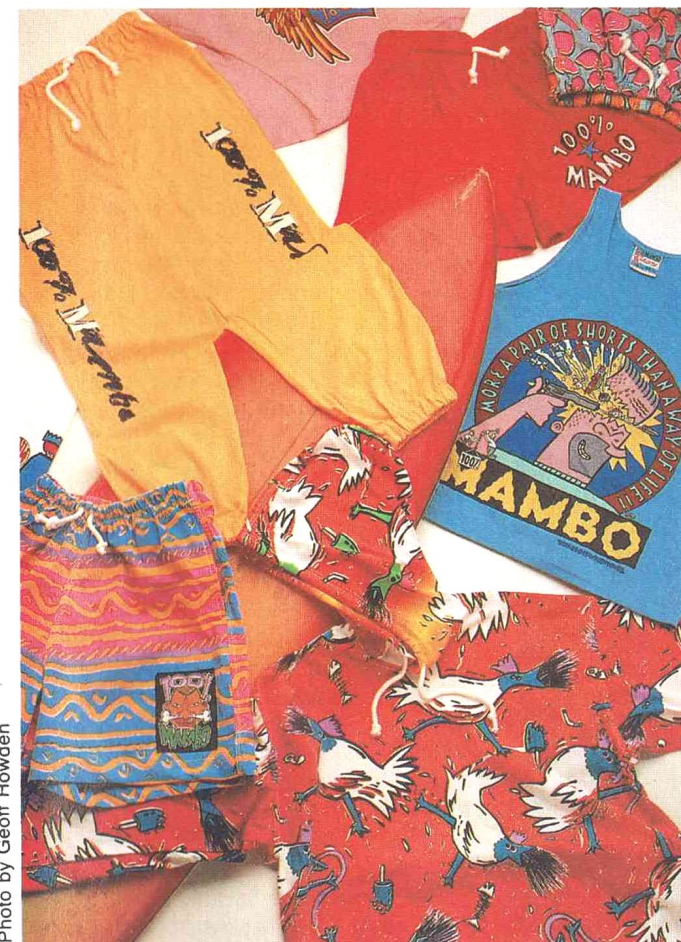


Photo by Geoff Howden

100% STYLE

Now, we all know of some designers who sell out by allowing their work to be plastered over everything from wrapping paper and greeting cards to bedsheets and oven mitts. Then there's another type of designer whose gear sells out wherever it goes on sale. 100% Mambo designs definitely fall into the latter category. Mambo is not about swamping the market, in fact Mambo clothing is available only in surf shops and then each handprinted design is only available in extremely limited numbers. 100% Mambo, a two-year-old company run by young Sydneysider Dare Jennings, likes to maintain exclusivity and keep the surprises coming in the form of top-quality original surfwear imprinted with dynamic, outrageous and hilariously lairy designs. Look for the Mambo label in better surf shops — it'll jump out at you. For further availability phone 100% Mambo on (02) 698 9223.



SEEING RED

If you're talking palatability, look no further than the Wolf Blass line-up of fantastic red wines as we head for red-guzzling weather. New releases include the multi-prizewinning Black Label Cabernet Sauvignon Shiraz; it combines 75 percent Cabernet from Langhorne Creek and 25 percent Shiraz from the Clare and Barossa Valleys, epitomising the Wolf Blass style of blending the best grapes from the premium areas to produce Australia's finest drops (strictly limited release). There's also Yellow Label, renowned for its drinkability; Grey Label, with its distinctive mint character on the nose; and Brown Label Hermitage, made from the best of Shiraz. All these numbers are multi-prizewinners, are very reasonably priced, and all are exquisitely matured as only Australia's favorite wine son, Wolf Blass, knows how.



NO WHEEL, NO STEAL

What's the latest way to stop some sleazebag thief driving away with your car? Pull off the bloody steering wheel, that's how. No joke. The Grant Anti-Theft device does just that. When the car is parked, the wheel is removed by unlocking the patented Grant's system, turning the release lever and taking off the wheel holus bolus. Must be the ultimate deterrent. The device can be fitted by anyone with conventional tools and requires no electrical knowledge. The device fits and interchanges with any number of vehicles. An American idea, developed in the sleaziest parts of LA, it's been brought to Australia by Select Performance Products, whom you can ring on (02) 971 2355 to find out more.

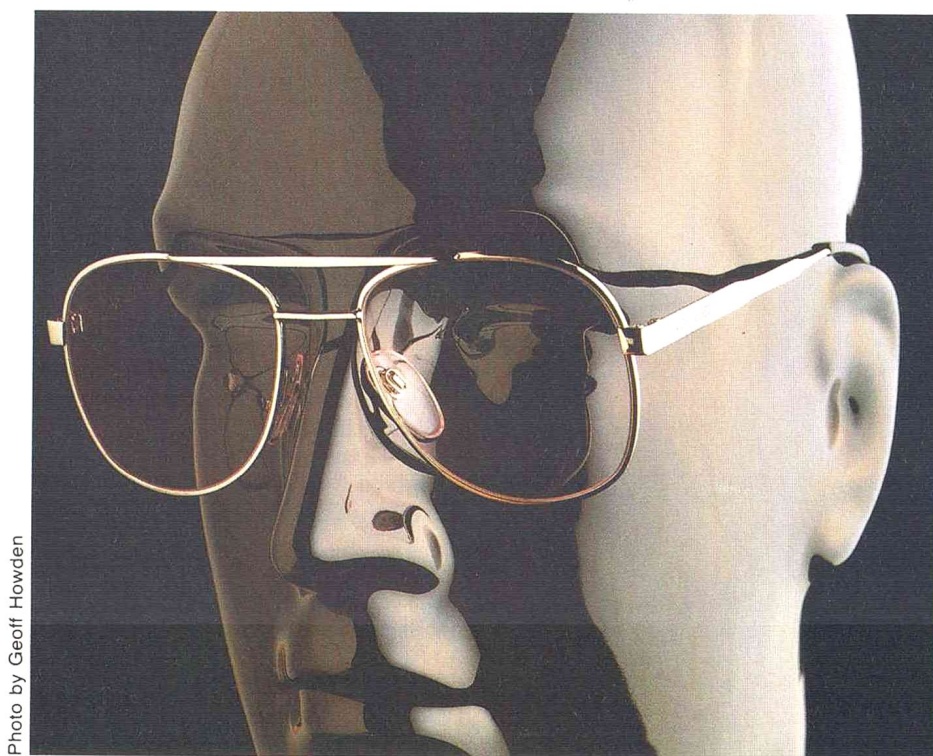


Photo by Geoff Howden



Sydney's Martina Walter

COMING IN JUNE AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Future Tech — Have you ever wondered what sort of work you'll be doing in the year 2010? If you're lucky enough to have a job, it will be one you haven't even dreamed of now. In the first of a fascinating three-part series *Penthouse* looks at the likely effects of technology on the workplace in the near future. If you look into this crystal ball you won't like what you see.

The Tao Of Sex Part II — Premature ejaculation comes a close second to impotence on the list of male sexual problems, and the ancient Chinese had many techniques to help the over-excitable lover. Learn about them in next month's *Penthouse*.

Ugly Australians: The Taxi Driver — Having vented his considerable spleen on everyone from union bosses to bored housewives, Robert English works himself into a climax of apoplexy over Public Enemy Number 5 — the humble cabbie. He'll drive you to distraction and back.

How To Be A Psychic — Yes, you too can bend metal with your mind, move a magnetic compass, predict the winner of this year's Melbourne Cup and convince everyone you have genuine psychic powers. It will be a load of rubbish, of course, but if you can start your own religion and make a million on the side, who cares? Learn the secret tricks of the psychic superstars in June *Australian Penthouse* — and use them for fun and profit!

Heaven Sent — Larry Azarro was a drug boss who'd made guest appearances in two Royal Commissions. Trying to pin a murder on a man like that can lead a private dick into hot water. Top fiction from Susan Geason, whose sparkling wit makes her a rising star among Australian detective writers.

Flashback — The appearance next month of Sydney beauty Martina Walter promises to bring a lump to the throat. Twenty-two-year-old Martina provides something of a retro-glimpse of the way we were — or more correctly, the way we wished we were — before romance was relegated to the back seat. It's an education not to be missed.

ROCK MYTHS

Continued from page 53

just made them up from things he'd read and seen in movies. We grew up around Berkeley in San Francisco." Scratch one latter-day Huck Finn.

Tina Turner suffered being dubbed "Rock's Sexiest Grandmother" by all and sundry for more than ten years before she politely pointed out that the grandchildren attributed to her were by second marriages and not blood. Peter Allen has never even thought about correcting those who automatically assume that "Quiet Please, There's A Lady On Stage" was inspired by and deals with the final, calamitous years of former mother-in-law Judy Garland's career. His biography, by David Smith, tells another story again. It seems that Tenterfield's finest was in a tiny New York cabaret called Brothers & Sisters catching a performance by Fifties song stylist Julie Wilson. "As it happened that night," Smith relates, "sitting near Peter were a table of rude, inattentive people who made him furious. He sent a note to their table that said: 'Quiet please, there's a lady on stage!' . . . This was song material for certain but it was only after the piece was done that he realised he had really written a tribute to Judy Garland."

AUSTRALIANA

That brings us to the land Down Under, which can claim its fair share of rock myths. My favorite is the long-held belief, recently expressed on national television by nostalgic episode exhumers David Lyle, that Loved Ones frontman Gerry Humphreys is Barry Humphries' kid brother. Apart from the obvious disparity in surname spelling, the very notion is so preposterous that the rock singer has been moved to publicly dismiss it on a number of occasions.

No doubt Sixties pretty boy pop idol Mike Furber would be overjoyed by an opportunity to refute the great misapprehension of his career — the one which claims he committed suicide in 1973.

Finally we must concern ourselves with the great Johnny O'Keefe, the father of Australian rock 'n' roll. Well, on the charts anyway. For, although it is convenient to bill him as the rock founder in this country, he was by no means the first performer here to make rock 'n' roll records. Far from it. By the time he had put down "(You Hit The Wrong Note) Billygoat" in July 1957, rock was already three years old in America and the sound and style had been effectively captured on vinyl in Australia by Les Welch, Frankie Davidson, Norman Erskine and Barry Crocker & Dave Clark. O'Keefe came in behind them but was able to offer a manic effervescence and endearing larrikinism which made his animal rhythms palatable to a wide audience.

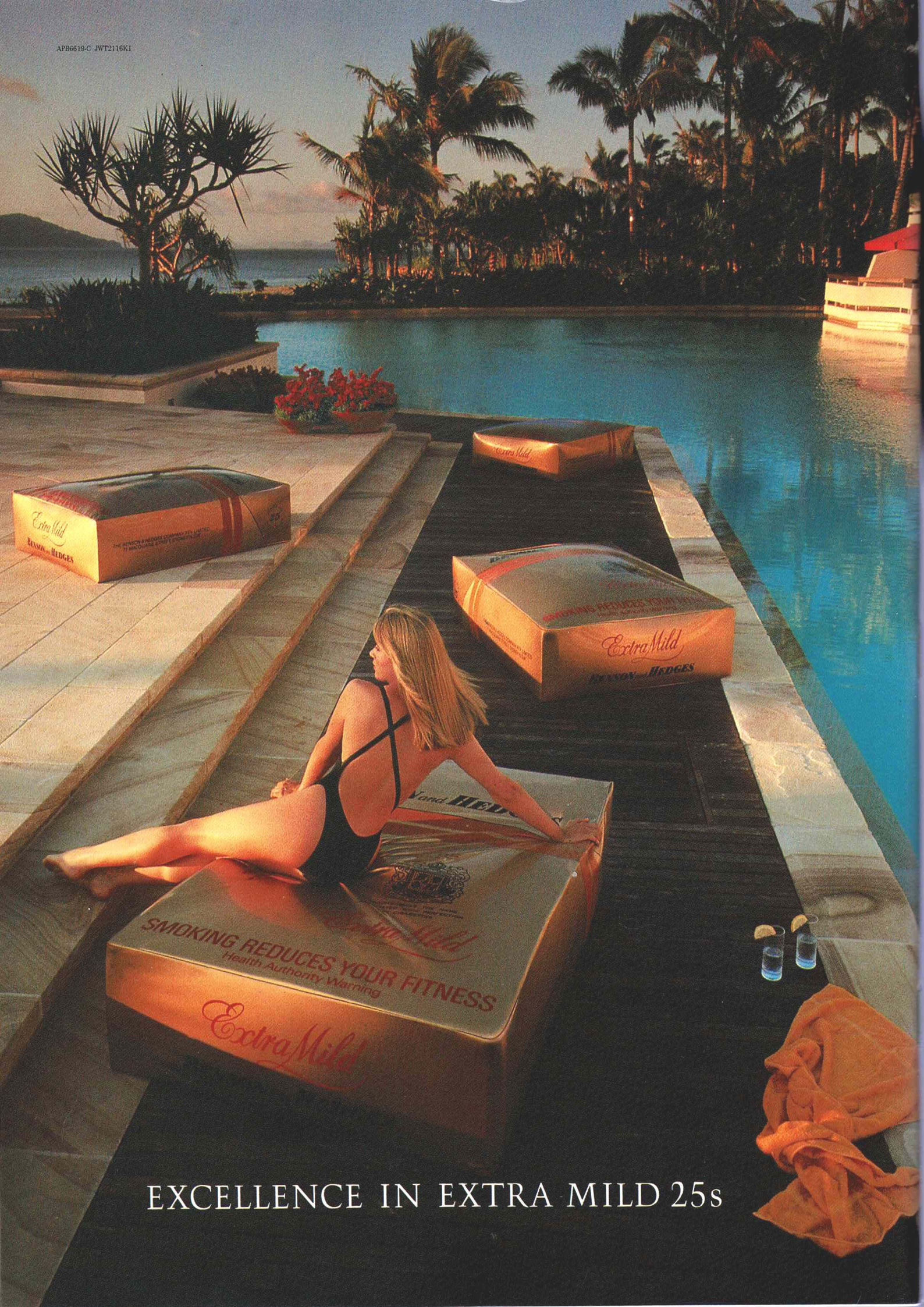
And that's no myth! ☐



As pure as the driven...



'pure beer'



EXCELLENCE IN EXTRA MILD 25s